

# CHILD'S HISTORY

OF

# GREECE.

BY JOHN BONNER,

AUTHOR OF "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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1857.

ENCOURAGED by the favor shown to my  
Child's Histories of the United States and  
Rome, I have thought that the series might be  
usefully continued.

In these volumes I have endeavored to re-  
late the leading facts of the history of Greece  
from the dawn of historical light to the present  
day, in a style that children can understand  
and on a plan intended to interest them.

I have given the mythology and the legend  
in the first volume, and commenced the history  
as early as the evidence appeared to warrant—  
B.C. 500. J. B.

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# CHILD'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### GREECE, BEFORE CHRIST 500.

ONCE upon a time, when America and most of Europe were wildernesses; peopled by deer, and wolves, and bears, and wild races of men very little wiser than the cattle which browsed in the forest shade, there lived, in the country called GREECE, a bold, ingenious, and manly people.

Their country was small, being altogether less than half the size of the State of New York; and more than half of it was rock, lake, river, steep mountain, and dense thicket. On the hill slopes and in the valleys, barley, and wheat, and olives, and grapes grew in summer-time; and among the rocks there were marble quarries, and mines of iron, copper, and silver. But the best part of the country was the sea-coast.

If you look at a map of Greece, you will see that the sea washes it on three sides. Long, long before there were any men there, the hungry waves dashed unceasingly against the shore, and gnawed holes in it, cutting off a bit here and there to make an island, and eating hollows and crevices all the way round. In many of these hollows, or bays as they are called,



a was sheltered from the wind, and was calm  
 nooth when the fiercest storms raged outside ;  
 m and still that the first people who lived by  
 e were tempted to build little boats and paddle

out from the shore ; from which small beginning grew the habit of seafaring among the Greeks, their naval power, their love of the sea, their trade, and more of their greatness and boldness than I can venture to estimate.

At the time of which I am speaking—five hundred years before Christ—I dare say that Greece contained more people than Virginia does now ; but probably half of these were slaves.



AN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT.

Some were hunters, and farmers, and herdsmen. These were mostly a rough set of people, who lived in small villages of rude huts thrown up by the side of a stream, and fed on pork and barley-cake, sweet chestnuts and wild fruits. Others—and these were far the best Greeks—were traders and sailors. They were very quick and lively, fond of money, and skillful at all crafts ; great lovers, too, of songs, and music, and poetry, and whatever was beautiful in nature or art. They were very daring mariners, and sailed boldly over the stormiest seas, trading with foreign races, and sprinkling the shores of the Mediterranean with colonies of their own.



All these Greeks spoke the same language and worshipped the same gods and goddesses.

Of these gods and goddesses I shall have something to say by-and-by. There were a great many of them, great and small; each Greek worshipped whichever he liked best. Each god had his own branch of business, however, and was worshipped accordingly. Thus, sailors prayed to the god of the sea; soldiers to the god of war; hunters to the goddess of the chase; farmers to the goddess of crops; young girls to the goddess of love; and so on. People prayed whenever they felt inclined, and whenever they chose. A hearth-stone and an altar were thought to be good places to pray on.

When a man wanted to make sure that the gods would hear his prayer, he made him a present—sometimes only a garland of flowers or leaves, but oftener a sword, or a golden cup, or a jewel of some kind—which was left in the temple sacred to the god. The handsomer the present, the surer the gods were to listen.

On holidays and on various great occasions, animals were killed in public in honor of the gods. All sorts of animals were used in this way—oxen, sheep, calves, kids, goats, dogs, fowls, and even fish. The animal was crowned with garlands; if it had horns they were often gilt; it was led by a priest or a maiden to the altar, and held there while the priest cried aloud, "Whom have we here?"

The people answered, "Good men and true."

"Then," said the priest, "let us pray."

After the prayer the animal's head was turned to

ward the mountain where the gods lived, and a knife was stuck in its throat; the blood spurted into a bowl set to receive it, and the choice cuts of the flesh were burned in honor of the gods. This was called a SACRIFICE.

If the animal struggled—as I should think it must have been strongly tempted to do—the priests concluded that the gods were in a bad humor; it was only when it died without a cry or a start that the gods were pleased.

This was one way of finding out the mind of the gods; another was by consulting the ORACLES. These oracles were fortune-telling concerns on a grand scale. There were several of them in Greece, but the most famous was the oracle of Delphi, which I will describe to you as a sample.

At Delphi, in a lonely vale a few miles from the sea, stood a temple that was sacred to Apollo. There were a number of stories about this temple and its early history; we will not mind these just now, and I will only say that the temple was stocked with about a dozen fat priests and one old woman. This old woman, sitting on a three-legged stool, over a crevice in a rock, was reverently believed by the Greeks to have the power of revealing the future to all who paid for knowing it.

We shall see, when we come to the old legends of Greece, that in the dark old times, when there was no writing and no history, this oracle of Delphi was said to have uttered the most wonderful prophecies. I shouldn't be surprised, myself, if the priests of Delphi had had a hand in making up these fine old





VIEW OF DELPHI AND MOUNT PARNASSUS.

legends, and had slyly slipped in these uncommon clever answers of the oracle. For, after the history of Greece begins, I do not find that the oracle of Delphi knew any more about the future than you or I do.

However, the Greeks, believing the old legend, believed that part of them which declared that the oracle was inspired and knew the future. And so the priests of Delphi—who, I dare say, often laughed in their sleeve at the credulity of the simple Greeks—kept on pretending to reveal the future to their customers, and making a good thing out of it for hundreds of years. When all the rest of Greece was starving, they and the town of Delphi, to which the

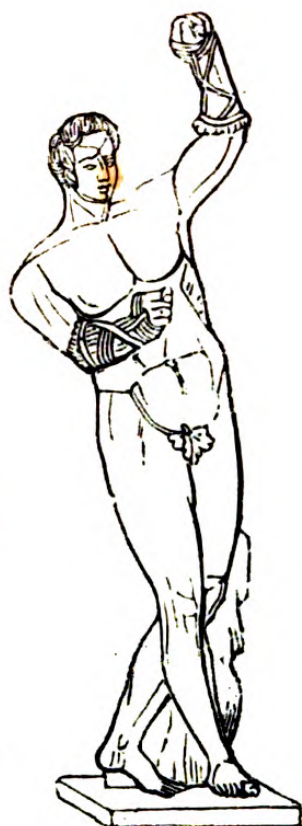
oracle belonged, were comfortable and happy ; every body paid them great honors ; even foreign kings sent them presents. Altogether, I think it can not have been a bad station in life to have been a priest at Delphi in those days.

Once or twice, as you will see by-and-by, the priests were bribed, delivered answers according to order, and were found out and exposed. But this did not in the least shake the faith of the Greeks in the oracle. They continued to ask their questions and pay their money just as devoutly as before. A very odd delusion, you will think ; and we ought to feel happy that it has disappeared, and that there are no oracles now to deceive people, and cheat them of their money. Oh no, not one, anywhere.

There met at Delphi, once a year, an assembly of delegates from twelve of the tribes into which the Greek people were divided. It was called the AMPHICTYONIC COUNCIL ; and the legend said that it had been founded in order to keep the peace among the Greeks, and bind them together. But I suspect the priests at Delphi got hold of it, and persuaded the members that it wasn't good for them to meddle with politics ; for I see that, though it was a highly respectable body, and much thought of throughout Greece, it never did any thing in particular but once or twice fight the battles of the priests of the oracle.

There was one other institution which was common to all the Greeks—the great GAMES. There were many festivals, with games, kept in various cities of Greece ; but as the OLYMPIC GAMES were the most famous, I will only speak of them.





A BOXER.



DISC-THROWER.

They were celebrated every four years, in the plain of Olympia, in Elis; and none but pure-blooded Greeks were allowed to compete. The games were chariot-races, horse-races, and foot-races; boxing matches, wrestling-matches, and matches with disc of stone or iron; sometimes poets read their verse there, and historians their histories. The prize was a wreath of wild olive. This was, of course, worth very little in itself; but the honor of winning it was so highly prized by the Greeks that a whole city was thought to be raised in character by such a victory gained by one of her citizens. We should not think a great deal to-day of a good jockey or a great boxer; the Greeks gave as much glory to such men as

six before Christ.

Thus far I have spoken to you of the Greeks as a people.

Greece was not under one government like Great Britain, or a confederacy of states like the United States. It was a collection of independent states, which had no connection with each other beyond what I have mentioned. Though the people of all these states were of the same race, spoke the same language, prayed to the same gods, consulted the same oracles, and competed at the same games, they were in all other points as separate and distinct as the people of the United States and the people of England. If you can fancy the thirty-one states of the Union separated, and each managing its own affairs without connection with the other states, you will have some idea of Greece.

In order, therefore, that you may understand what was of a country it was when this Child's History was written, I must describe to you the chief states separately. I will begin at the south with the states of Peloponnesus.

## I.

### SPARTA.

When you look at a map of Greece, you will see that Peloponnesus, which would be an island but for

the thread of land called the Isthmus of Corinth, is something like a vine-leaf in shape. The three points of the leaf, which point to the south, together with nearly two fifths of the remaining land, was the territory of SPARTA, which was sometimes called LACONIA. It was not quite as large as Connecticut, and perhaps contained as many people as that state does.

These people were either

1. Spartan citizens, who belonged to certain genuine pure-blooded Dorian families, who had once conquered the country, according to the legend—they lived in Sparta itself; or,
2. People who lived in the country parts, who had no share in the government; or,
3. Slaves, who were called Helots.

The HELOTS were the most numerous class. They were Greeks like the Spartans; but, according to the legends, they had once been conquered by the Spartans—some in the country round Sparta, others in the country to the west, which had been called Messenia in olden time—and reduced to slavery. They tilled the land for the Spartans, carried their arms when they went to war, and served them in their houses at Sparta; but they could not be sold out of the country. You will see, as we go on with this history, that the Spartans stood in dreadful fear of these Helots—as well they might—and treated them cruelly.

The country people were farmers, herdsmen, fishermen, mechanics. There were, it is said, a hundred towns of them at this time; but I think the



towns were small of their kind. They were bound to fight for Sparta; but as to ruling it, that was left to the pure-blooded Spartans; the country people could not be officers or magistrates, and, except the what little they earned they kept for themselves they were no better off than the Helots.

The Spartan citizens were the lords of the land and a very superior race of people, in their own opinion, to the country folk and the Helots. They were regulated like a piece of clock-work by a set of laws which were said to have been put together by an old Spartan lawgiver named Lycurgus, of whom nobody knew any thing.

This set of laws was so curious that I must tell you something about it; and as it was a nice piece of machinery, and made the Spartans machines too I will call it the MACHINE OF LYCURGUS.

At seven years of age, Spartan boys were put into the machine to be made into citizens, just as in our factories a stick of wood is put into a machine to be made into a gun-stock. Once in the machine their fathers and mothers had no more to do with them. They were lodged in barracks, slept on reeds which they were obliged to gather for themselves, and ate coarse food at the public boys' table. Their duty in the machine was to exercise their bodies in a regular clock-work fashion. They wrestled, they boxed, they fought with sticks and short swords, they ran races, they swam, they tried who could do without food the longest, and who could bear the most thrashing without crying; and by dint of practice, some boys became so perfect in these pleasant

exercises that they died under the rod without uttering a groan.

When they grew to be men they were more important parts of the machine. They slept all together in barracks, and ate their meals—of which a horrible black broth was the most substantial part—at a public table, just as soldiers do in our time. They wore a uniform like our soldiers; but it was only one woolen coat, the same winter and summer. The machine did not let them work at any useful trade. Like the boys, they were always drilling, or marching, or fighting, or practicing feats of strength: every one had his place in the machine, either as a great wheel or a small one.

Perhaps you wonder how they lived, as they did not work. The machine had provided for that. The best of the lands in the Spartan territory had been given to them; they were worked by Helots, who gave the Spartans half the produce or more. Out of this each citizen was bound to furnish his mess-table every month with some barley-meal, wine, figs, and cheese, and a little money—this last iron money; for the machine did not allow the Spartans to have gold, silver, or copper coins.

Girls went into the machine as well as boys. They were taught to box, wrestle, and run with the boys, and to despise sewing, spinning, and other household duties.

When the girls were twenty and the boys thirty, the machine came down upon them, and married them in couples. Sometimes it paired them too; but quite as often, men and women chose each oth-



er without the help of the machine. The man went to his sweetheart's house at night, and carried her off under his arm. Next day he pretended he hardly knew her, and made a great mystery of his marriage. He never lived with his wife, as the machine kept him in the barracks; and sometimes he did not see her face in daylight till he had been married three or four years.

The machine gave Sparta a queer sort of government. There were two kings, two assemblies of the people, and one council of magistrates; but of these all were for show except the last.

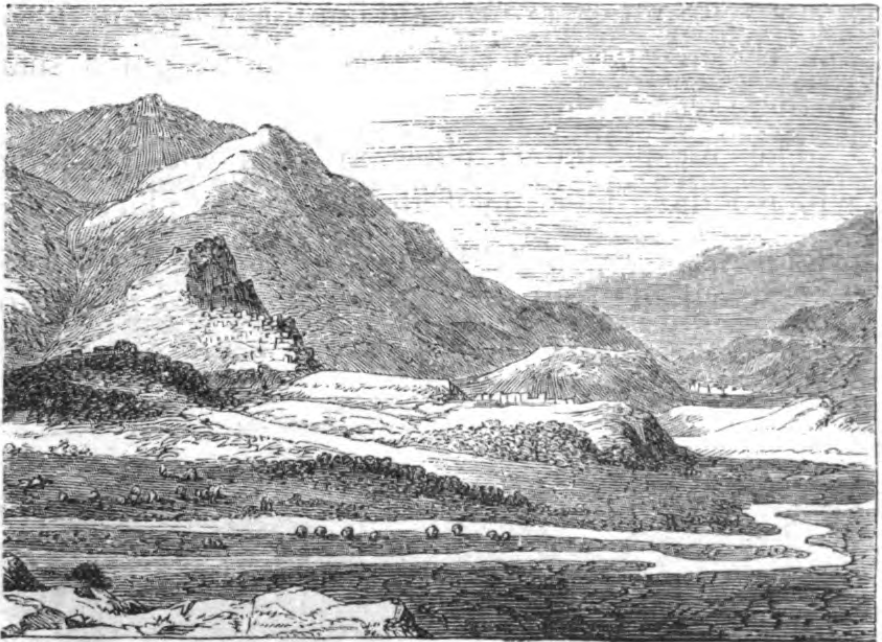
The **KINGS**, who were of the oldest of the old genuine Dorian families, were the generals of the army and had the honor of offering sacrifices to the gods and praying on public occasions for the people. That was all they did.

As for the **ASSEMBLIES OF THE PEOPLE**, they were such idle shams that they are hardly worth mentioning. They had no right to discuss any public question; and though the machine gave them the right of voting yes or no, no one took any notice of their votes, and they soon grew tired of polling them.

The real government of Sparta was the council of magistrates called **EPHORS**. There were five of them, who were chosen every year, by some silly process which we do not understand, from the purest blooded Spartans. They were sole sovereign masters of Sparta, and of every one and of every thing in the Spartan territory; made the laws and executed them; made war and peace; put to death

whom they pleased ; regulated all questions of land, police, and crimes ; in a word, did all the work which in this country is performed by Congress, the State Legislatures, the President, and the courts of justice. Their meetings were secret ; no man knew what they meant to do till it was done. They were, as you see, the fly-wheel of the machine.

I have told you already that no Spartans lived in the country. About twenty miles from the sea, there is a spot inclosed among hills where the little River Eurotas has made a pretty wide valley ; in that val-



VIEW OF MOUNT TAYGETUS FROM THE SITE OF SPARTA.

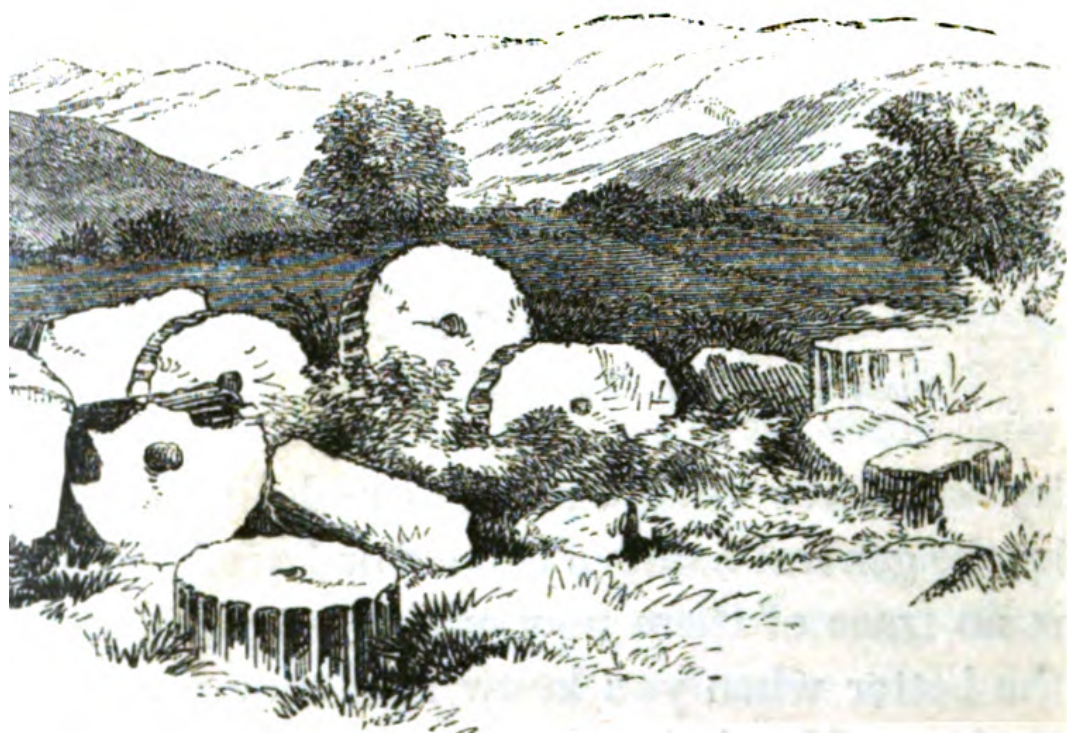
ley were five villages, ragged and dirty, which went by the general name of Sparta or Lacedæmon. There is no trace of them now, which you will understand the better when you know that they were rude collections of log huts, without a single fine building.



ing northward from the Spartan country, on western coast of Peloponnesus, was the state of

This was a fine state, with a level, fat soil. People grew flax, trained vines, and reared cattle. The horses of Elis were famous all through Greece. At this time Elis was ruled by certain noble old families, who lived in the town of Elis; years afterward the old families were put down, the new and all the other families got a share in the government.

The most famous place in Elis was Olympia, which I have mentioned already as the place where the Olympic games were held. It was a plain, with a small village in it; the village consisted mostly of houses and large buildings for the use of the games.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT OLYMPIA.

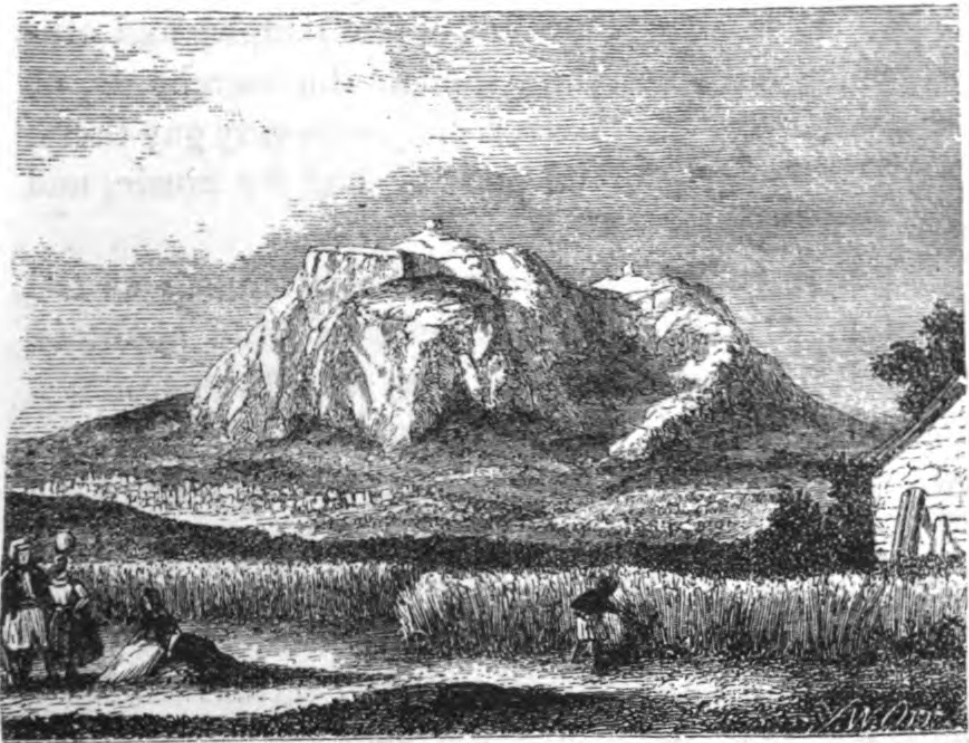


Every four years, when the games came round, Olympia was thronged with strangers from all parts of the world; they lived in tents and sheds, and spent enough during the games to provide the people of Elis with pocket-money for the next four years.

On the north shore of Peloponnesus were twelve towns, which were banded together in a sort of union called the **ACHÆAN LEAGUE**. As we do not hear any thing of these towns till the end of the history of Greece, I pass them over.

Farther eastward stood the town of **SICYON**, one of the oldest in Greece. It owned the best part of a very rich plain stretching toward Corinth, and was supported by its produce.

**CORINTH** was at this time the great trading city of Greece. Near the Corinthian Gulf, the great



VIEW OF CORINTH AND THE ACROCORINTHUS.

rock of Corinth rose squarely out of the plain almost into the clouds; round its base the town was built, but a good road led from Corinth to Cenchreæ, on the eastern shore of the strait, and this was bordered all the way with houses and stores, and choked up from morning till night with wagons and mules carrying panniers full of merchandise.

For the Corinthians were not only great sailors themselves, and owned at this time the largest merchant navy in Greece, but they had encouraged all other sailors to make their city a stopping place on their voyages, and ships, instead of sailing past the southern capes of Peloponnesus, discharged cargo at Cenchreæ, and made a connection with other ships in the Corinthian Gulf. Corinth was, in fact, such a place as Panama will be when it is cured of its unhealthy air, and the trade of Asia takes that route. It was rich, and full of fine temples and other public buildings; and though the merchants, of course, led very busy lives, society was very gay there, and was famous for its dancing and its music, and its extravagance.

Farther eastward still, on the isthmus, was the town of MEGARA, with a tract of land about it. Once it had been a great city, wealthy, populous, and warlike; but latterly it had been bruised between Athens and Corinth, and had fallen away.

The legend said that these three towns—Sicyon, Corinth, and Megara—had once been governed by tyrants, who were overthrown by the people. At the present time they were ruled by certain old families, who kept the people well down.



part bleak and forbidding, with a few sunny slopes toward the south. The Arcadians were a simple, rude people, who dressed in skins, lived on pork and fruits, and were fond of playing on a screechy instrument called Pan's pipe, and hunting wild boars and deer in the glens and forests. In the southern part of Arcadia there were some small towns, such as Tegea and Mantinea, which had been conquered by Sparta, and were allowed to manage their own affairs on condition of following the Spartans to the wars.

### III.

#### ATHENS.

I now come to the greatest and best of the Greek states—ATHENS.

The Athenian country, which was called Attica, was about half as large as Rhode Island, and perhaps contained as many people as Michigan. Part of it was mountainous, and others barren and rocky, and hence, though it was farmed with the greatest care, it never grew corn enough to feed its people. It produced excellent fruits—figs, olives, and grapes; its honey was very fine; in the mountains were marble quarries; in the rocks, by the shore, silver mines.

The people of Attica, like the people of the Spartan country, were of three classes:

1st. Athenian citizens, who were about one twentieth of the whole;

2d. Resident foreigners, who never became citizens for want of a naturalization law; and,



and a kitchen-maid for ten. Learned men and fl players (who were girls), being fancy articles, so times sold as high as five and six hundred doll Rich Athenians sometimes owned hundreds of sla

Of Athenian citizens there were at this time ] haps sixteen thousand in all. I believe there ne were many more than twenty-five thousand; when their number swelled as high as this, a thousand of them were always shipped off to fo a colony somewhere abroad, in order to leave elb room for their friends at home.

All citizens were soldiers in time of war, but lowed trades in peace time. Some were farm some fishermen; some owned ships and traded to ports of the Mediterranean; some were mechan and made swords, furniture, tools, and so on; se kept booths in the market-place at Athens for sale of merchandise; a few had land enough to s port them without work.

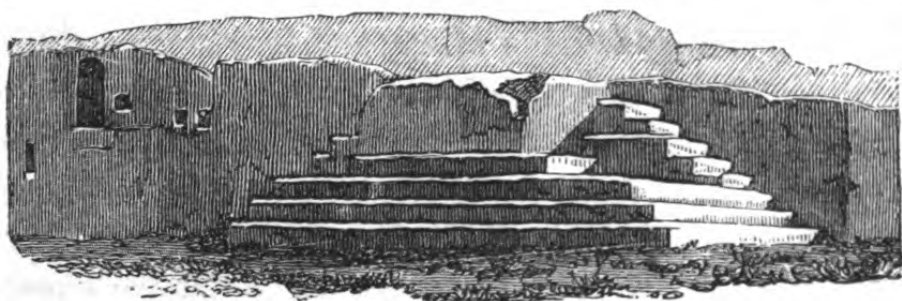
Athens was a republic; the people governed the selves, as is the case in the United States.

There was no president, governor, or chief mag trate at Athens.

There was a Legislature, like the Legislatures the States of this Union, consisting of an Assem and a Senate; but the Assembly was not compo of representatives of the people as our Assembl are, but of the people themselves. Every free-b Athenian, of Athenian parents, and over twen years of age, was a member of the Assembly.

The ASSEMBLY met forty times a year, or often if required. All citizens within reach were bou

to attend or pay a fine. After prayer the Assembly was called to order by a committee from the Senate, and that committee proposed whatever laws the Senate thought needful. On this a crier called upon men over fifty to speak their mind; after they had



THE BEMA OF THE PNYX AT ATHENS.

said their say, younger men spoke. Then the Assembly voted, by show of hands or ballot. Sometimes it adopted the Senate bill, sometimes it rejected it; whatever it decided was law; but it could not make a law till the Senate had proposed it.

With this exception, the Athenian Assembly was sovereign. It elected all magistrates, and called them to account at the end of their year of office. It levied taxes and appropriated the money. It made rules touching the public property, the temples and sacred things. It made war and peace. With the help of the Senate, it made laws on all subjects. It directed the generals. It sometimes punished or rewarded leading men.

The SENATE was composed of five hundred men, chosen by lot from the citizens to serve for a year. It did the hard work of government; prepared bills for the Assembly; received letters from foreign powers and answered them; administered the finances;



controlled the temples and the navy. It sat every day, holidays excepted; but the work was done by committees. Thus, as you see, it bore resemblance in some respects to the cabinet at Washington.

The greatest magistrates at Athens were the **GENERALS**, of whom there were ten elected every year. They commanded the army, and had charge of the militia-rolls; and it usually happened that they were very influential in the Assembly. The great magistrates at Athens were all generals.

Other magistrates were the **ARCHONS**, of whom there were nine. An archon was what we should call a police justice; and the nine together were sort of grand jury. The archons also presided over sacrifices, and one of them was a high priest.

At the time of which I am speaking, generals and archons were chosen by show of hands or ballot, and no man could be one or the other unless he had property worth forty dollars a year. You will see in the course of this history, how this plan was altered; how these offices were thrown open to the poorest citizen, and the archons were chosen by lot.

The ex-archons formed an assembly called the **COURT OF AREIOPAGUS**. This was a criminal court for the trial of murder cases. As its members were respectable old men, they exercised a sort of supervision over the public morals, and called people to account who lived viciously or wastefully. They were consulted about new gods, too, and their opinions on these subjects were much thought of.

All these magistrates were paid for their services by the state. The pay was very small, sometimes



ATHENIAN LADY.

it was a dirty town, without pavements, lamps, or water; with narrow, crooked lanes by way of streets and wretched one-story houses leaning forward, and almost without windows. There were four hills in the city. Of these, the greatest was the ACROPOLIS, or the City Height, on which stood the Citadel. Another was the PNYX, where the Assembly was held; and a third, AREIOPAGUS, gave its name to the court I have mentioned. There was at this time a great temple to Jupiter, half built; and in the year that this history begins, men began to hew out of the rock the great theatre, which held thirty thousand persons.

Athens was four or five miles from the sea. A



good road, through olive-groves, led to the sea-port PEIRÆUS, which was pretty full of shipping.

#### IV.

##### THE REST OF GREECE.

Of the rest of Greece, on the main land, north of Athens, there is very little to be said, for at the time of which I am writing there was hardly any thing known of it.

Nearest Attica on the north was Bœotia, a marshy, misty country, peopled by men who were very fond of flute-playing and eating, but otherwise rather dense, like the air of their native land. Their towns were bound together in a sort of federal union, of which THEBES was the head; but how they managed their affairs and what they did, we do not know. There was one town in Bœotia which was not in the union, and rather preferred Athens to Thebes; this was PLATÆA.

North and east of Bœotia were several Greek states, PHOCIS, LOCRI, DORIS, ÆTOLIA, ACARNANIA, and THESSALY. But of them we know nothing at all. The only town of any consequence at this time in this part of Greece was Delphi, which I have already described. It was within the territory of Phocis.



## V.

## THE GREEK ISLANDS.

If you look once more at a map of Greece, you will see that the sea between it and Asia is speckled with islands, large and small. Most of these islands were peopled by Greeks, and some of them were rich and flourishing states.

The largest of all was EUBŒA, which once, no doubt, formed part of the main land, but was broken off long, long ago by the busy waves. On this island stood two great cities, CHALCIS and ERETRIA, of which the legend said that they had once been larger than Athens. They were still very prosperous; had corn to sell to their neighbors; worked mines of copper and iron, and were so skillful as mechanics that Eubœan swords were as famous in the old legends as the blades of Toledo became in time much nearer ours.

Other famous islands were DELOS, which was one of the smallest, but was famous as the birth-place of the god Apollo, according to the fable, and was held sacred by pious Greeks in consequence; ÆGINA, which had grown very rich by trading, and whose ships were only second to those of Corinth; CHIOS, a lovely island, with the finest climate in the world; NAXOS, a great and powerful state, which afterwards did good service in the Greek wars; and others, of which it would take me too long to tell you.

I have told you already that the Greeks were a seafaring people, given to spread upon their neighbors' lands. Sometimes a dispute would arise about government among the people of a city; if it grew warm, the party which was worsted would leave its old home, and sail away in search of a new one, in order to have its way there—just as the English Republicans came to America to found republics here, when they found they could not have one at home. Sometimes, too, it happened that the people of a Greek city increased so fast that there was not food or work for all of them; in that case, some of them would sail away and found a colony abroad, in order to leave elbow-room for their friends at home.

When a ship-load of Greek colonists arrived on a foreign shore, they chose a place for their new city, near a high cliff, which they fortified. Then they laid out an open space for a market, another for assemblies of the people, and a third for a gymnasium for boys. When these were provided, they set to work at their own houses.

As these Greek colonists were industrious men, with sturdy ideas of freedom, most of the colonies which they founded thrived. They never cut loose from the mother country; but, far away as they were, and little as they had to do with old Greece, they always called themselves Greeks, and competed at the Olympic games.

These were quite as large as the cities of Greece ; grown rich by trading, conquered tracts of land and them, and founded colonies of their own. They were famous for the learning of their people, the beauty of their buildings and works of art.



RUINS OF AN IONIC TEMPLE IN LYCIA.

We say that those among them which exist still have never been as rich as they were before this history begins.

At the time of which we are speaking, these cities paid tribute to the King of the Lydians, who had a war upon them and beaten them in battle.

Other Greek colonies were in Sicily and Italy. At this time Rome was a poor, small town, with a miserable villages round it ; all Sicily and the north of Italy—which, indeed, was often called Great Greece—were filled with Greeks.

dearer, larger than Athens. I shall have something to say of them presently.

CUMÆ, near the Roman town of Capua, was the oldest Greek colony in Italy; but the richest and



ANCIENT SCULPTURES FROM ITALY.

largest were TARENTUM, CROTON, and SYBARIS.



They were immensely wealthy, and their people were so refined and luxurious that their names were proverb. It was said that a Sybarite could sleep on a bed of rose-leaves if one of them were crumpled. All these towns very soon fell under the iron hand of Rome, as you will see if you read Roman history.

The most westerly colony of the Greeks was MARSEILLES, which, as you know, is still a flourishing place in the south of France. It thrived so fast that it spotted the coast of Spain with colonies, and it nearly overcame the great nation called Carthage.

Besides these, the Greeks had founded a fine colony, called CYRENE, in Africa, which we see from its ruins must have been very populous and great ;



COIN OF CYRENE.

rious colonies on other foreign shores of the Mediterranean, and some on the Black Sea. The most easterly colony of theirs was at the farther end of the sea ; they called it TRAPEZUS ; we call it TREBIZOND.

Thus, as you see, the colonies of Greece, like the colonies of England at the present day, were far larger than the mother country. But the Greek colonists, unlike the British colonists, were not the least dependent on Greece ; they governed them-

selves as they pleased, and I dare say loved their old fatherland all the better on that account. Had England suffered her old American colonies to do the like, what a change it might have made!

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I have now described to you all the states and cities which composed Greece in the year five hundred before Christ.

I have chosen this year to begin my history because it is the earliest period of which we have accounts on which we can rely.

The Greeks had stories and legends about themselves for a period of at least seven hundred years before this. Many of these stories we know to be untrue; others may be true, but we do not know that they are.

I therefore divide my history into two parts, that which is Story and that which is History. The Greeks believed the story to be as true as the history. You may do so too, if you can, but I think you will not find it an easy matter.

# PART FIRST.

## STORIES AND LEGENDS.

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### CHAPTER II.

#### THE GODS.

LONG, long before history begins, the Greeks worshipped various gods and goddesses. About the life and adventures of these gods and goddesses many fables were current in Greece. We call them *fables*, because we know that they can not be true; but the Greeks believed every word of them, and thought as ill of any one who doubted them as is common nowadays to think of those who doubt the truth of the Bible. They were handed down from minstrel to minstrel, from chief to chief, and from priest to priest, long before there was any writing in Greece: when the Greeks became learned and fond of letters, they clung all the closer to their old fancies; and at last, when the Romans conquered Greece, these fables seemed so beautiful to the rude conquerors that they adopted them as their own, believed in them, and spread them over the whole of their empire.

They began with the marriage of OURANOS (which means Heaven) to GÆA (which means Earth). We suppose the wedding took place before there was



any living creatures on the surface of the bride. However this be, the Heaven and Earth were married, and had several thousand children, as became so mighty a couple.

These children were of three kinds. Some were **TITANS**, creatures of huge size and strength ; others were **CYCLOPS**, monsters with one eye and sulphurous breath ; others, again, had a hundred hands, and were called, for want of a better name, the **HUNDRED-HANDED MONSTERS**.

Father Heaven, seeing the bulk and force of these children of his, trembled on his throne lest they should rise up against him, and overthrow his kingdom. To guard against such a disaster, he locked all his children up in various places, and piled stars and planets upon them to keep them fast.

One of the Titans, whose name was **SATURN** (his Greek name was **Chronos**, but I intend to give all these gods and goddesses the names which they bore among the Romans, as they are best known by them), was enraged at this treatment, and rebelled against his father. His mother Earth took his part. From her inside she drew iron, and shaped it into a sickle ; with this Saturn dealt his father a deadly blow in the dark, and killed him.

Then Saturn made himself god of the universe. He married his sister **RHEA**, and had a large family of children, of whom he was so jealous that he ate them as fast as they were born.

He had eaten five already, when Rhea, who grieved for the loss of her children, resolved to cheat him with the next. She hid herself on Mount Ida,



g-clothes, and the ravenous god swallowed it at  
outhful without noticing the trick.



**JUPITER.**

Jupiter grew up directly, and, being far more cunning than his father, persuaded old Saturn to restore the world the children he had swallowed. They were none the worse for having been eaten; and with their aid, Jupiter declared war upon his father. He planted his head-quarters on Mount Olympus, Thessaly, and summoned the Cyclops and the hundred-handed Monsters to his aid.

Saturn called the Titans to his side, and the war began. The Titans could tear up a mountain by the roots, or pluck an island out of the sea, and hurl it at their foes; but the Hundred-handed Monsters could do these things too, and as they had a hundred hands to do them with, they proved the better combatants. The Cyclops, too, though they had but one eye, had a good one, and they contrived to make a sort of artillery, which did fearful damage among the Titans. So, in the end, Saturn and his party were worsted.



BATTLE BETWEEN GODS AND GIANTS.

Jupiter thrust the Titans into a deep cavern, and piled mountains over its mouth to prevent their getting out. They are there still, and make the earthquake when they try to burst their prison doors. Saturn was locked in a cave surrounded by a brass wall several hundred miles thick and several hundred miles high; and the Hundred-handed Monsters were set outside the wall to keep watch.

Then Jupiter became chief god. His first wife

hat she got into her father's head, and nearly



MINERVA.

re him crazy. To rid himself of the pain, Jupiter  
for a strong servant and bade him cleave his  
l open with an axe. The axe fell, and out of  
cleft leaped the goddess MINERVA, full grown  
armed to the teeth. She was the protectress of  
ens, which was called after her, her Greek name  
g Athene.  
upiter had a hundred wives or more, and no end



drove a team of powerful pegasus in a chariot through the clouds.

To save himself from his father's and his grandfather's fate, Jupiter divided his power with his relations: he founded a council of twelve deities who met on Mount Olympus to regulate heavenly politics.

To one of his brothers, who was named PLUTO he gave charge of the spirits of the dead and of the kingdom of hell. Pluto sat on his throne underground, and judged the soul of every person who died. If they had lived well, they were sent to the



NEPTUNE AND A NYMPH.

Elysian Fields, a delightful place, where it was always balmy spring, and where there was nothing but endless joy and pleasure, in the midst of sweet and flowers; if they had lived ill, they were thrust into a horrible cavern, guarded by a three-headed dog named CERBERUS, where they endured all manner of torment.

To another brother, NEPTUNE, Jupiter gave dominion over the sea. Neptune took the air in a conch-shell drawn by fiery sea-horses; he bore in his hand a three-pronged spear called a trident which he used, I suppose, to spear fishes as he dashed along. He was a very powerful god; but still he had a good deal of trouble from the waves, which *would* roar and dash against each other when the wind blew, in spite of Neptune's express orders to the contrary.

One of Jupiter's sons, named Vulcan, was god of



VULCAN.

smithwork. He was lame, and always dirty and sooty from working at his forge. To console him for these defects, Jupiter gave him to wife the goddess VENUS, the most lovely of all the goddesses.

She was born out of the froth of the sea, though some pretended that Heaven himself was her father. However this was, she was so charming and so beautiful that Jupiter, when he saw her, made her goddess of love and beauty.

She was not at all pleased with the lame husband Jupiter gave her, and would have much rather married MARS, the god of war. Even after her marriage she despised poor sooty Vulcan so much that she used to meet Mars and walk with him, which the Sun saw one day, and, being a virtuous deity, resolved to prevent in future.

So, when he had done his day's work, and put up his fiery horses in the west, he went over to Vulcan's forge, and broke the subject to him gently. Vulcan, though not fascinating in appearance, was a very clever smith; he set to work that night and forged a net of metal so fine that it could not be seen, yet so strong that it could not be broken. This net was laid in the spot where the guilty lovers used to meet.

They were so much engrossed with each other's company that they walked straight into the net and were caught. The Sun, who had been watching them, sent word to Olympus directly, and all the gods and goddesses came, and had a good laugh at fiery Mars, who blustered, but could not get out of the net, and at pretty Venus, whose little hands could





APOLLO.

art and prophecy. He was born, as I have told you, in the island of Delos, which was always sacred to him, and was much worshipped throughout Greece. At Delphi, as you remember, stood the oracle of Apollo.

Another son of Jupiter was MERCURY, the god of craft, handicraft and mental craft. He was so ingenious that he invented the lyre the day he was born, and the next he stole a herd of cattle belonging to his brother Apollo. Apollo caught the baby thief in his cradle, and demanded his cattle. Baby Mercury stoutly denied the theft. But Jupiter, sitting on Olympus, had seen the whole transaction and called Mercury sharply to account. To himself, Mercury offered to give his lyre to Apollo; and the latter was so pleased with the new instrument, that he forgave his brother, and let him keep the cattle. Mercury was a sad dog, always lying and stealing, and doing mischief: no doubt Jupiter would have locked him up somewhere, and put a mountain over him, but that he was useful



MERCURY.



ALTAR OF DIANA.

as a messenger, as he had wings to his heels, and could fly like the wind.

Other members of the council of the gods were DIANA, Apollo's sister, the goddess of hunting, who was always a maiden, and the goddess of maidenhood; VESTA, the goddess of home, a quiet, gentle deity, of whom we hear very little; and CERES, the goddess of husbandry.



Ceres had been one of Jupiter's wives, and had borne him a beautiful daughter named PROSERPINE. One day, as Ceres was walking in the fields with her daughter, gathering flowers under a bright summer sun, who should pass by but Pluto, the god of hell, taking an airing in the world above. The moment Pluto set eyes on Proserpine, he fell in love with her, and, without more ado, he seized her, bore her into his chariot, and lashed his fiery steeds, which tore straight down by the nearest road to the realm of spirits.

Ceres was not to be comforted. She ran to Jupiter, and besought him to restore her beloved daughter; but the King of Gods replied that he would rather not interfere. Then Ceres wandered through the earth bewailing her misfortune, and crying herself almost blind. When she came to Eleusis, she took the shape of an old woman, in order not to be recognized. The daughters of the King of Eleusis, seeing this poor old woman, ragged, way-sore, and distressed, offered her a home in their house if she would be nurse to their infant brother.

To dispel her grief, Ceres consented. She took fancy to the child, and, instead of feeding him, she anointed him with ambrosia, and every night steeped him in fire. This plan of education succeeded well, and the child thrived wonderfully, till one day the queen looked into the nursery at night, and screamed at seeing her babe in the fire.

Ceres was hurt at this want of confidence. She put off the appearance of an old woman, and took the shining and glorious figure of a goddess; the





VIEW OF ELEUSIS.

to the astonished queen told who she was, and said that she had intended to render her child immortal, but that now she would abandon him.

The queen begged and prayed, but Ceres was firm. She consented at last to befriend the child if the people of Eleusis would build a temple to her on a hill hard by. The temple was built; it stood on that spot all through the history of Greece, and festivals were held in the month of August of every year in honor of the goddess Ceres.

Still the goddess was not consoled for the loss of her daughter. To show what she could do, she forbade the herb to grow. The farmers plowed and sowed, but the seed lay dead, the grass would not spring up, and a great famine overspread the land. In dire distress, the Greeks prayed to Jupiter to relieve them. He begged Ceres to relent; but she said no plant should have life till her daughter was restored to her.

Then Jupiter, seeing that she was firm, sent to Pluto, and bade him restore Proserpine. Pluto

obeyed ; but, being fond of his young wife, he made her eat, before she left him, a grain of pomegranate seed. The effect of the dose was that she could not stay away from him a whole year. At least this was what Proserpine told Ceres ; and it was arranged from that time out that she was to spend eight months of the year with Ceres, and four with her husband in his under-ground palace.



MELPOMENÉ, THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY.

THALIA, THE MUSE OF COMEDY.

The Greeks had a host of gods and goddesses besides these—BACCHUS, the god of wine, THEA, the goddess of law, and others whom it would take me too long to enumerate. Many of the heroes mentioned in the legends were also ranked among gods.



**CLIO, THE MUSE OF HISTORY.    CALLIOPE, THE MUSE OF EPIC POETRY.**

Other divine creatures were the nine **MUSES**, who presided over various branches of art; the **FATES**, whose business it was to cut the thread of every life as the time came for it to end; the **HARPIES**, hideous creatures, with the bodies of bats and the face of women; **GORGONS**, who were women with dreadful faces, which turned every one into stone with a look; dragons, winged horses, lions, and a swarm of like monsters.

The Greeks believed in all of these, and worshipped all the gods and goddesses. This seems ridiculous enough to-day; but if you had been born twenty-five hundred years ago in Greece, you would have believed in them too.



## CHAPTER III.

## PROMETHEUS.

THE story of Prometheus and his son comes next in order after the gods.

PROMETHEUS, whose name means Forethought, was the son of an old Titan, who had been vanquished in the war. As a punishment for having fought against the gods, I suppose, Prometheus was made to live on the earth like a mere man. He grew very fond of mankind, and was their champion against the gods; and as he was very crafty and very bold, he often gave Jupiter a great deal of trouble.

Once he killed an ox, and divided it into two portions; one, covered with the skin containing the flesh; the other, containing the bones wrapped in lead. He asked Jupiter which of these two he would choose. Jupiter seized at once the white fat, and left Prometheus the other half. Finding, when he opened his share, that he had nothing but the bones, Jupiter grew very angry, and said he had been cheated. However, his choice was made; and ever afterwards, throughout the history of Greece, when sacrifices were made, the bones and fat were offered to the gods, but the flesh belonged to the priests.

To revenge himself on Prometheus and mankind, Jupiter said there should be no fire on the earth.

But Prometheus foiled him, for he went to the sun, stole fire from his blazing chariot, and carried it to the earth in a hollow tube.

This made Jupiter more angry than ever. He bade Vulcan form a beautiful virgin, as lovely as the dawn; Venus gave her grace and tenderness; Minerva gifted her with wisdom; Mercury taught her cunning. She was so perfect that Jupiter named her PANDORA, which means All-gifted. Pandora was sent to the earth at a time when Prometheus was away.

He had left orders with his brother EPIMETHEUS not on any account to receive any present from Jupiter; but Pandora was so charming that Epimetheus no sooner set eyes on her than he forgot his brother's orders, and received her into his palace.

Now this was the Golden Age. There were no ills of any kind in the world: no disease, no pain, no vices, no crime. All these bad things were locked up in a box, which was kept shut close by mankind. Pandora no sooner heard of the box than she wanted to open it: Epimetheus could refuse her nothing: she lifted the lid, and out flew all the evils, and diseases, and mischiefs, and scattered themselves over the world. The lid was shut down just in time to keep Hope in the box.

But Jupiter was not appeased yet. He seized Prometheus, and bound him by many heavy chains to a strong pillar on Mount Caucasus; every morning an eagle flew to him and devoured his liver; every night the liver grew again; so that his torment was endless. He lay there, chained to that



pillar, listening for the flapping of the hungry eagle wings, for many, many years, until at last, as I shall tell you hereafter, the hero Hercules came to his relief and rescued him.

One story says that Prometheus fell in love with Pandora himself, married her, and that she bore him a son, DEUCALION. Deucalion married his cousin Pyrrha.

While they were on the earth, Jupiter, disgust with the wickedness of mankind, resolved to destroy every living thing by means of a deluge. Prometheus, who had the gift of foreknowledge, foresaw what Jupiter was about to do, and warned his son to build an ark. Deucalion built an ark, and by it was saved, as well as his wife Pyrrha, when every one else was drowned. Nine days the deluge lasted, and on the ninth Deucalion's ark rested on the top of Mount Parnassus, and he came out and found himself alone with his wife.

Jupiter then sent to him, saying that whatever he desired he should have. Deucalion answered that he and Pyrrha were lonely, and desired to have companions. Jupiter bade them to take up stones and throw them over their shoulders. They obeyed, and the stones thrown by Deucalion became men, and those thrown by Pyrrha became women. So the earth was peopled once more.

Deucalion had two sons, AMPHICTYON and HELLEN. Hellen had three sons, DORUS, XUTHUS, and ÆOLUS; and Xuthus had two sons, ACHÆUS and ION. From these heroes, said the legend, came the name of HELLENES, which all the Greeks bore;



the names of DORIANS, ACHÆANS, IONIANS, and ÆOLIANS, which were the names of four great tribes or races into which the Grecian people was divided.

Amphictyon gave his name to the great Assembly or Congress, which was called the Amphictyonic Council, and has been described to you already.

I dare say you have guessed already that the stories of Prometheus and Deucalion, and their descendants, were invented in order to give a grand origin to these tribes and to the Amphictyonic Council.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ARGIVE LEGENDS—PERSEUS.

THE people of ARGOS had several pretty legends about their past history.

At Argos, once upon a time, there lived a beautiful maiden named Io. One story said she was daughter of King Inachus, but this other stories denied. She was so beautiful, whoever was her father, that Jupiter fell in love with her, and was constantly with her. Juno came to hear of the affair and threatened Io with her jealous vengeance. To save her, Jupiter changed her into a white cow. Juno was not in the least deceived by the change; she had the white cow caught and tied up, and to guard her a monster whose name was Argus, a who had a hundred eyes. As Argus never closed all his eyes at once, he was a capital sentinel, and the poor white cow couldn't stir from the post which she was tied.

Jupiter, seeing this, sent his son Mercury to find out what could be done with the hundred-eyed sentinel. Mercury drew near him, and saw that half his eyes were asleep, but the other fifty wide awake. He sat down, and began to play a plaintive lullaby on his lyre. He played so well, and the music was so soothing, that, one by one, Argus began to close his waking eyes; Mercury played on, more soothing than ever, and Argus nodded and nodded, and s

de them marry their lovers ; but to each he gave dagger, and taught her how to use it. When night came, and the happy husbands fell asleep, forty-nine of the brides drew their daggers and stabbed their companions to the heart. The fiftieth, HYRMNESTRA, spared her husband ; and Danaos, after a time, was reconciled to him, and he became king of Argos.

A long while after his day, there were born to the reigning king two twin sons, ACRISIOS and PRÆTOS. With very little brotherly feeling, these two brothers quarreled and fought, each trying to drive the other out of the Argive country, till both were exhausted. Then they agreed to divide the kingdom between them, each taking half.

Prætos had three daughters, who, having ventured to say that they were more beautiful than Juno, were smitten with madness by the vengeful goddess. Their father was in despair about them, for they wandered through the country with torn dress and disheveled hair, screaming, and behaving in a wild, riotous manner. He sent, in his trouble, to one MELAMPUS, who was inspired by Apollo, and had great skill as a physician, and besought him to cure the maenads. Melampus said he would do it, but he must have one third of the kingdom as his reward. His Prætos indignantly refused to give him.

But, after a time, the madness of the king's daugh-



the mountains howling and screaming in greater distress than before, King Prætos sent for Melampus again, and begged him to cure them. This time Melampus asked for two thirds of the kingdom, one third for himself, the other third for his brother BIAS. Prætos was very loth to part with his power, but he had no choice. He agreed to the bargain, and, one of his daughters dying, Melampus and Bias cured the other two, and married them.

Acrisios had his story too, which is far more sorrowful. He had a daughter whose name was DANAË, and it had been foretold to him that he would die by the hand of her son. So, to prevent her ever having a son, he shut her up in an exceedingly strong dungeon, under ground, strengthened with brass walls, and watched by guards, so that she should not be able to go out, nor any one to go in.

But Jupiter had seen Danae, and been smitten with her beauty. He changed himself into a shower of gold, and rained himself through the roof of the dungeon. Once inside, he took his own shape again, and married Danae. In course of time she gave birth to a son, who was called PERSEUS.

When Acrisios came to hear of it, he was exceeding wroth, and ordered the mother and child to be dragged from the dungeon, and set adrift in the sea in a small chest. It was dreadfully cold, and the wind roared, and the waves splashed, and washed over the chest; and Danae's heart almost failed her as she clasped her babe to her breast, and prayed

that Jupiter would save her from so cruel a death as that which she saw before her.

The god heard her prayer. He bade the wave drift the chest upon the sandy beach of the island of Seriphos, and there a fisherman hauled it up in his net, and the young mother safely landed with her child. They were well received by the king of the island, and Perseus grew up a bold, strong man.

When Perseus was full grown, the King of Seriphos bade him prove himself a hero by cutting off the head of the GORGON MEDUSA.

The Gorgons were three monstrous creatures, covered with scales like serpents, with boar's tusks, brazen hands, and snakes instead of hair. Their looks were so terrible that with a single glance they could turn any one into stone. Two of them were immortal, and could not be killed; but Medusa, the third, was a mortal, who had been changed into a Gorgon by Minerva.

Perseus now started off to conquer this terrible creature. On his way, Minerva appeared to him and showed him a picture of Medusa, so that he should be able to distinguish her from her sisters the Gorgons; she also warned him not to look at Medusa's face, as it would turn him to stone, but to hold a mirror (which she gave him) in his left hand, and watch her reflection upon it when he struck her. Finally, she bade him obtain from the Nymphs her famous winged sandals, by which he would be able to fly through the air, and Pluto's helmet, which would render him invisible.

How to find the Nymphs was the difficulty. 1

seus did not know where they were, nor did any mortal. The Gorgons had, however, three sisters, who were called the Grææ, or the Old Women, because they had gray hair from their birth. They knew where the Nymphs lived.

These wretched old women had only one eye and one tooth between them, and they passed the eye and the tooth from one to another, as they wanted to use them. Perseus went to them, and contrived, with fair words, to get into their good graces, though they refused positively, in spite of all he could say, to tell him where the Nymphs lived. But, while they were talking, Perseus managed to seize the eye and the tooth. Now, said he, I will keep these till you show me the way to the Nymphs' abode.

The poor old women couldn't do without their eye and tooth. They showed Perseus the way. From the Nymphs he got the winged sandals, the invisible helmet, and a bag to hold the head of Medusa when he had cut it off. Then, putting on the helmet, he flew through the air to the wild, distant region, on the outer edge of the world, where the terrific Gorgons lived.

They were asleep when he arrived. He did not dare to look at them, but, holding Minerva's mirror to their faces, he soon discovered which was Medusa, and with a blow of a magic sickle which Mercury had given him, he cut her head off. Thrusting it hastily into his bag, he soared into the air again and flew homeward. The two other Gorgons chased him with furious cries, but his winged sandals ena-



bled him to fly faster than the wind, and he outstripped them and escaped.

On his way homeward, flying past the rocky shore of Africa, he saw a lovely maiden chained to a rock and a hideous monster, a sort of sea-dragon, with glittering scales, and burning eyes, and long white teeth, crouched beside her. The maiden was ANDROMEDA, the daughter of the King of Ethiopia.

She had boasted, in her pride, that she was more lovely than the Mermaids. They, angered at this insolence, had besought Neptune to avenge them, and he had caused the sea to overflow, and drove nearly half of Ethiopia. To the nearest oracle sent the king in sore distress, to know how the anger of Neptune might be appeased; and the answer was that his beautiful daughter must be exposed on a rock on the sea-coast to a sea monster, who would come to devour her.

Perseus did not take time to learn all this. He only saw Andromeda's pale face and the monster with glistening teeth, which were grating one against the other. Grasping his magic sickle in his hand, he swooped down from the air and hewed the monster to pieces.

Then, taking off his invisible helmet, he unlocked the chain which bound the blushing Andromeda and claimed her as his reward. She was quite willing, and so was her father the king; and the wedding-feast began at once.

But, as the guests assembled, there arrived at the place one PHINEUS, to whom Andromeda had been promised long before. He now came to claim

back a crowd of armed men, who glared angrily at Perseus. But the latter bade his bride fear nothing. As Phineus drew head swaggering and flourishing his sword, and his friends followed, doing the like, Perseus suddenly drew out of his bag the horrid head of Medusa, and held it at arm's length, with the face turned toward them. As they stood with their arms raised and their mouths open, they slowly stiffened and stiffened, till every one of them was turned to stone.

Then the wedding-feast went on, and Andromeda and Perseus were happy.

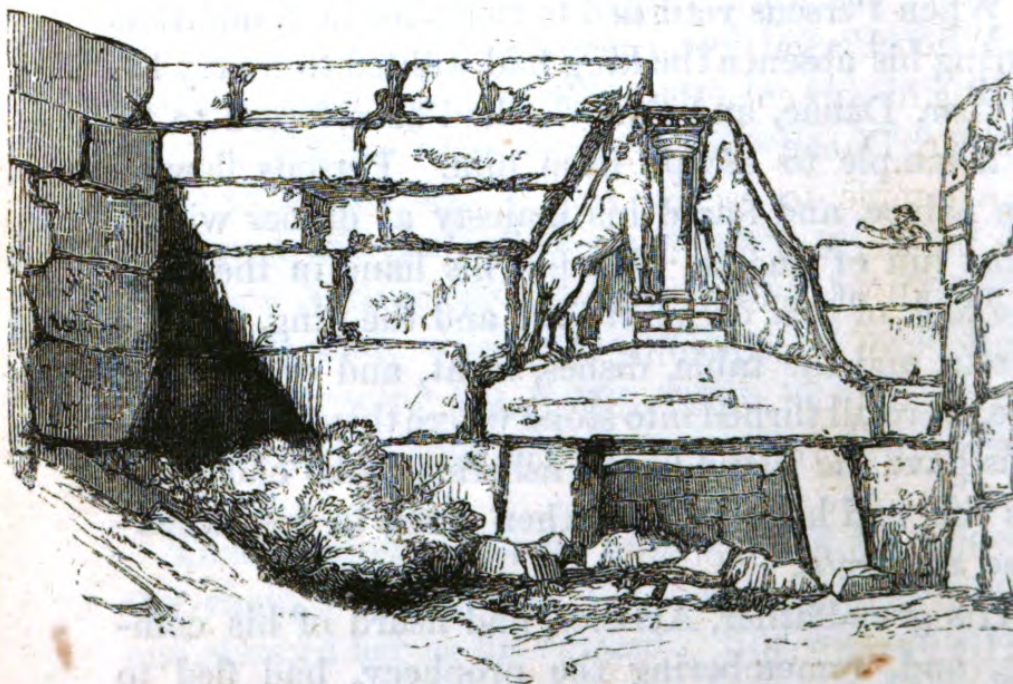
When Perseus returned to Seriphos he found that during his absence the king had wanted to marry his mother, Danae, and that she had been forced to fly to a temple to escape from him. Perseus flew to the palace, and found his majesty at dinner with a room full of guests. He put his hand in the bag: one look of that dreadful face, and the king, and his guests, and the table, dishes, meat, and every thing else, were all turned into stone where they were. Perseus gave the island to the fisherman who had saved his life and his mother's, then went to his fatherland at Argos.

His grandfather, Acrisios, had heard of his coming, and, remembering the prophecy, had fled to Thessaly. Perseus took possession of the throne, and a short while afterward traveled to Thessaly to persuade his grandfather to return. While he was at Larissa, arguing with the old man, the Thessalian



king gave games in honor of his guests. One of the favorite Greek games was throwing the quoit, which was a large, heavy ring of metal, the winner being he who could throw it farthest and straightest. Perseus took his turn at the games, and, by accident, his quoit, which was thrown with great force, struck his grandfather Acrisios, and killed him. So the prophecy was fulfilled.

After this, Perseus did not care to return to Argos. He built himself a city, which he called Mycenæ, to the north of Argos, and reigned there till his death. To requite the goddess Minerva for her kindness, he gave her Medusa's head, which she fixed in the centre of her shield.



GATE OF MYCENÆ.



After a time, however, he grew tired of earth, and returned to his heavenly home on Mount Olympus. To console Alcmena for having deceived her, he swore a great oath, on the morning of the day that her child was born, that the child born that day should hold rule in Argos, and that all the sons of Perseus should serve him.

Jealous Juno heard the oath. Quickly she mounted her swift chariot and sped to earth. She wrought a magic charm that nothing could withstand; and the day passed, and Alcmena's child had not seen the light. Another child, EURYSTHEUS, the son of STHENELOS, was born toward evening; but it was not till next day that Alcmena's children—for they were twins, HERCULES and IPHICLES—opened their eyes and cried.

Very wroth was Jupiter when he heard how he had been tricked; but he had sworn an oath, and could not be broken. By that oath, Hercules became the servant of Eurystheus.

But when Juno, whose hatred and spite never slept, sent two huge serpents to devour Hercules and his infant brother in their cradle, Hercules awoke and, grasping the serpents in his tiny hands, strangled them both. Jupiter had given him matchless strength and courage. As he grew up at Thebes he was taught archery, and wrestling, and chariot driving, and boxing: there was no man living at Thebes who dared to risk a tussle with him. His stepfather Amphytrion gave him a master to teach him to play the lyre; but the master being ill-tempered, as musicians sometimes are when their pup-

To punish Hercules for the murder, Amphitryon made him guard his herds and flocks. When the hero went to the fields, he found that the herdsmen were in fear of their lives from a fiery lion, who had his den on Mount Cithæron, and came tearing down from time to time to devour the herds. Hercules straightway gave chase to the lion, drove him to his den, killed him, and took his skin for a cloak.

This exploit made Hercules very famous, and all Thebes was talking of his valor and strength. He soon proved himself capable of greater deeds. Thebes had fought long before with a neighboring city, Orchomenos, and, having been vanquished, had agreed to pay a tribute of one hundred oxen every year. Hercules now made war upon the people of Orchomenos, and so thoroughly beat them that they were glad to make peace by promising to pay two hundred oxen to Thebes every year in future.

He was still very young, and had not made up his mind what sort of life he would lead. One day, as he was thinking on the subject, there appeared to him two young and beautiful women, who were evidently superior to mere human creatures. One was dressed modestly, and her face beamed with gentleness and purity. She told the youthful hero that she was VIRTUE, and bade him follow her. If he followed her, she said, he would have toil and pain to meet and overcome; he would have troublesome duties to perform, and heavy cares to bear; but, in the end, he would win noble reward, and would

have lived worthily of himself and of his great lineage.

The other woman was beautiful too ; but she was gayly dressed, and her eyes were languishing, and her cheeks painted. She looked idle, and fond of pleasure. She said her name was VICE, and she invited Hercules to come with her, and lead a life of gay pleasure. He should have no toil, said she, if he came with her, but, from morning till night, and night till morning again, he should enjoy himself and make merry, and gratify his wishes in every way.

When Virtue spoke, Hercules was convinced by her ; but when Vice darted a soft look at him from her tender eyes, he felt drawn to her. A long while he stood doubtful between the two, looking first at the one, then at the other ; and each in turn, as she spoke, seemed the best to follow. At last Vice lazily raising herself from the grassy bank on which she had lain down, caught his hand and pressed it in hers. He turned toward her, and made a step to follow her ; but at that moment his manly heart rebelled against the act : he stopped, looked round at the mild, reproachful face of Virtue, and cried,

“Virtue, I am thine ! lead me where thou wilt.”

Thus he chose the better part. Vice, with a bitter laugh, vanished into air, and Virtue, who, he saw, now that his choice was made, was by far the lovelier of the two, slowly led him home.

It was not long after this vision that Hercules felt a sudden weight upon his spirits which he could not shake off. He wrought harder than usual : he hunt



had of his misfortune was very dreadful—he had killed his own little children, and his brother's too. All Thebes was in great dismay, and prayers were offered to Jupiter to restore him to health.

After a time he grew well enough to go to Delphi and consult the oracle there.

The oracle said he must live at Tiryns, near Argos, and serve Eurystheus, according to the oath which Jupiter had sworn; but that, if he performed twelve great labors which Eurystheus would impose upon him, he would then be free, and Jupiter would grant him immortal life.

To Tiryns, therefore, went Hercules, and told Eurystheus—who was a mean, cowardly wretch—that he had come to serve him. Said Eurystheus,

“Go and fetch me the skin of that lion which haunts the Nemean Mountain, and kills our cattle.”

Now this lion was a very superior brute to the one Hercules had killed before. His skin was so thick that arrows would not pierce it, and his skull so strong that even Hercules with his club could not break it. In fact, the lion was a first cousin of some of the monsters I have mentioned. Hercules shot his whole quiver full of arrows at him, but the lion only shook his mane when they hit him; he battered the brute's head with his club, but the lion seemed rather to like it than otherwise. Then Hercules tried a different plan. He piled up stones at one of the entrances to the lion's den, so as to pre-

vent his getting out, went in at the other, and, after a hard battle, grasped him tightly by the throat and strangled him.

When he bore back the skin to Tiryns, Eurystheus was so frightened that he ran away to hide, and ordered Hercules, for the future, to render an account of his labors outside the city wall. Then said he, "Go kill the Lernean hydra."

The hydra was a monster of awful shape, with nine heads, one of which was immortal. It, too, was a near connection of the gods. Hercules attacked it stoutly, and with a sickle began to lop off its heads; but as fast as he cut each head off, two new ones grew in its place; and while he was at work, a huge crab crawled out of a swamp and wounded him. Said Hercules to his man IOLAUS "Bring me fire."

Iolaus kindled a fire and bore a burning brand to his master. Then, when Hercules cut off one of the hydra's heads, Iolaus seared the spot with the burning brand, and this prevented the growth of new heads. So they were all cut off but the immortal one, which Hercules buried very deep in the ground under a great stone.

When Eurystheus heard that the hydra was killed, he said Hercules had cheated, for he had no right to be helped by Iolaus, and he bade him chase the Arcadian stag, with the brazen feet and the gold horns, and bring it alive to Mycenæ.

Hercules chased the wonderful stag for a whole twelvemonth. Every time he saw it, it made off with its brazen feet so fast that the hero was so

far behind. In a foolish moment, however, the stag leaped into the River Ladon, in Arcadia, and Hercules, standing on a high crag above, wounded it with an arrow. He then easily caught it, and carried it on his shoulders to Mycenæ.

The next labor of Hercules was the capture of a famous boar. This gave him very little trouble. While he was hunting this boar he fell in with a Centaur named Pholus. Centaurs, as you know, were monsters with the body of a horse and the



CENTAUR AND WARRIOR.

head and arms of a man. Pholus made Hercules welcome in his hut, and they soon became great friends. It chanced that Bacchus had given Pholus a cask of rich wine, which Pholus, who was a





CENTAUR.

wise monster, had never opened. Hercules insisted on its being opened, and on drinking some of the wine; and, in spite of all Pholus could say, he carried his point. No sooner was the cask opened than the scent of the rich wine attracted the other Centaurs to the place. They demanded the cask and attacked Pholus to get it. Hercules drew arrows from his quiver—they were poisoned arrows and had been dipped in the blood of the hydra—he shot down the Centaurs one by one. But in the fight one of his arrows struck CHEIRON, the chief of the Centaurs, a very good and wise monster, and another struck Pholus, the host of Hercules. The arrows being poisoned, both of the Centaurs died, and Hercules saw, when it was too late, that he had better have left the cask shut.

Eurystheus then ordered Hercules to clean the stables of AUGEAS. Augeas was King of Elis, a

had thousands of cattle in his stables, which were so large that it seemed impossible to clean them. Hercules went to Augeas, and offered to clean them in one day if the king would give him one tenth of his horses. Augeas, thinking it impossible to clean so large a building in one day, agreed; and Hercules went away, and turned the rivers Alpheus and Pe-neus into the stables, and so cleaned them in one day.

But when Augeas learned that this was one of the tasks imposed upon Hercules by Eurystheus, he refused to keep his bargain about the cattle; and Eurystheus, on his side, complained that Hercules had acted unfairly in making such a bargain.

There lived in a marsh in Arcadia, called Stymphalus, a race of monstrous birds with brazen claws,



HERCULES AND BULL.

tall, long grass of the marsh, where he could  
nd them. But Minerva, who liked Hercules,  
him a loud rattle, and told him to shake it as  
alked through the marsh. This answered per-  
: Frightened by the rattle, the birds rose, and  
ules shot them all with his arrows.

ie next two labors of Hercules were the cap-  
of the Cretan bull, a fierce, mad bull which  
ged the island of Crete, and the seizure of the

Thracian mares, which fed on  
human flesh, and were very  
fleet and wild. Hercules ac-  
complished both, and brought  
mares and bull to Greece.

Then said Eurystheus,

“Go fetch me the girdle of  
the Queen of the Amazons.”

The Amazons were wom-  
en, who lived by themselves  
without men, and were very  
warlike and very brave. Their  
queen, HIPPOLYTE, was ex-  
tremely beautiful. She lived  
somewhere beyond the Black  
Sea, which Hercules crossed  
in a little ship. When he ar-  
rived, he told Hippolyte his  
errand; and she, being per-



AN AMAZON.



report that he was going to rob the queen, whereupon the Amazons bent their bows and attacked him. He believed that the queen had been false to him ; so he drew his bow too, and killed her, and most of her female warriors.

On his way home he met with many wonderful adventures. At Troy he found the maiden HERMIONE, like Andromeda, exposed to a monster ; he killed the monster and set her free. A more curious adventure still befell him in crossing the desert. He lay down to sleep one night, and as he slept his horses ran away. When he woke he went in search of them, and in his wanderings he came upon a cave, in which there dwelt a monstrous creature, half woman and half serpent, whose name was ECHIDNA. He asked her about his horses, and she answered that she had stolen them ; that she would keep them unless Hercules consented to marry her. I am rather sorry to say that the hero consented, married the half woman and half serpent, and lived with her some time.

He returned to Greece afterward, and Eurystheus bade him take the oxen of GERYONES, a savage king who lived in an out-of-the-way place on the very edge of the world. Hercules started off at once, and traveled to the Straits of Gibraltar. He set up two pillars there, one in Africa, the other in Europe ; and hence the capes on either side the Strait was always called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules.

Further out, away in the ocean, on an island, I found the red oxen, and, after killing Geryones, and a two-headed dog he had, drove them on board his ship, and landed them safely in Libya in Africa.

As he was driving them through the desert of Libya, he met a giant who dwelt there, and was the terror of the country. The giant's name was ANTÆUS: he was a son of the Earth, whose family, as I told you, was rather large.

Antæus offered to wrestle with Hercules. The hero accepted the challenge, and the fight began. Antæus was very tall and very strong; but Hercules was stronger and threw him. Up rose Antæus directly, and clinched Hercules again. Hercules again threw him, and Antæus rose again, stronger than before. After repeating this a few times, Hercules perceived that every time the giant fell to the earth he grew stronger; his mother, in fact, gave him strength whenever he touched her. When I made this discovery, Hercules adopted a new plan. Grasping Antæus firmly in his arms, he raised him in the air, and there squeezed him to death in his mighty gripe.

Then Hercules journeyed on and on, driving the red oxen before him till he came to Egypt. The Egyptian king BUSIRIS had lately made a barbarous law to the effect that all foreigners entering Egypt should be seized, and sacrificed to his gods. Many unhappy Greeks had already perished in this miserable way, and when Hercules crossed the borders, he too was seized and led to the altar. But this time the Egyptians had made a slight blunder.

Hercules took time to look around him : then suddenly bursting his bonds, he shot his arrows so quick and heavy among the Egyptians that they soon scampered off, leaving their king and his sons dead upon the place.

On and on journeyed Hercules, driving his oxen ; piling up stones to make bridges across rivers ; hewing down mountains to pursue his march ; slaughtering robbers ; fighting with Juno, who never ceased to harass him ; fighting with Neptune, whose son stole some of the cattle ; and enduring every misery that could be heaped upon a brave heart. Hercules bore all stoutly, and at last arrived safely at MYCENÆ with the oxen.

The next command of Eurystheus was that Hercules should fetch him the golden apples of the Hesperides. These apples were closely guarded by a dragon, and four nymphs, called Hesperides, watched that the dragon did his duty. Hercules didn't mind either dragon or nymphs much ; but the great difficulty was, he did not know where the golden apples were kept. While he was wondering how he should find out, a nymph appeared to him, and told him that NEREUS, the old man of the sea, knew where they were.

Hercules, therefore, lay in wait for Nereus on the bank of a stream, where he sometimes took the air. When the old man rose, all dripping and decked with sea-weed, Hercules caught him, and would not let him go till he told him where the golden apples were.

The moment he knew, Hercules started off on the



long, toilsome journey to the place mentioned. On his way he passed by Mount Caucasus, and there saw Prometheus chained to a pillar, and tormented by an eagle. Hercules was touched with pity, and slew the eagle, and set Prometheus free.

In return for his kindness, Prometheus advised Hercules not to go himself to the spot where the golden apples were, but to send ATLAS.

Now Atlas was a giant, a brother of Prometheus who had taken sides with the Titans in their war against the gods. To punish him, Jupiter had condemned him to bear the heavens up on his shoulders. Hercules went to him, delivered the message from his brother Prometheus, and offered to take his place and bear up the heavens, while Atlas went for the golden apples. Atlas was only too glad to get rid of the dreadful load. Leaving Hercules bent under the weight of the heavens, he set off directly, and soon overcame the dragon and got the apples. When he returned, however, the memory of the dreadful burden was so cruel that he vowed he would not take it again; he would go and bear the golden apples to Eurystheus himself, and Hercules must continue to shoulder the heavens. Hercules said, very well; only let him see the apples, to see if they were really the golden apples of the Hesperides. Atlas, being a stupid giant, handed him the apples to examine. He kept them, of course, and, seizing Atlas, forced him to return to his business of supporting the heavens.

When Hercules bore the golden apples to Eurystheus, the latter began to think the hero would per-

He had already performed eleven. Eurystheus set his wits to work to find a labor which should be impossible, so as to keep Hercules in his service. After some thought, he bade him go fetch the three-headed dog Cerberus from hell.

The Greeks' idea of hell was a cave under ground, brimful of flaming pitch and brimstone, and all sorts of horrible things. A long way from the surface of the earth, yet at the entrance of the cave, stood the dog Cerberus, the three-headed guardian of the awful place. He was a terrible monster, breathed flame, and never slept; his eyes were hot coals, and his bite was venomous. To catch this monster was by far the most difficult task Eurystheus had set to Hercules.

However, the hero set about it boldly. He prayed to his good friend Minerva to show him the way to hell, and she kindly sent Mercury to be his guide. Mercury led him to a dark hole in the earth, out of which issued a smell of brimstone and dead bodies. Into this hole the pair went, and began to descend into the bowels of the earth. As they descended, horrible noises met their ears. There were shrieks from the damned, and unearthly cries from demons, and horrid growls from each of Cerberus's three mouths, and flappings from the wings of bats and other winged monsters. On they went still, and very soon spectral ghosts began to flit around them. The air was clammy, and the gray goblins, moving noiselessly through space, planted themselves in front



CHARON IN HIS BARK.

Hercules, and seemed to laugh with their shadowy mouths, when he drew his sword and cut them through without hurting them. Other ghosts—souls of bad men, who knew very well what they were to expect when they came before Pluto's judgment-seat—hung about the entrance, wailing and lamenting in a very lamentable manner. They besought Hercules to rescue them, but the hero was not for that. He pushed past them, and past Cerberus, and walked straight into the hall where Pluto sat.

Pluto was astonished to see a living creature appear before his judgment-seat. But when Hercules



explained the purpose of his visit, he admired his boldness so much that he gave him leave to seize Cerberus, and carry him up to earth. Hercules lost no time. Seizing the brute with his strong hands, he held him at a distance, so that he should not bite, and carried him safely to Eurystheus; and thus, having completed his twelfth labor, he found himself free at last.

But nothing could quench the hatred of Juno. Very soon after Hercules left the service of Eurystheus, and returned to his old home at Thebes, the spiteful goddess wrought a charm, and the hero went mad again. Again he seized his poor little children and their mother and dashed their brains out.

Recovering shortly afterward, he heard that a neighboring king, who had a very fair daughter, had promised her in marriage to any one who could beat him and his sons at archery. The king's name was EURYTUS, and his fair daughter was named IOLE. Hercules went to the king, challenged him to draw the bow, beat him and all his sons, and then claimed Iole as his reward; but Eurytus, coming to know who he was, said that he could not give his child to a man who had already destroyed his own family. And, really, I don't think he could.

Hercules was furious, for all that, and Eurytus's son IPHITUS took his part against his father; but, during the discussion, the fit seized Hercules; he went mad again, and snatched up Iphitus and threw him over a precipice.

For this second offense the oracle at Delphi declared that Hercules must atone by selling himself

into slavery for three years. Patient as ever, hero obeyed. He was bought by OMPHALE, Queen of Lydia, and carried away to her court. It was the queen's will and pleasure to wear Hercules' lion's skin herself, and to carry his huge club while the hero, clad in woman's dress, and painted and perfumed, spun wool among the maids. The new trial Hercules bore as quietly as the other, nor yet was so idle but that he found time to hunt a lion or two, kill a serpent of great fame, and capture some robbers and a mischievous pair of monkeys which infested the queen's dominions.

When the years of his service were ended, he became again his own master, and undertook many great



HERCULES CARRYING THIEVES.



After this he lived three years quietly with wife, till one day at a feast, by accident, he struck child and killed him. Though the father of child knew it was an accident, and did not blame Hercules, the hero went of his own accord into exile as an example to the people.

On his way he came to the River Euenus, where the Centaur NESSUS made a living by ferrying passengers across on his back. Hercules leaped the river himself, and bade Nessus carry Deianeira over; but the hero had hardly reached the opposite bank when he heard a scream, and saw Deianeira struggling in the arms of Nessus. Hercules shot an arrow directly, which killed the centaur, who, dying, counseled Deianeira to take some of his blood, and, if ever she doubted her husband's love, to put it on his garment.

This danger passed, Hercules performed many labors. He made war upon the Dryopes, and conquered them, though not without trouble. He fought so well, and the work was so hard, that one day Hercules was so hungry after the fight that he ate an ox whole. Other enemies he also won upon and vanquished, and, lastly, he took vengeance upon King Eurytus, and slew him and his sons, and carried off Iole captive.

To return thanks to the gods for these victories he raised an altar on Point Cenæum, in the island of Eubœa, and sent home to his wife Deianeira a white garment, as it was considered most respectful to dress in white at sacrifices to the gods. Deianeira had heard of her husband's wars and



Nessus, she anointed the garment with his blood, and sent it to Hercules.

Alas! the centaur had played her a shameful trick. The arrow with which Hercules had shot him had been poisoned; the poison had mixed with his blood, and the moment Hercules put the garment on, the cruel poison began to work. It ate through his flesh, and burned into his very bones. In his agony, Hercules seized the man who had brought him the garment, and, swinging him over his head by one leg, flung him into the sea. He tried to tear the garment off, but it clung to his skin, and he tore whole pieces of his flesh away without relieving his torment. Seeing, then, that to struggle was vain, he piled logs of wood together in a heap, and lay down on the top of the pile, calling for some one to set it on fire. No one dared to do so at first; but a shepherd passing that way, touched by the groans of the hero, kindled a fire, and in a few moments the body of Hercules was burned to ashes.

So ended his life in this world. His father, Jupiter, to reward him for his noble life and his patient suffering, gave him a place among the gods; and Juno, who at last became reconciled to him, gave him her favorite, the sweet maiden HEBE, to be his wife.

Hercules was the most famous of the Greek heroes. All over Greece temples were raised to him, and he was as much worshipped as any of the gods. Some

learned men have supposed that he was a real character, who lived long, long before history began, and gained great fame by his strength and valor, and whose story was sung by the old bards, and was gradually overgrown by fanciful tales till the truth was lost. There is no harm in believing this, if we choose; but, for my own part, I am inclined to think Hercules was invented bodily by the clever story-tellers of Greece.



FEMALE CENTAUR.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HOUSE OF ÆOLUS—BELLEROPHON.

**Æ**OLUS, the son of Hellen, who, as you remember, was said to have been founder of the Æolian tribe of Greeks, had four sons, about whom and their ancestors there were many legends.

One of his sons, SALMONEUS, had a beautiful daughter named TYRO. She had long black hair, which curled below her waist, and of which she was very proud. She fell in love with the River-god Enipeus, and used to walk on the banks of the river watching for the god to appear and join her. One day Neptune saw her, and, falling in love, took the form of the river-god and married her. She had two children, PELIAS and NELEUS, of whom I will tell you presently.

Her father Salmoneus married a second wife, a wicked woman named SIDERO, who hated Tyro, and persecuted her cruelly. Sidero discovered that Tyro had married Neptune by mistake, and persuaded Salmoneus to punish her. All her beautiful hair was cut off; she was cruelly beaten and imprisoned; her little children were taken from her, and exposed in a boat on the river. But in the course of time the wicked are always punished. The children were saved by a herdsman, who brought them up; when they grew to manhood, they went to the



prison where their mother was kept, set her and put the wicked Sidero to death. Tyro married her uncle CRETHEUS, and had more children, of whom I shall have something to say in the next chapter.

Neleus had twelve sons and one daughter. The latter, who was named PERO, was sought in marriage by a host of suitors from all Greece. He at last said he would give her to the man who brought him the oxen of Iphiclus in Thessaly. Iphiclus kept close watch over his oxen, and had a dog who never slept to guard them besides; but BIAS, one of the suitors, was so deeply in love with Pero that he persuaded his brother Melampus (of whom you have heard already) to try to seize the oxen.

Melampus had one great gift—he understood the language of all the animals. So, when he went to Thessaly, and tried to catch the oxen, and was caught himself and thrust into prison, he listened attentively, and heard the worms saying to each other that the beams of the prison were rotten, and that the roof would soon fall in. Melampus called for his guard, and foretold that the prison would fall down, and, sure enough, it fell almost directly. This gave him great fame as a prophet, and Iphiclus esteemed him so highly that he gave him the oxen. So Melampus obtained Pero in marriage.

Of the twelve sons of Neleus, eleven were killed by Hercules in a war. One of them possessed the power of changing himself into any animal he pleased. When Hercules was slaying his brothers, he changed himself to a bee, and thought to escape. But Anticlea pointed him out to Hercules, and the

wayside. Whenever a traveler appeared, he rolled down large stones upon him from above, and killed him.

When this bad man died, he was sentenced, of course, to the hottest part of Pluto's realm; but even then his cunning did not desert him. He cheated the keepers, and escaped out of hell.

But Jupiter had resolved to bear with him no longer. He had him caught again, and condemned to roll a heavy stone up a steep mountain. When the stone reached the top, it rolled down again in spite of all that Sisyphus could do to prevent it; and he had to begin again to toil up the steep hillside, pushing it up as before. His torment was endless. The Greeks believed that he would continue to push that stone up that hill forever and ever.

Of the descendants of Sisyphus, the most celebrated was BELLEROPHON, his grandson.

When he grew to manhood, he visited the court of Prætes, king of Argos. King Prætes had a young and beautiful wife, who wickedly fell in love with Bellerophon, and asked him to run away with her. He was shocked at her wickedness, and turned from her, upon which she accused him to her husband, having insulted her. Prætes was afraid of attacking the young hero; he sent him to the King of Lydia and sent word privately to the king that he would be much obliged if he would put Bellerophon out of the way.

The King of Lydia, like the King of Argos, was afraid of attacking him openly; but he asked him



to tempt him, would he not like to kill the famous CHIMÆRA, which was doing so much damage in the neighborhood? Bellerophon, full of ardor and ambition, said he would, and went out directly.

The Chimæra was a monster with the fore part of a lion and the hind part of a dragon. She had three heads, and out of each mouth poured flames and poisonous smoke. Bellerophon would have had very little chance against this horrid creature had not Neptune helped him. The god had taken a fancy to him, and lent him a horse with wings, called PEGASUS, who rose into the air the moment Bellerophon bestrode him, and flew to the place where the Chimæra was.

Bellerophon then began to shoot arrows at her from on high; but, though he shot well and strong, the creature did not mind the arrows much, and Bellerophon saw that he must try some new plan. He got a great piece of lead and fastened it on the end of his spear; then, reining up Pegasus, he charged the Chimæra, and drove the spear right into her mouth. Inside was all flame and fire; the lead melted, and the molten metal poured down into the Chimæra's vitals and killed her.

When Bellerophon returned to the King of Lydia and showed him what he had done, the king sent him out against his enemies, the Solymi. These Bellerophon quickly defeated, with the help of Pegasus, and was on his way home, laden with booty, when he was suddenly attacked by a band of Lydians. He threw down his booty, drew his sword, and laid about him so stoutly that in a few minutes all the



Lydians were killed, wounded, or forced to run away. Then he went on his way, and, on his arrival, charged the king with having posted these Lydians to kill him. The king confessed that it was so; but, to justify himself, he showed Bellerophon the private letter he had received from King Prætus.

Bellerophon easily explained this, as you can fancy, and, being reconciled to the king, married his daughter, and ruled over Lydia after his death. One story says that when he grew old he became foolishly ambitious, and thought to fly to heaven on Pegasus's back, without dying. But Jupiter, angry at his insolence, sent a gadfly to sting Pegasus; threw his rider to the ground, and Bellerophon was always lame afterward.

Bellerophon was a favorite hero among the Greeks and was much worshipped at Corinth.

The fourth son of Æolus was **ATHAMAS**. He married a goddess, and had two children, **PHRYXUS** and **HELLE**. After a time he married another wife, **INYO**, who was a wicked woman, and persecuted her stepchildren cruelly. By her magic arts she persuaded her husband to order the death of his son Phryxus. The youth was already seized and bound to the altar; the knife was raised to kill him, when his mother, the goddess, snatched him away, and, giving him a **GOLDEN FLEECE** which floated on the water, begged him to take his sister Helle with him and sail away with the fleece.

Phryxus obeyed, and for some time he and his sister Helle sailed pleasantly enough on the golden fleece. But as they were crossing the strait which

gave her name to the strait, which the ancients always called the Hellespont. Phryxus arrived safely in Colchis with the fleece, where it was destined to become very famous ; but I must tell you its story in a separate chapter.





## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ARGONAUTS.

PELIAS, King of Iolchos, had been warned by an oracle to beware of a man who wore but one sandal. Day after day he watched, and month after month, and year after year; and at last, no man coming to fulfill the warning, he almost forgot it. But one day, as he was sacrificing to Neptune, JASON, the son of ÆSON, appeared at the sacrifice with but one sandal, having lost the other in swimming across a river.

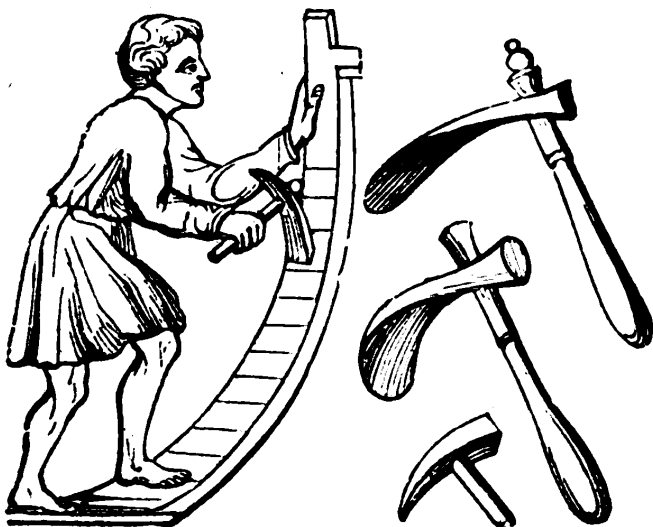
Pelias at once remembered the oracle, and was sore afraid. Calling Jason to him, he asked him what he would do if he were king, and his life were threatened by a subject.

"I would bid him go fetch from Colchis the golden fleece which Phryxus, the son of Athamas, left there," said Jason, bluntly.

"Then," said King Pelias, "thou art the man to bid him go to Colchis, and fetch hither the fleece."

Jason was surprised, but not sorry. He was young and bold; he liked the prospect of adventure. So when a fifty-oared ship had been built, and named the ARGO, after the builder, ARGUS, and forty-nine of the bravest heroes of Greece had agreed to sail with him in search of the fleece, he gladly took the command, and set sail for Colchis. The Argo was no common ship. In her bow she had a piece of

timber from the speaking oak at Dodona ; her build had been planned by the goddess Minerva ; among her crew were many sons of the gods—CASTOR and POLLUX, the famous twin-brothers, ZETES and CALAIS, who were winged, IDMON and MOPSUS, who had the gift of prophecy, ORPHEUS, the divine harpist, and others equally great and noted.



THE CARPENTER AT WORK BUILDING THE ARGO.

A fair wind drove the Argo to the island of Lemnos ; there she cast anchor, and the heroes went ashore. Lemnos was in a dreadful state at the time, for the women had lately rebelled against the men, and put them all to death. The Lemnian ladies soon repented of their crime. When the Argonauts arrived, they received them gladly. Jason married the queen, and his sailors followed his example. As they had not set sail in search of wives, however, they did not stay long with their Lemnian friends ; at the first fair wind they up anchor and away.



After many curious adventures they again land at a sea-port in Thrace. There they found the blind prophet PHINEUS, who was suffering a very cruel punishment for having offended the gods. Whenever he attempted to eat, loathsome creatures like bats, called the HARPIES, flew down, devour part of his food, and tainted the rest with so fetid smell that it could not be eaten. Phineus implored the Argonauts to help him, if they could.

Jason bade him spread his table as usual. When he had done so, the flapping of the Harpies' wings was soon heard, and the air was filled with a dreadful odor. But no sooner did the disgusting birds appear than Zetes and Calais drew their swords and attacked them. The Harpies flew away; but Zetes and Calais could fly too, and they gave chase and killed them.

Phineus was very grateful to the Argonauts, and gave them advice how to steer so as to reach Colchis. He bade them especially beware of a couple of dangerous rocks called the Symplegades, which were incessantly in motion, opening and shutting like a pair of jaws. He told them they must pass between these to reach Colchis. No ship had ever been able to sail between them; indeed, they opened and shut so quickly that even the birds which tried to fly between them were caught and crushed to death. Phineus advised Jason to let a dove loose when they approached, and to be guided by her fate.

Accordingly, when the ship Argo drew near the dangerous place, and the Argonauts saw the huge rocks opening and shutting with a crash like ne-

thunder, they opened the dove's cage and let her fly. She flew straight through the passage; the rocks closed just as she passed, and caught the longest feathers in her tail, without hurting her body.

Jason said this was a good sign. He commanded his men to sit down at their oars, and pull strongly. Then to the pilot he said, "Steer straight for the middle of the passage." The oars bent as the Greeks tugged at them; the spray dashed over the bows of the *Argo*, and Jason's heart beat very quick as she entered the terrible passage, and the high rocks on either side almost shut out the light of day. She had hardly entered, when Jason saw the rocks rushing toward each other with a mighty rush. "Pull! with all your strength, pull!" he cried, in great agony. Bent the oars till they cracked again; the old ship almost went under water; there was a deluge of foam and spray, and then a deafening crash—the ornaments which covered the ship's stern were crushed, but the *Argo* rode safely and proudly in deep water on the other side.

So the danger was passed; and, in memory of the great deed, Jupiter commanded that thenceforth the *Symplegades* should not rock to and fro, but should remain fixed on either side the passage, like staid and respectable rocks.

The *Argo* arrived safely at *Colchis*, and Jason went to the king, whose name was *Æetes*, and demanded the golden fleece.

King *Æetes* valued the fleece very highly; he had placed it in a sacred grove, and set a sleepless dragon to guard it. He was wroth at the very idea



of losing it. So he answered with a bitter laugh that if Jason would yoke his two fierce, brazen-footed bulls to a plow, and sow a field with dragon teeth, he might have the fleece.

The brazen-footed bulls breathed flames. They had never been tamed, and when any man approached them, they snorted, and blew flame from their mouth and their nostrils, so that the man was instantly burned up. To yoke these bulls was no easy matter.

But Æetes had a daughter whose name was MEDEA, and who was an enchantress of extraordinary power. At first sight she fell in love with Jason, and while he was pondering over her father's message, she went to him and offered to help him. She made a charm against fire, and rubbed Jason's body with it; then she told him how to act after the dragon's teeth had been sown.

With the aid of this charm, Jason seized the fierce bulls in spite of their fiery breath, and yoked them to the plow. They tore through the field, pawing the earth with their brazen hoofs, and smoking and flaming very much like one of our locomotives, you imagine. When the field had been plowed, Jason sowed the dragon's teeth. Directly there sprang out of the earth an army of fierce warriors, who rushed toward Jason. But he was prepared for the fray. Seizing a large stone, he threw it in their midst, and they turned about directly and fell to fighting with each other till they were all killed.

Then Jason called King Æetes to witness that he had fulfilled the conditions required, and demanded



the golden fleece. The faithless king refused flatly to give it up. More than this, he began to plot the destruction of the Argo and the murder of her crew.

His plot was known to Medea by means of her enchantments, and she told Jason he must hasten his work if he would escape alive. That very night she made a charm which lulled to sleep the dragon that guarded the fleece. Jason seized it, put it on board the Argo, and, with Medea, set sail homeward before morning.

When the sun arose, and King Æetes found that not only were the Argonauts gone, but the golden fleece and his daughter too, he flew into a great rage, and embarked in his fastest ship in pursuit. His rowers pulled so well (he was in no humor to delay) that he soon gained upon the Argo, and made ready for a fight. This was not to the taste of the Argonauts, who had got all they wanted.

To enable them to escape, cruel Medea seized her little brother, killed him, cut him in pieces, and strewed the pieces on the sea. His old father was so horrified at this shocking act that he bade the rowers cease rowing directly; then, as became a devout father, he busied himself in collecting the pieces of his son's body in order to bury them. Meanwhile the Argonauts escaped.

But Jupiter was enraged at the sight of so horrid a deed, and he sent storm after storm to punish the Argonauts. A dreadful time had they, tossed on the waves, and threatened every hour with shipwreck. Once they were so nearly lost that Jason gave up hope; Orpheus then drew his hand over his

lyre, and sang a touching prayer to Apollo. The god heard the prayer and answered it. Two brilliant blue lights appeared suddenly on the mast-head, flickered and twinkled there till the storm abated. Ever after that time the Greek sailors always looked for those blue lights when a gale arose, and when they shone the sailors felt safe. They called them Castor and Pollux; modern sailors sometimes call them the Fires of Saint Elmo.

The Argonauts met with more strange adventures after this, and sailed on and on, from island to island, till they came to Crete. Crete was guarded by a huge giant, as tall as a mountain, and made wholly of brass. This giant, whose name was TALUS, walked round the island three times every day, and made nothing of stepping over hills and rivers with his huge brass legs, which clanked like thunder as he strode. When the ship Argo appeared, like a speck on the sea, Talus brandished his club, and bade the Argonauts keep off, else he would dash his ship in pieces with a single blow of his club.

Jason was horribly afraid, as well he might. But Medea was never at a loss. Though Talus was all made of brass, and couldn't be hurt by the strongest blow of a sword or spear, he had his weak place. He was held together by a nail in his head. Medea knew this, and while the giant was standing flourishing his club in the clouds over the Argo, she wrought a magic spell, out flew the nail, and down dropped poor Talus, making the earth quake with his fall.

Then the Argonauts landed safely in Crete. They set sail soon afterward, and, coasting along the G

their absence. They had been so long gone, and no word ever sent home about them, that Pelias had taken it for granted they were lost; and, being a cruel man, he had put to death Jason's old father and mother. This Jason learned as soon as he arrived.

He dissembled his anger, and listened to the king's lying story of their death; then to his wife Medea said he, Avenge me on this villainous king. Medea made great friends with the daughters of Pelias. They were simple Greek girls, who knew nothing of art or magic; when they saw Medea perform her wonderful feats, they said she was certainly the most powerful and admirable creature in the world. But nothing she did astonished them so much as her magic charms with animals.

She would take an old ram, cut it in pieces, boil the pieces in a great caldron with strange herbs and charms, and out of the pot would come a fine young lamb. The daughters of Pelias were never tired of seeing this wonderful feat, and one day when they saw it done, said they to Medea, "Could you do as much for a human creature?" "Oh, certainly," said the cunning enchantress: "the charm would be slightly different, but the result would be the same." Then answered they, very timidly, being afraid of her refusing, "Dear Medea, could you do as much for our poor old father Pelias, who is so old and infirm—could you make him young again?"



on.

They lost no time. Watching till the old king slept, they cut his old wrinkled throat, hacked him in pieces with long, sharp knives, and put all the pieces in the caldron. Then they went to Medea. But she only laughed at them and scoffed them. They stood crying and wringing their hands round the caldron, and trying to call their old dead father to life again, while the wicked enchantress smilingly bade her husband Jason see how well she had avenged him.

He was glad Pelias was punished, but he was not quite happy in his mind about the way it was done. So he put Pelias' son ACASTUS on the throne of Iolcos, and traveled away with Medea to Corinth, where he took up his abode.

Ten years after that time Jason grew tired of Medea, and fell in love with GLAUCE, daughter of CREON, king of Corinth. To marry her, he ordered Medea to go home to her old home at Colchis.

But Medea had not forgotten her enchantments. She knew a deadly poison, as deadly as the hydra's blood. With this she smeared a bridal robe, and sent it as a present to her rival Glauce. Glauce, poor foolish girl, was pleased with the pretty robe, and put it on before her father, Creon, to show him how well she would look as a bride. But she had hardly fastened the clasp on her shoulder when she

poison burned him too, and both groaned and writhed till they died.

The people of Corinth were so enraged at their deaths that they would have killed the enchantress Medea if they had caught her. But she mounted her chariot and flew away, high over hills and clouds, turning round every now and then to mock and laugh at the people of Corinth and the faithless Jason.

He did not live long afterward. In his unhappy old age he used to walk on the sea-beach, thinking of the bright days when he was young, and gazing at the old ship Argo, which had been hauled up, and lay high and dry on the sand; and one day he lay down under the shade of the old ship to sleep, and while he slept a fierce wind arose, the Argo keeled over, and crushed him to death.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CALYDONIAN BOAR-HUNT.

THERE reigned once upon a time at Calydon in Ætolia, a foolish king whose name was ÆNEUS. His wife, ALTHÆA, was a descendant of Æolus, a particular friend of the gods. To these two was born a son, to whom they gave the name of MELEAGER.

When the child was seven days old, the Fates appeared to his mother Althæa, and told her that her son's life should last so long as yonder stick of wood which was burning on the hearth, and no longer. Althæa instantly put out the fire, plucked the stick from the hearth, and locked it up, all charred and blackened, in her secret chest.

Meleager grew up a strong and bold man, the greatest warrior in all Ætolia. So long as the stick of wood was safe, he could not be harmed; swords and spears flew off from him without even scratching his skin, and small chance had they who provoked his wrath.

Meanwhile his father, Æneus, fell into a great trouble. When the time for the vintage came, the grapes were gathered and piled in the wine-press as usual; but this foolish king would not offer his accustomed sacrifice to the goddess Diana. The goddess waited for a time, to give Æneus leisure



To punish him for this impiety, Diana sent a terrible boar to ravage Calydon. This boar was far more terrible than boars are nowadays. A score of men, well armed, had no chance against him; he rushed at them, ripped them up with his tusks, trampled them under his feet, and laid all the country round Calydon waste and bare.

Then said Æneus, in sore dismay, "Who will rid us of this terrible boar?"

Said his son Meleager, "That will I, father."

And he journeyed all through Greece, from city to city, bidding the bravest in each to join him to hunt the famous Calydonian boar. They came, the hunters, from Thessaly and from Bœotia, from Athens and from Sparta, from Corinth and Argos; from east and west, and north and south came they, all with their spears, and their shields, and their short, stout broadswords, to fight a great fight against the fierce boar. Most famous of all among the hunters was the fair maiden ATALANTA, the fairest of the maidens of Arcadia, who had spent all her life in the woods, and had vainly been sought in marriage by the greatest heroes of Greece.

When the hunters arrived at Calydon, they roused the boar and gave chase. So bold and fierce was the brute, that, instead of running away, he charged straight into the midst of the hunters, knocked half a dozen of them over, and tore one of them open, killing him on the spot. So furious was his charge

that the hunters, brave as they were, stood confused and stupefied, until the maiden Atalanta drew a javelin from her quiver and flung it at the boar. The javelin sped swift and true, and plunged into the boar's side.

Maddened by the pain, the brute turned savage on Atalanta. It would have fared ill then with the fair Arcadian maiden but for brave AMPHIARAOS, one of the stoutest of the Greeks. He marked the boar's rush, and aimed an arrow at him so well that it struck him in the eye. The boar reeled under the blow; then, with a terrible grunt, rushed off to the woods.

After him ran the hunters, over hill and dale through brook and bush, throwing darts and shooting arrows whenever they saw his rough hide peep out from the grass or the brushwood. None of them hit him, however, and the chase continued a long while. At last the boar made a turn in his course. This brought him face to face with Meleager, who stood bold as steel confronting him, spear in hand. The boar gnashed his tusks, which were crimson with the blood that poured from his wounded eye, then dashed at Meleager. The hero poised his spear, and, with one well-aimed thrust, ran the boar through, and pinned him to the ground. He lay writhing for a few moments, and then died.

The question now was, to whom were the boar's spoils to belong? The Calydonian hunt had made great noise in Greece, and all the hunters knew that the man who carried off the boar's spoils would gain great glory. They now said, one and all, that

the spoils belonged to Meleager, who had killed the brute.

But he said, Not so ; they belonged of right to the maiden Atalanta, who had first wounded him. And he gave them to her.

On this his two uncles flew into a great rage, and said that Meleager was bartering away the honor of their house for the sake of this fair maiden's love. And they snatched the spoils from her, and took them away.

When Meleager heard of what they had done, he went straight to them and killed them both, and returned the spoils to Atalanta. This dreadful deed roused all the people of Calydon against Meleager, and they said that so wicked a wretch was not fit to live. He went sullenly to his own house, and shut himself up there, refusing to see any one.

While he was in this retreat, the Curetes, neighbors of the Calydonians, made war upon Calydon. Meleager was the greatest warrior of Calydon ; but he refused to stir from his house. The Calydonians had insulted him, he said ; let them try what they could do without him. They did try, and they soon found out ; they were beaten at every turn, and Calydon itself was threatened by the victorious enemy. King Æneus implored his son to fight ; but he still refused. His mother Althæa went on her knees to him, but he pushed her away. At last his wife prayed him to fight to save her and her children from the insolent invaders ; and roused by this, he buckled on his sword, went out, fought, and beat the Curetes, and never stopped till he had driven them back to their own country.



Then he returned home. But his fellow-counmen looked coldly upon him, saying that if it not been done for his wife, he would have let t<sup>h</sup> perish. And his mother Althæa, no doubt wrou<sup>g</sup> upon by these ill-natured people, and sorrowing c<sup>o</sup> her murdered brothers, opened her chest and t<sup>o</sup> out the stick of wood, and threw it into the f<sup>l</sup>. The moment it touched the flames Meleager fell as it burned, he grew worse; when it crumbled i<sup>n</sup> ashes, he was a corpse.

Atalanta, the fair maiden of Arcadia, had a v<sup>e</sup> different fate. She was so persecuted by suit<sup>o</sup> that she made a rule that any man who wanted marry her should run a race with her. If he w<sup>o</sup> she was his; if he lost, he lost not only her ha<sup>u</sup> but his life also. Many unhappy youths had r<sup>u</sup> and perished—for Atalanta was very swift of foo<sup>t</sup> when MEILANION offered to accept the challenge.

They started in the race, and Meilanion got a li<sup>g</sup> start. He dropped a golden apple. Atalanta l<sup>o</sup> never seen any thing so beautiful; she could not s<sup>u</sup> sist stopping to pick it up. Then she ran on, a<sup>n</sup> nearly caught Meilanion, when he dropped a sec<sup>o</sup> golden apple. This, too, she thought she had t<sup>o</sup> to pick up; then ran on as before. Meilanion w<sup>o</sup> ed till she was near him, then dropped a third p<sup>l</sup> ple. Again she stopped, and waited so long, t<sup>h</sup> when she tried to catch Meilanion, she found it t<sup>o</sup> too late. He won the race, and the lady too; a<sup>n</sup> they lived a long and happy life, and had a num<sup>o</sup> of children.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE HOUSE OF PELOPS.

WHEN the boys and girls of Sparta and of Elis, of Argos and of Mycenæ, used to ask their parents how it came that the country in which they lived was called Peloponnesus, the story they were told was this :

Once, in the old, old times, when the gods were friends of mankind, and used to visit the earth, there lived near Mount Sipylus, in Asia Minor, a wealthy and grand king, whose name was TANTALUS. He was so rich in flocks and herds that he never knew how many he had ; and the gods liked him so much that when they came to earth they always dined with him. This unusual good fortune turned the head of King Tantalus. At a feast he had given to the gods, they had shown him the secret of making nectar and ambrosia, which were the divine drinks most used on Mount Olympus. He profanely told the secret to mortal men, and ambrosia began to be made in the taverns. Worse than this, wishing to show how much he despised the gods, one day, when they dined with him, he killed his young son PELOPS, and served him up for dinner. Ceres, being at the time in deep grief for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, noticed nothing peculiar in the horrible dish, and ate a portion of the cooked boy ; but the other



gods and goddesses shrunk from it with horror, and flew away directly to Mount Olympus.

Jupiter brought Pelops to life again by his omnipotent command, and Ceres gave him a shoulder of ivory to make up for the one she had unthinkingly eaten. As for Tantalus, he was put to death, and sentenced in the world below to endure horrible torment. His feet were in the cool waters of a bright, purling stream, and over his head hung branches heavily laden with the most luscious fruits; but often as he tried to reach the water to cool his parched tongue, it flowed away from him; and when he raised his hand to pluck the fruit over his head to assuage his raging hunger, they flew back, and mocked him, far out of reach.

Tantalus had a daughter as well as a son. His daughter, whose name was NIOBE, inherited her father's haughty soul. She was married to the King of Thebes, and had six sons and six daughters, all comely and handsome. Loving them with more than a pious mother's love, she boasted that she was superior to LETO, the mother of Apollo and Diana; for Leto had only two children, while she had twelve. To punish her for this profane speech, Apollo and his sister shot with their arrows all of Niobe's children, one by one. The unhappy mother saw them fall before her eyes, and vainly prayed to the gods for help. When the last died, she wept and wept, and prayed that she too might die, till Jupiter, in pity for her sorrows, changed her into a stone on Mount Sipylus.

If you go to Florence, you will see in a room



the great palace there fourteen beautiful statues, which are supposed to represent Niobe and her children, with their teacher. They are splendid works of art, and, so long as they last, the story of Niobe will always be worth knowing.



THE GROUP OF NIOBE.

Pelops, the son of Tantalus, left Asia and went to Greece. He fell in love there with the beautiful HIPPODAMEIA, daughter of CENOMAUS, King of Pisa. King CENOMAUS refused to give his daughter to any man whom he could beat in a chariot-race; and as his horses were fleet, and his charioteers skillful, he had already won fifteen races, and cut off the heads of the whole fifteen suitors as a punishment for their rashness. These heads Pelops saw over the door of the maiden. A very grim ornament for a young lady's bedchamber, one would think. But he was not dismayed.

He went to the charioteer MYRTILUS, and offered

him half the kingdom if he would help him win race; and when the faithless charioteer agreed, challenged Œnomaus. The race began as usual, before long the linch-pin came out of the king's chariot-wheel, the wheel fell, the chariot overturned and King Œnomaus was thrown out and killed.

Thus Pelops won the race and the lady. His first act was to cause the treacherous charioteer Myrtilus to be thrown into the sea. The wretched man died cursing Pelops and all his house; and most fearfully was the curse fulfilled.

Pelops had a great many sons. Among them he seemed to love one only, CHRYSIPPUS; and when his brothers grew so jealous that two of them, ATREUS and THYESTES, lay in wait for him, and threw him into a well, where he was drowned. Pelops, in great wrath at the murder, drove his sons out of his house.

They went to Mycenæ, where Eurystheus, the king's nephew, was king. At his death, the elder of the two, Atreus, succeeded to the throne. But he was not long at rest. Mercury had given the king of Mycenæ a lamb with a golden fleece; this Thyestes stole, though it rightly belonged to his brother. Atreus was furious with his brother—though what could he expect?—and exiled him from his kingdom.

A short while afterward, thinking he had not punished him sufficiently, he got his two sons into his power, and invited their father to a feast, in order to be reconciled, he said. Thyestes came, and ate heartily of the meat set before him. When he had eaten, his brother Atreus said, in a wicked voice

thing, he ordered the hands and the bones of the murdered boys to be brought in and shown to him. Thyestes rushed out more like a madman than a sane being, and, like Myrtilus, cursing the whole race of Pelops.

Again, some time afterward, Atreus felt his rage kindle against his brother. A famine had overspread the kingdom of Mycenæ, and the oracle said that Thyestes was the cause of it. Atreus sent for him and put him in prison. While he was there, Atreus sent for a young man who lived at Mycenæ, and whose name was ÆGISTHUS, and bade him go to the prison and slay Thyestes. Ægisthus went to the prison, as the king had commanded, but when he saw Thyestes he recognized him: he was his father, whom he had not seen for years. Thyestes was overjoyed to meet his long-lost son. The two plotted together, and that very night, while Atreus was drinking and feasting, Ægisthus drew near and put him to death.

Atreus left two sons, AGAMEMNON, who was king of Mycenæ, and MENELAUS, who was king of Sparta. When these two left Greece, as I shall tell you presently, to besiege the city of Troy, Ægisthus remained behind at Mycenæ. Agamemnon had left there his young wife CLYTEMNESTRA and his infant boy ORESTES, and with them a wise old bard to counsel and protect them. Wicked Ægisthus fell in love with Clytemnestra, and coveted the kingdom



of Mycenæ too ; but for a long time he could do little toward gaining either, on account of the old bard, who saw through him and baffled him. But after a time he contrived to send the old bard to a desert island near by, where he was killed. Then Ægisthus persuaded Clytemnestra that her husband must be dead by this time, and that she could not do better than marry him.

When Agamemnon returned from Troy, he found Ægisthus and Clytemnestra married and reigning at Mycenæ. Ægisthus pretended to be very glad to see him, and invited him to a feast. When the king had drowned his grief in wine, the wicked queen fell upon him and killed him. They would have killed his son Orestes too but for his sister Electra, who hid the child, and, when his enemies' pursuit had slackened, sent him to Phocis.

There he grew up, and became like a brother to the son of the King of Phocis, whose name was LADES. He was fond of sport and hunting, and in these pastimes he would have perhaps forgotten the horrors of his childhood and the terrible duty of vengeance enjoined upon him by the gods, but for the messages he received from time to time from his sister Electra. She never forgot or relented ; and at last when Orestes was strong enough to wield a sword she sent him word to come.

He departed from Phocis instantly in disguise and visited his father's tomb, on which he offered a lock of his hair, as was the Greek custom. Then he went to the palace at Mycenæ, where he said he was a messenger from Phocis, sent to announce



ELECTRA.

King Ægisthus the melancholy death of Orestes; at which intelligence, as you may imagine, Ægisthus and his wicked wife were not overwhelmed by grief. To his sister Electra, Orestes made himself known by his real name, and the two laid their plans together.

At the first opportunity, Orestes attacked Ægisthus and killed him. In his rage he fell upon his mother Clytemnestra too, and killed her likewise. There was nothing but blood and murder in the house of Pelops.

The gods, who had some vague principles of justice, were offended at the murder of Clytemnestra. They made Orestes mad. He saw, wherever he went, the Fates pursuing him with blood-red hands, holding up in the air the gory head of his mother. All over Greece he roamed, a wretched madman, comforted only by his kind sister Electra, who never deserted him, and whose patience was never weary.

At last he went to Delphi, and asked the oracle there what he should do to recover his reason. The answer was that he must go to Tauris and obtain the statue of Diana, which was worshipped there.

Tauris stood on the spot where the city of Sebastopol, in the Crimea, has since been built. Orestes went thither, and was greatly surprised to find himself arrested on his arrival. It was the custom of the savages who lived at Tauris to sacrifice to the

goddess Diana every foreigner who visited the shores. Orestes was seized and bound to the altar.

But, as good fortune would have it, the priestess of Diana at Tauris was no less a person than IPHIGENEIA, a sister of Orestes, who had been carried away from Greece in her youth. The brother and sister recognized each other, and Iphigeneia, who was much venerated by the people of Tauris, easily contrived to procure a ship, in which, at night, she sailed for Greece, with her brother and the sacred statue of Diana. They sailed safely over the stormy waves of the Black Sea, and arrived at Mycenæ with the statue.

Then the gods declared that the curse which rested on the house of Pelops was extinguished. Orestes recovered his reason, and married HERMIONE, daughter of the beautiful Helen; he gave his young sister Electra to his friend Pylades. They all lived happily for many years. Orestes died of a bite from a snake at last, and his bones were buried in Argos.



## CHAPTER X.

## ARCADIAN LEGENDS.

**W**HEN the Greek children asked their fathers why they gave the name of Arcadia to that hilly country, in the heart of the Peloponnesus, where it was always so cool, even in the hottest months of summer, and where they used to go to hunt boars and wolves, they were told this story:

Once upon a time there reigned on those hills a wicked old king whose name was LYCAON. He scoffed at religion, and said he was more powerful than the gods. Jupiter visited him, to see if he really was as wicked as was said; and finding him to be even worse than he had heard, he killed him and all his sons with a flash of lightning.

A daughter of his, whose name was CALISTO, escaped by vowing to die a maiden, and claiming the protection of Diana. The goddess took her into her train, and hunted with her, and loved her, till, one unlucky day for the poor girl, Jupiter saw her and made love to her. She was too simple and artless to be able to resist the god; he married her, and she bore him a son.

When Diana heard that Calisto had broken her vow and married Jupiter, she was very indignant. Jupiter expected as much, and, to save Calisto, he changed her into a bear. But the goddess could

not be deceived. She recognized the hapless girl in her disguise, and, drawing an arrow from her quiver, shot her to the heart.

To make what amends he could, Jupiter ordered that the country where she had lived should afterward bear the name of her son. He was called ARCAS, and hence the inland region of Peloponnese always bore the name of Arcadia.

He lived and reigned, and had sons and daughters. One of his sons had a son whose name was ISCHYS, who was the most handsome man of his day. All the ladies of Greece were dying of love for him; but he was cold-hearted, and did not marry for any of them.

At last he met the maiden CORONIS of Thessaly and fell in love with her, and asked her to become his wife. She hesitated, and would not consent at first, but after a time she gave way, and married Ischys. She did not tell him that she had already loved the god Apollo, who was much attached to her.

When the wedding took place, a crow came to him, and, cawing loudly, flew to Apollo, and told him the news. He was so enraged that he changed the bird's color from white to black; and, from that day to this, all crows have been black, as you are now aware. Poor Coronis was put to death by Diana, to punish her for having been unfaithful to the god; but her son ASCLEPIAS, or ESCULAPUS, was preserved.

He became a famous physician, and was the father of medicine. There was no disease he could

also great doctors, and so were their sons after them, and their whole house.

Esculapius had many temples in Greece, one of the most famous of which stood at Epidaurus, in Argolis. Though the Greeks made no difference between these and all other temples, and offered their offerings and sacrifices to Esculapius just as they did to Jupiter and Apollo, the former was much the more useful god. His temples were in fact hospitals, where sick persons from all Greece gathered to be cured; and the priests, who pretended to derive the knowledge of medicine from Apollo and their ancestor Esculapius, really learned what they knew—I dare say it was something quite considerable for those times—from the sight of so many sick persons, and the study of their diseases.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE HOUSE OF ÆACUS.

**Æ**ACUS, a son of Jupiter, was king of the island of Ægina. He was a very good and brave man, and was so much respected by the gods, that when a cruel plague broke out in Greece, and neither the doctors nor any one else could stay its progress, Jupiter declared that he would check it. Æacus prayed to him, and for no other man. Æacus was accordingly entreated by all the Greeks to pray for them, and he did so, and the plague stayed.

This was not the only proof he had of the good-will of Jupiter. Once, I suppose from disease, and from shipwreck, and such causes, every person lived on the island of Ægina disappeared, and Æacus was left alone. In his loneliness, he prayed to Jupiter to give him companions; and Jupiter at once ordered that all the ants in the island should become men. They were called MYRMIDONS, which may mean sons of ants.

Æacus had two famous sons, whose names were PELEUS and TELAMON. They grew jealous of their brother PHOCUS, whom their father loved best of his children, and slew him. For this Æacus banished them from the island of Ægina, and they were punished for many years. They repented bitterly of their crime, and were in time forgiven.

Peleus married THETIS, the sea-goddess, whom Jupiter and Neptune had both admired. The wedding was very celebrated in story; all the gods were present at it, and each brought some present for the bride. She became mother of the famous ACHILLES, of whom we shall presently hear more.

Telamon reigned in the island of Salamis. He married a granddaughter of Peleus, and had a son named Ajax, who was also a hero of renown.

# I

## CHAPTER XII.

## ATHENIAN LEGENDS—THESEUS.

THE stories of Athens were among the most beautiful of the mythology.

The first king of Athens was CECROPS, who had the head and arms of a man, but the legs and tail of a dragon. He was a very good king, and reigned well, and was much beloved by his people. He invented marriage, which was a good idea, as we now know; and taught the Athenians many useful things. He hit upon a strange plan for numbering the people of Athens. Calling them all together one day he bade each man throw a stone upon a certain spot; then he counted the stones, and discovered the number of the people. This was not so good an idea as the other; but then you must remember his head and tail.

A long while after the death of Cecrops, Athens was ruled by King PANDION. He had several sons and daughters, some of whom became famous in their day.

One of his daughters, whose name was Procne, married King TEREUS, of Thrace. After her marriage, her sister PHILOMELA, who was young and beautiful, went to stay with her. King Tereus fell in love with Philomela, and proposed to put away Procne and marry her. But Philomela was



tuous as well as beautiful: she repulsed the king with scorn, and started straightway homeward.

Tereus gathered a band of ruffians and lay in wait for her as she journeyed home. When she came to the place where they were, the ruffians sallied forth, killed Philomela's attendants, and carried her off to Tereus. This wicked wretch then married her against her will, and in spite of her tears and cries.

Being afraid afterward of the vengeance of her family, if they should come to hear of his infamous conduct, he seized Philomela, and cut out her tongue. "Now," said this horrid brute, "you may go and tell your story, if you can." The unfortunate Philomela wept and pined away for many months; at last she bethought herself of a means by which she could reveal her sad fate. She wrought in wool a picture which represented the outrage she had endured, and sent the embroidery to her sister.

Procne roused the women of Thrace by telling them the dreadful story. They killed Itys, the king's son, which so enraged him that he seized a hatchet, and pursued Procne to chop her head off. She ran away, taking her dumb sister with her; and the gods, seeing the misfortunes of the two sisters, in pity changed them into birds—Procne into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale. Tereus was changed into an owl, and in this shape he still chases swallows and nightingales whenever he can see.

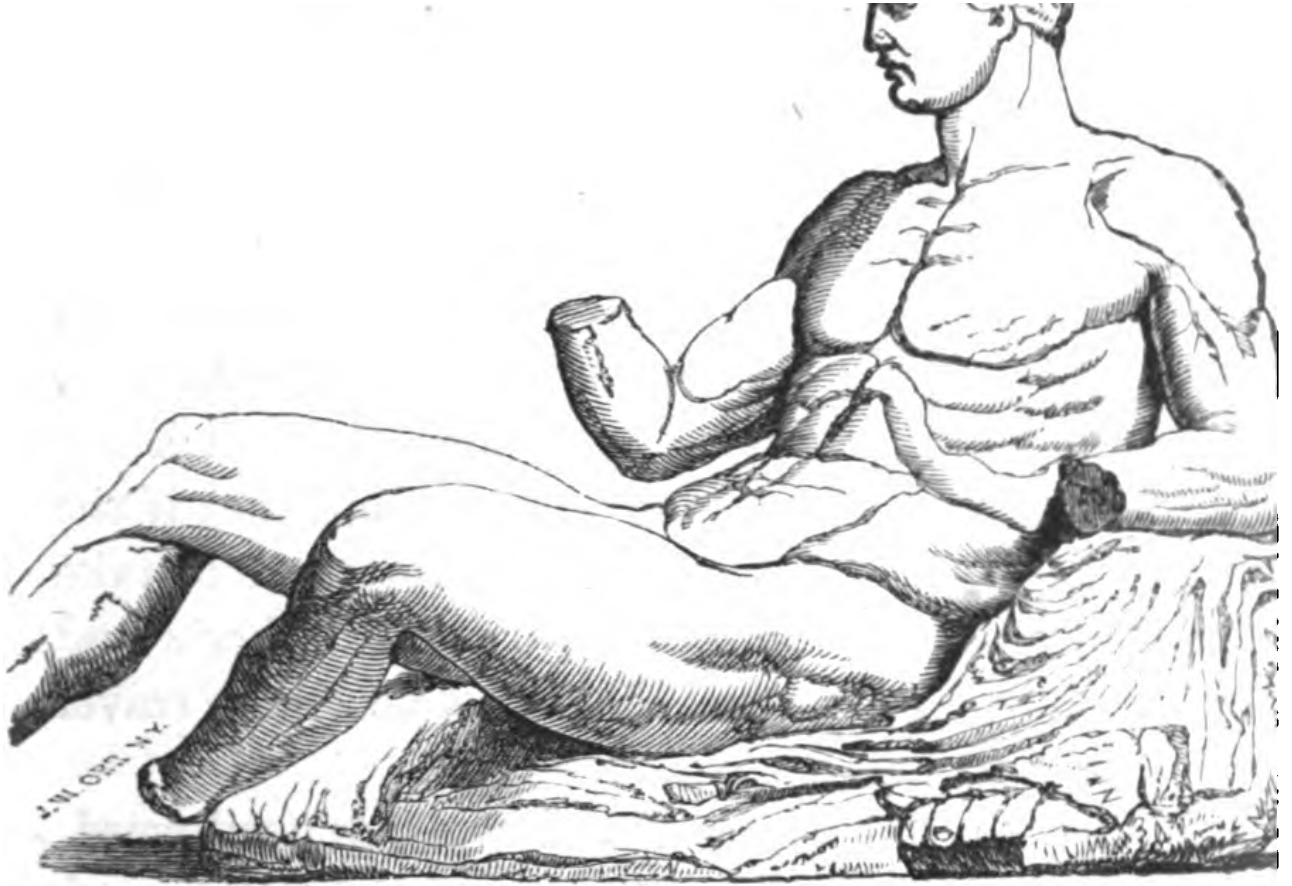
ERECHTHEUS, a brother of Philomela and Procne, had a daughter named PROCRIS, whose fate was very sad.

She married a hero named CEPHALUS, to whom the gods had given a spear which could not miss its aim. Cephalus was a great hunter, and spent much of his time in the woods, chasing deer, and bores and wolves. His wife Procris did not like to be left alone at home, and, by dint of brooding, grew jealous of her husband, and fancied he must have some lady friend whom he visited when he was hunting. She no sooner thought of this than she resolved to follow him the next time he left her.

Accordingly, when Cephalus left home, Procris followed at a distance without being seen. He roamed the woods for some time, then lay down in a thicket. The sun was very hot, and not a cloud hung in the earth to shelter it from the burning rays. Cephalus, looking up to heaven, sighed and cried to himself, "Oh that Nephele (which is the Greek word for cloud) were here!"

Procris was close by, listening. She thought once that Nephele was the name of her rival, and ran toward the spot, in the hope of finding her husband Cephalus. In running she made a rustle in the thicket. Cephalus heard it, and, supposing it was some wild beast, sprang up and hurled his unsheathed spear. The spear sped true: it pierced the heart of Procris, who died repenting her curiosity.

Three generations of men were born, lived, and died, and ÆGEUS, the descendant of Erechthonius, reigned over Athens. He had one son, whose name was THESEUS; but he had never seen the father since his birth. Theseus had been brought up at Trœzen, at the court of his grandfather PITTHEUS.



STATUE OF THESEUS.

His father had left word that he should remain there until he was able to lift a huge stone, under which Ægeus had himself hidden his sword and sandals.

When Theseus grew up, he was very anxious to go to his father at Athens. The stories he had heard of his father's power and of the magnificence of Athens filled him with ambition. So day after day he tugged and pulled at the huge stone, and tried to move it; but for a long, long time the stone was too heavy and his arms were too weak. At last, one day, as he pulled more strongly than usual, the stone moved; one strong pull more, and it rolled over. Under the stone were found the gold-hilted sword of Ægeus and the large sandals. Theseus



grasped the sword, and buckled it to his belt. He tried the sandals on, and found, to his delight, they fitted him exactly, for he was a tall, youthful youth.

Then he started to go to Athens to see his father. His grandfather Pittheus, who was a wise and experienced old man, and his fond mother Æthra, warned him to take ship on the coast and sail across the sea to Athens, saying that the road by land was dangerous, being infested by robbers and all full of bad people. But young Theseus said that if the road was dangerous he wanted all the more to go: it was not fitting, said he, that his father's subjects and his grandfather's subjects should not be able to travel whither they had a mind.

So he started by land and walked northward, singing cheerily as he went, toward the Isthmus of Corinth. Before long he fell in with a man who said he was king of that part of the country. He called Theseus to him, and, in an angry tone, bade him wash his feet. Now Theseus, who was a brave, well-bred young man, seeing the gray hair of the person who thus addressed him, was at first disposed to do as he commanded, thinking it was the custom of the country. On drawing near to a high rock on which the old man sat, however, he happened to look over the edge of the rock, and saw down below, a hideous dragon devouring a brave and battered human body. This set him to thinking, and the wicked leer of the old man, together with his rude manners, convinced him that the old man intended to do him a mischief. So he was on

guard when he approached him. Thanks to this, when the old wretch raised his leg to give Theseus a kick and throw him over the precipice, as he had done to so many others, Theseus caught him by the leg, threw him over instead, and was not very sorry when he saw the dragon tear his body in pieces down below.

A little farther on, Theseus fell in with another wretch named PROCRUSTES, who kept a hotel on the isthmus for the entertainment of travelers. The way this fellow entertained his guests was this: He had but one bed. When a traveler arrived, he put him into this bed; if he was too long, Procrustes cut off his feet or his head, so as to make him fit; and if he was too short, he stretched him with cords and pulleys till his limbs were dislocated. When Theseus arrived, Procrustes offered him the bed, as usual, and as the young hero was too tall by a foot or so, he drew his sword to cut off so much. But Theseus was up directly, and the golden-hilted sword flashed but once before the eyes of Procrustes; the next moment he was dead, and laid in his own bed.

These were only two of the enemies Theseus had to encounter on his way to Athens. There were numbers of others—men and beasts, monsters in one shape and another—all of whom tried to prevent Theseus from accomplishing his journey, and all of whom the young hero overcame and slew.

At last he arrived at Athens, and was so much struck with the beauty of the city that he could hardly speak from astonishment. He walked from



street to street, and from temple to temple, staring eyes and open mouth, while the Athenian boys laughed at him, and called him country bumpkin.

There was one person at Athens who did not laugh at his coming, and that was the enchanteress Medea, who had fled to Athens in her winged chariot from Corinth, and had persuaded King Ægeus to marry her. She had children of her own for whom she wanted King Ægeus's crown when he died; this return of his first-born son, Theseus, did not suit her at all. She went to the king, the queen, and the council, and said that she had discovered, by means of her enchantments, that there was at that time in the city of Athens a wicked country youth who had come to Athens for the very purpose of killing the king.

King Ægeus was mightily shocked at the news, and said how happy a thing it was for him to have so clever a wife as Medea. He bade the citizens be searched at once, and the country youth found.

His guards were not long in finding the person they sought, for many people had already noticed Theseus. They caught him roughly, and dragged him before the judgment-seat of Ægeus. Theseus, being brave at heart, bore all, and said not a word for he was anxious to see how they managed matters at Athens. When he was brought before Ægeus, his heart was touched by the sight of his grey-headed old father sitting on his throne, and looking so stern and so virtuous, by the side of the wicked smiling Medea; but he said never a word.



murderer, was to let her poison him quietly with a cup of poisoned wine; and old Ægeus, who was much ruled, I fancy, by this artful wife of his, answered, Yes, that was the best way. So, when Theseus stood intently gazing at his father with moist eyes, Medea smiled with a cat-like expression, and said, "Good stranger, you must be tired with your long walk; will you taste our Athenian wine?"

"Right willingly," answered Theseus, with a polite bow; and turning to the king, said he, "I thank your majesty."

He was raising the poisoned cup to his lips, when Ægeus caught a sight of the sword he wore. "Ha!" cried he, "where got you this sword?"

Then Theseus told him where he got the sword and the sandals, and who he was; and old Ægeus leaped down from his throne, and flung himself on his boy's neck, and embraced him with many tears. Medea, they say, was so much disgusted at the sight that she flew out of the window into her chariot, and was spirited away through the clouds by her winged dragons.

Very soon after this pleasant meeting between Theseus and his father, the time came round for the ship to sail to Crete.

The story of the ship was this. A long while before, the son of MINOS, the king of Crete, went to Athens to compete at the games. He was so strong and so skillful that he won all the prizes, and his Athenian rivals, out of jealousy and spite, killed

him on his way home. For this his father made war on Athens, and having beaten the Athenians, condemned them to send him every year by ship seven maidens, and as many tall youths, to be eaten by the monster called the MINOTAUR, was a hideous brute with the body of a man and the head of a bull, and lived in a labyrinth in Crete, fed on human beings.

To pay this cruel tribute, the Athenians all drew lots among themselves, who should send their sons or daughters to be eaten by the Minotaur; and every year, as the time for the drawing of the lots drew near, there was great wailing and sorrowing in the city, and parents kissed their children more than usual. When Theseus heard the wailing, he asked the reason, and was told that fourteen of the choicest youths of Athens were to be sacrificed. He said directly, "Then I will be one of the number."

His old father entreated him to stay; the council advised him to let his subjects send their daughters and their sons; but he answered firmly, "No, I was heir to the throne; it was his duty to go, and I will go, and go he would."

So he set sail in the ship. His old father accompanied him to the landing-place, and, as he was going, begged him, in case he should, by any providence, escape the great peril which threatened him, to change the black sails of the ship for white ones on his return. Theseus promised to do so, and soon arrived in Crete.

When he appeared with the other youths and maidens before King Minos, he looked so bold

frank that the king called him, and asked him who he was. Theseus answered boldly that he was the son of the King of Athens, and that he had come to slay the Minotaur, and put an end to the cruel tribute forever.

King Minos laughed a strident laugh, and cried, "Let this young gallant be the first to feed the Minotaur, guards!"

So Theseus was led out, and locked up in prison to spend his last night. But as he lay awake thinking how he should deal with the Minotaur, a lovely maiden appeared to him, and told him she was **ARIADNE**, daughter of King Minos. She said that she had taken pity upon Theseus (I suppose she hung her pretty head at this and blushed), and that she had brought him a wonderful sword, which would cut through any thing. Moreover, she said she would meet him in the morning and show him how to escape out of the labyrinth.

When morning came, Theseus was dragged away by the guards and thrust into the labyrinth. Out of this labyrinth it was impossible for any one to escape, the paths, and lanes, and by-ways were so confused and intricate. But the faithful Ariadne stood near the entrance, and, when Theseus was thrust in, she gave him a thread, and bade him keep the end of it fast; she would hold the other end, and so, by following it, he might escape without difficulty.

He then went forward, having tied the thread to his wrist. Very soon he heard the low bellowing of the Minotaur, and, guiding himself by the voice,



he reached him and stood before him. The taur looked at Theseus, and saw that this was an Athenian dish; he roared once, then rushed with horns lowered. But, as he approached, Theseus aimed a strong blow at him with his sword. The sword clove his bull's head through, and part of his human body as well; the monster expired with dreadful groans. Theseus ran out of the labyrinth, following the thread Ariadne had given him. He found the gate, very pale and anxious; but when he was safe, her pretty cheeks soon became rosy enough.

As there was now no Minotaur to eat the Athenians, there was no use keeping the youths and maidens in Crete; they all set sail homeward, and Theseus carried off with him his friend Ariadne. On their way home they stopped at the island of Naxos, about midway between Crete and Athens; there, unhappily, the god Bacchus set eyes on the lovely Ariadne. He had never seen any girl so beautiful; and, as he was a reckless god—besides, he was drunk—he said, bluntly, that he would keep her himself, and that Theseus must sail away without her. There was no countervailing the word of the god; with a very heavy heart, Theseus set sail, leaving out his dear Cretan love.

All this time old King Ægeus had been waiting to hear of the fate of his son. Every day he went up to a high rock on Cape Sunium, and looked out over the sea which stretched Creteward. When he came he went sadly home, and early next

Could it be? Yes. She drew nearer—nearer. It was the very ship; and there, alas! were the black sails, which Theseus, in his sorrow for the loss of Ariadne, had forgotten to change. Old King Ægeus took one long look, to make sure that he was not mistaken; then, feeling quite certain that his son must have perished, or the sail would have been changed, he threw himself from the high rock down into the sea, and was drowned; in memory of which fearful event that sea was always called afterward the ÆGEAN SEA.

Theseus then became King of Athens. He ruled wisely for many years, and was much beloved. He enlarged and beautified the city, and encouraged the country people to build houses near the city walls, so that all might be at hand in case of attack.

One of his greatest deeds during his reign was his war against the Amazons. You have heard of them already, and you know how these warlike women used to live by themselves, and fight against their neighbors quite as savagely as men. Theseus attacked them and defeated them, after which, as became a gallant gentleman, he proposed terms of peace, which were, that he should marry the Queen of the Amazons, a beautiful woman named ANTIOPE.

How the matter ended I really do not know. Some stories say that the Amazons recovered heart after their defeat, and even invaded Greece, where





ANTIOPE.

Theseus defeated them again, and put numbers of them to death. But other stories—and these are the ones I like best—will have it that Theseus sent all his handsomest men to meet the Amazons, who, when they saw their enemies, agreed to a short truce; that, during the truce, matters were managed so well by the Greeks, that the Amazons all gave up their trade and got married to their enemies; and that, instead of men or women killed, the result of the war was that a great many little babies were born, and the population of Athens was thereby notably increased.

Another story of Theseus is about his going down to hell. Once he had been challenged by a neighbor of his, named PEIRITHOUS, who was brave and strong, and wanted to see whether Theseus was really as great a hero as was said. Theseus accepted the challenge, and the champions met; but when they looked each other in the face, and each saw how manly and noble the other was, they grew ashamed of their desire to fight, and made friends on the spot. Ever after this, Peirithous and Theseus were like



love with her, and said he must have her or he would certainly die, Theseus agreed to accompany him down to hell to try to seize her. The two heroes made their way to the gate of hell. But Pluto, who loved his wife, and had no notion of parting with her, was on the watch for them. He set his three-headed dog Cerberus on Peirithous, and the unfortunate lover was torn in pieces directly by the savage brute. Theseus was seized and kept a prisoner by Pluto. Hercules at last prevailed on the King of Hell to set him free, and he returned to earth after a long captivity, and was received with great joy by his Athenian subjects.

Theseus met with many more adventures, which you will find in larger books than this. He died at last, as all men must, and his bones were buried in the island of Scyros.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THEBAN LEGENDS.

ONCE upon a time, as a pretty young maiden named EUROPA was gathering flowers by the sea-shore, near her father's house in Phœnicia, a beautiful white bull came trotting up to her side. She was startled at first, but when she found the bull meant her no harm, but, on the contrary, seemed friendly and good-tempered, she stroked him and patted his neck. And when the brute knelt down on the grass, and looked at the maiden with his large, soft eyes, as much as to say, "I will give you a ride, if you like," the maiden leaped on his back and rode away. But the bull no sooner felt Europa firmly seated on his back than he started off at a round trot toward the beach, leaped into the sea, swam out of sight, and was never seen more.

The fact was, the bull had been sent by Jupiter for the very purpose of stealing the maiden Europa; the god married her in the island of Crete, and she became the mother of King Minos, of whom you have heard.

Her father and brothers were in despair at her loss, and the latter set out to find her. They traveled many a mile and many a year, and one of them at last arrived at Delphi, where he consulted the oracle. The answer of the oracle was, that he was

to follow the first cow he met, and where the cow stopped there he was to build a city.

He obeyed the oracle as in duty bound. The cow wandered about for some time, and at last stopped in a beautiful valley of Bœotia. In the valley bubbled up a cool spring, which the people round about would have been glad to use ; but they could not, for the spring was guarded by a huge dragon, which tore in pieces every one who approached the spring.

CADMUS—this was the name of Europa's brother—had a hard fight with the dragon ; but as he had come to the spot by the command of the gods, they helped him in the fight, and he killed the monster. Then the goddess Minerva inspired Cadmus to sow the dragon's teeth in the earth. You know the sort of herb which grew from that seed. Before the teeth had been in the ground an hour, a crop of armed men, with tremendous swords and shaggy beards, sprang up and rushed furiously at Cadmus. He, being advised by Minerva how to act, threw a stone among them, just as Jason had done in the like circumstance ; whereupon the armed men fell to fighting with each other, and fought on till only five were left standing. These five then went to Cadmus, and said they were his servants.

He bade them help him to build his city. They were very strong, and required little or no sleep, so that the work went on fast enough, and before many months were over the city was built, and a fine city it was. Cadmus called it THEBES.

He reigned there many years, and had sons and daughters. Some of the latter married gods—one



of them Jupiter, who seems to have had an uncommonly large household, others smaller gods. At the close of his life, the gods desired to honor Cadmus for having lived so wisely; they spared him the pain of dying, and changed him into a serpent, which, as you know, is the most subtle of creatures.

After the death of his grandson, the Theban throne was seized by a bad man, whose name was **LYCUS**. Lycus was cruel and pitiless. Finding that one of his nieces, named **ANTIOPE**, had allowed Jupiter to persuade her to become one of his wives, he threw her children into the woods, and let his wife **DIRCE**, a savage wretch, persecute and maltreat poor Antiope in a very shameful manner. But, as good luck would have it, the two children who were exposed were rescued by a farmer, who reared them to man-



**DIRCE BEING TIED TO THE BULL'S HORNS.**

hood; when they grew old enough to use a sword, they went to Thebes, killed Lycus, and tied Dirce to the horns of a wild bull, which soon put her out of pain.

The two young men ruled Thebes for a while; then made way for the rightful heir to the throne, who was LAIUS, the great-grandson of Cadmus.

Now an oracle had declared to Laius that, if ever he had a son, that son would kill his father. So, when his wife, JOCASTA, gave birth to a boy, the child was instantly sent into the woods, and left near the den of some hungry wolves. But again this cruel design was frustrated by Providence. King Polybus, of Corinth, had lately lost some oxen; his herdsmen, looking for them, found the child, and took him home with them to Corinth.

When he grew up he was very anxious to know who his father was, and went to the oracle at Delphi to inquire. The oracle bade him not seek to know, and never to go to his birth-place, for if he did he would surely kill his father and marry his mother.

ŒDIPUS—this was his name—was very much frightened by this awful prophecy, and thinking, of course, as he had been brought up at Corinth, that his father lived there, turned away from the Isthmus, and journeyed toward Thebes. On the way thither he met his real father, Laius, driving out in his chariot. The road was narrow; in passing, one of the king's charioteers pushed Œdipus rudely out of the way. The young man, being fiery and choleric, drew his sword, and, without knowing it, killed King Laius.

Then he journeyed on, and in course of time ar-

rived at Thebes. After the death of King Laius, his brother-in-law, CREON, had succeeded to the throne. His reign had been very miserable as yet; for he had scarcely been crowned when a hideous monster with a woman's face, a bird's wings, and a lion's tail, made its appearance in Boeotia, and began to lay waste the country. It was called the SPHINX, and its way of proceeding was this: Whenever a man approached, it asked him to solve a riddle; if he could not, it ate him up. No man had ever yet been able to solve the riddle, and every day two or three men fed the ravenous Sphinx. In his misery, King Creon offered the throne and his sister Jocasta, the widow of Laius, to any man who could solve the riddle, and so break the charm.

Œdipus happened to be passing that way. The Sphinx seized him like the others, and proposed the riddle, which was this:

"What is that animal with four feet, which has two feet, and three feet, and but one voice; whose feet vary, and which is weakest when it has most?"

Œdipus answered at once that the animal was Man, who crawls on all-fours in infancy, walks on two feet at manhood, and uses a staff in old age. And the Sphinx, according to the law of its being, when it found that the riddle had been rightly solved, threw itself from a high rock into the plain beneath, and was dashed into pieces.

All Thebes now turned out to do honor to Œdipus. King Creon gave him Jocasta in marriage, and he married her, not knowing she was his mother. He succeeded, in due time, to the kingdom,



tered the people by scores. Messengers were sent to Delphi to ask the oracle there what must be done to appease the gods.

The oracle made answer that the murderer of Laius must be found out and punished.

King Œdipus instantly issued a proclamation, imprecating the most awful curses on the murderer of King Laius, and calling upon all men to try to find him out, and bring him to punishment. He sent, too, for the blind prophet TEIRESIAS, who could read both the past and the future, and consulted him how to find this wretched murderer.

Said Teiresias, "Thou art the man. Thou hast slain thy father and married thy mother, as the oracle foretold thee."

King Œdipus went crazy in his despair, and put out his eyes; Jocasta hanged herself. Œdipus prayed for death, but could not die. He roamed the world for many years, a wretched, blind old man, worn down by age and sorrow, and at last came to die at Thebes, where his monument stood for many generations.

But the curse was not removed from his family. Directly after his death, his two sons, ETEOCLES and POLYNICES, quarreled about his succession. Eteocles proved the better man, and drove out his brother, who ran away from Thebes, carrying with him a splendid necklace which the gods had given to the wife of Cadmus on her marriage.

He went to Argos, and was well and kindly received by **ADRASTUS**, the king, whose daughter he married. Brooding always over the wrongs he had endured at Thebes, **Polynices** at last persuaded King **Adrastus** to give him an army to make war on his brother. All the chiefs of Argos gladly agreed to go—all but **Amphiaraus**, of whom you have heard already, who was both brave and wise, and who had the gift of prophecy.

**Amphiaraus** said that the expedition would fail; that the gods were against it; and he went away into the woods to hide himself, so as not to go. Now there was no chief in Argos so famous as **Amphiaraus**, and **Adrastus** and all his chief men said he must go, by all means. How to find him was the question. While the **Argives** were puzzling their heads about it, **Polynices** bethought himself of his necklace; he went to the wife of **Amphiaraus**, and offered her the necklace if she would show them where her husband was. The vain woman agreed; she led them to the spot where her husband lay hid, and they forced him to accompany them on their expedition.

Then they marched under seven chiefs, and laid siege to Thebes. **TYDEUS**, one of the chiefs, a little man and very slow of speech, was sent to **Eteocles** to summon him to give up the throne to his brother. **Eteocles** haughtily refused, and asked **Tydeus** would he wrestle with some of the Theban warriors? **Tydeus** agreed, and, small of stature as he was, he overthrew all who stood up against him.

When he returned to the besieging army, they

made ready to attack the city. The Thebans, however, resolved to be beforehand with them; they sallied forth, attacked the besiegers, and were driven back to the city with great slaughter.

The prophet Teiresias then told the Thebans that the gods would give them the victory if any one of their great chiefs was willing to sacrifice his life. MENÆCIUS, the son of Creon, instantly went forth and slew himself before the gates.

The gods rewarded the act. When the Argives attacked the place, they were repulsed. When one of them, a very valiant soldier, named CAPAREUS, succeeded in climbing the wall, and was about to force his way into the city, Jupiter hurled a thunderbolt which killed him. On this the Argives fell back, and at that moment Eteocles ran forth from the city and proposed to settle the dispute by single combat with his brother.

Polynices agreed, and the two brothers fought with such fury that both were left dead on the plain. Then the battle began again, and raged with more fury than ever. In the end the Argives were beaten, and King Adrastus ran away home with the remnant of his army as fast as he could.

After the death of Eteocles, Creon, the father of Menæcius, was chosen King of Thebes. He ordered the body of Eteocles to be buried with great honors; but that of Polynices he left on the ground, where it was to be eaten by dogs and vultures. Now there was nothing which shocked the Greeks so much as leaving a body unburied. Like the Romans, they supposed that no man's soul could find



rest till his body was laid under the sod. This order of Creon's shocked the Thebans very much; and ANTIGONE, the sister of Polynices, was so much distressed at the idea of her brother's soul wandering through the earth, that she slipped out privately at night, and took it to bury it.

But Creon had appointed a sentinel to watch the corpse. The sentinel seized Antigone, and led her to Creon. He, furious at finding his command disobeyed, ordered Antigone to be buried alive. His son, a fine young man, was betrothed to her. He knelt at his father's feet, and implored her pardon; but Creon was inexorable, and the hapless maiden was thrown into a grave, alive as she was, and the earth was thrown in over her. Creon's son was so shocked at the sight that he leaped into the grave too, and was buried with her. And his mother, in despair at the loss of her son, killed herself.

The curse of Œdipus was working itself out fearfully.

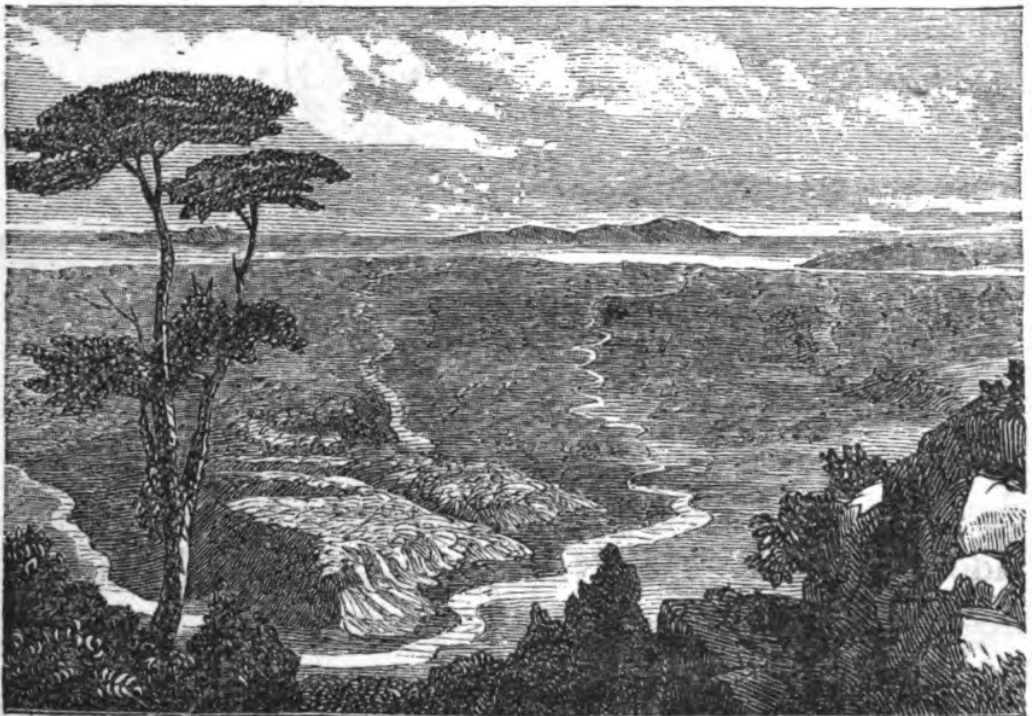
Time wore on, and the sons of the Argive chiefs who had been beaten before Thebes grew up to manhood. They were filled with a desire to avenge their fathers, and fitted out a second expedition, and marched against the place. The Thebans fought bravely, as before. But this time the gods were against them; they were beaten, and Thebes fell. The Argives placed the son of Polynices on the throne, then marched homeward satisfied.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE SIEGE OF TROY.

**W**E now come to the greatest of the old Greek stories—the SIEGE OF TROY.

Troy was a powerful and wealthy city, situated near the northwestern corner of Asia Minor. There were many stories about the building of Troy; how the gods Neptune and Apollo were condemned to work at the wall by Jupiter; how LAOMEDON, the king, refused to pay them their wages; how his daughter HESIONE was about to be sacrificed in consequence, when Hercules appeared and set her free



THE PLAIN OF TROY.

—all of which you will find in larger books than this.

You must suppose Troy built, and the gods satisfied, and king PRIAM reigning quietly over the Trojans. Well, an oracle had foretold to Priam that the son about to be born to him (it was not the first, he had several already) would be the ruin of his house and of his kingdom. As usual in such cases, when the boy was born, Priam left him on Mount Ida to be eaten by wild beasts; and still, as usual, the baby was found by shepherds, and reared to manhood. His name was PARIS.



PARIS.

When he grew up, it chanced that the three goddesses, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, chose him to decide a question which had given them much uneasiness of late, namely, which of the three was the most beautiful. Each of the goddesses tried privately to bribe Paris; whether he allowed himself to be

corrupted or no, he decided that Venus was the most beautiful of the three. The story says that a spiteful goddess had given a golden apple to the three, saying that it belonged to the fairest; Paris awarded the apple to Venus, and she bore it off.

To reward Paris, she promised to give him the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife. To Greece he went by her orders, and at Sparta he found HELEN, the wife of MENELAUS, who was, they say, the most lovely creature that ever was born. Venus contrived to get Menelaus out of the way, and when he was gone, Paris persuaded Helen to elope with him and go to Troy.

When Menelaus returned home, and found his wife gone with his Trojan guest, he summoned all the chiefs and kings of Greece to take up arms in his behalf, and make war upon Troy. Menelaus was very powerful and much esteemed; so was his brother Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ. Nearly all the Greek chiefs said at once that they were ready to set sail against Troy.

Two chiefs only were missing when the expedition made ready to sail. These were ULYSSES, King of Ithaca, and ACHILLES, King of Phthia. To the former a prophet had declared that if he joined the expedition he would be twenty years away from his home; he therefore hung back, and pretended to be mad. One of the Greek chiefs, a very subtle man, named PALAMEDES, went to see him, and found him plowing in his field. He talked like a madman, and pretended to be quite insane. To test him, Palamedes took his infant son TELEMACHUS, and laid

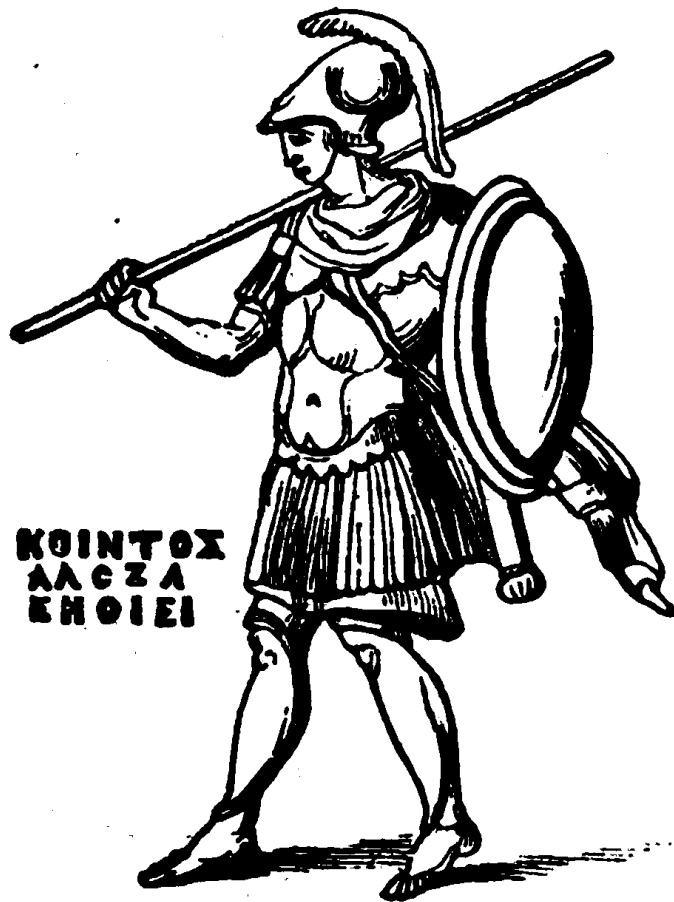


him in the track of the plow. Ulysses instantly turned aside, and would not let the plow pass over his son. By this Palamedes saw that Ulysses was not as mad as he pretended; and the latter, having no further excuse to allege, joined the expedition.

Achilles was the son of the sea-goddess Thetis. When he was yet a baby, his mother had plunged him into the River Styx, and the water of that dreadful stream had hardened his body to that degree that no weapon could pierce his skin. His heel only, by which Thetis held him when she plunged him into the river, was still vulnerable. As Achilles grew up, it was revealed to his mother, that, if he led a dull, easy life, he would live long; but if his life were glorious, it would be short. To keep glory out of his way, Thetis disguised him in girl's dress, and brought him up as a maiden in the family of a neighboring prince. He was still there, spinning wool among the maidens, when the expedition against Troy was fitted out.

An oracle warned the Greeks that they could not hope to take Troy without Achilles. To find him, Ulysses was sent to the court of the king where he was supposed to be. Now Ulysses was the most wily and artful of men. He disguised himself as a peddler, and filled his basket with jewels and fine ribbons, and pretty playthings for girls; and under all he laid a stout sword. When he arrived at the court, he offered to sell his wares to the maidens; they all came out to buy, and one chose a bracelet, another a looking-glass, another a pretty scarf. But one, who was taller than her fellows, stepped

“You,” said the false prophet, “are no maiden; you are Achilles.”



ACHILLES.

He had spoken truly. It was Achilles, and the beardless youth, fired by the stories of fame and valor which the cunning Ulysses told him, threw off his female dress, buckled on his sword, and joined the other heroes.

The expedition set sail, but after a short voyage it found itself driven back by the wind to Aulis. The ships lay there day after day, waiting for the wind to change; but it blew on day after day from the same quarter, and the Greeks began to lose hope. Agamemnon, the leader, consulted the prophet CALCHAS, who said that Diana was angry with the Greeks in consequence of the boastful language of

Agamemnon, and that the only way to appease her was to offer up the chief's daughter **IPHIGENEIA** as a sacrifice.

Agamemnon was very loth to part with his dear daughter, and Achilles, when he heard of the answer of Calchas—he was in love with Iphigeneia—swore that he would fight the whole party of gods and goddesses sooner than let her die. But the council of the chiefs was decided; they could not remain at Aulis, so Agamemnon was forced to give way. Achilles was deceived by some pleasant tale or other, and the maiden Iphigeneia, with the victim's garland on her brow, was led to the altar.

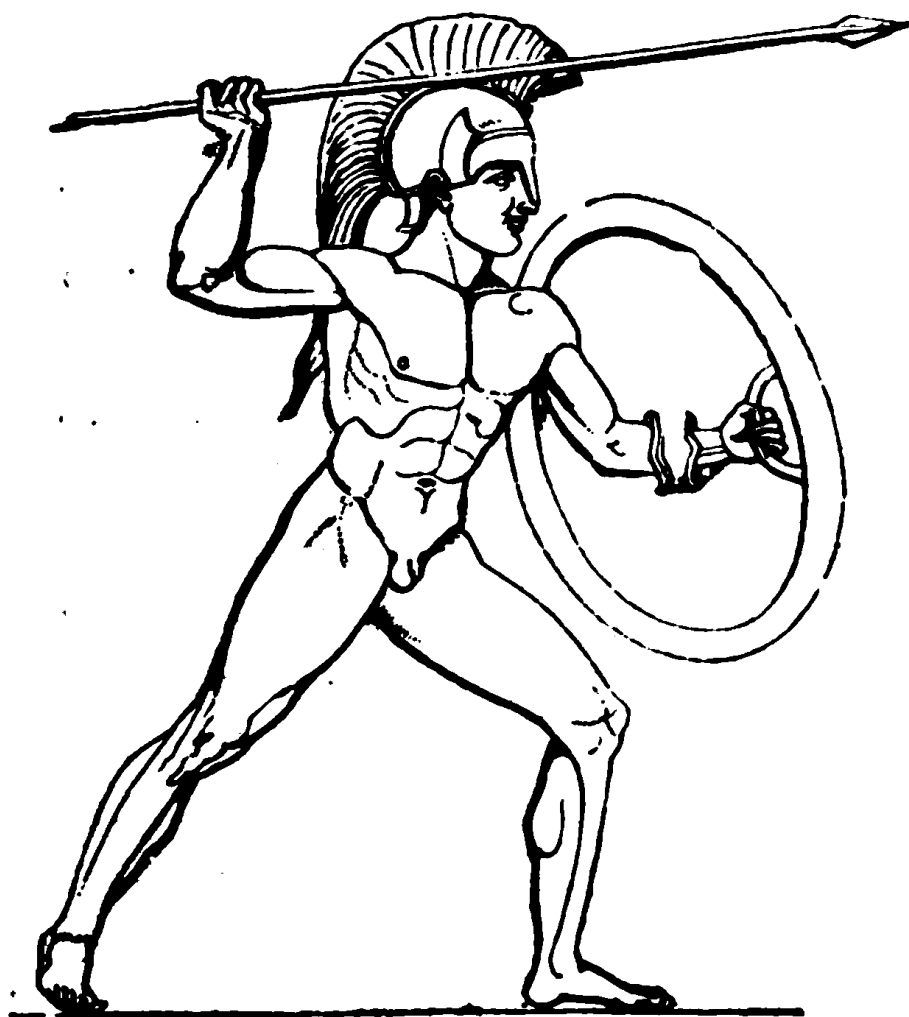
What became of her there I do not know. One story says that the goddess Diana took pity upon her, and carried her away on a cloud, and planted her at Tauris. But another story will have it that the Iphigeneia Orestes found at Tauris was another lady; and that this Iphigeneia was bound to the altar, and the knife raised to cut her throat, when up rushed Achilles, roaring like a lion, dashed priests, and soldiers, and chiefs on one side, kicked over the altar, and carried off Iphigeneia in his arms; also, that he married her afterward, and was very happy with her. I confess I like this story the best.

However this be, Diana was pacified, the wind changed, the fleet set sail, and anchored off Troy. The oracle had declared that the first Greek who landed would die. **PROTESILAUS** sacrificed himself for the cause, and was struck down by **HECTOR**, the son of Priam.

The Trojans were resolved to defend themselves

that Troy would fall; but the god Apollo, who had loved Cassandra, had been rejected by her, and had revenged himself by allowing no one to believe her; so Priam and his sons mocked her prophecies, and said she was mad.

The siege accordingly began. Hector and the Trojans fought with astonishing bravery; but the Greeks were the better men. There was no resist-



AJAX.

ing Achilles, or the huge AJAX, who could throw stones that several teams of oxen could not stir; or DIOMED the brave; or MENESTHEUS the skillful. And when the chiefs met in council, with the hoary-



headed NESTOR, and the cunning Ulysses, and the prudent Agamemnon, to advise and plan for them, you may depend upon it, the tactics adopted were very deep indeed. So, whenever the Trojans came out of their city, they were beaten; their country was laid waste; their villages burned; their flocks and herds scattered, and Troy very hard pressed.

Into the city, however, the Greeks could not force their way on account of the wall, which was high and strong; and, being quite resolved to persevere in the business to the end, they lay before the place for nine years.

At the end of this time an accident very nearly destroyed their hopes. A very beautiful captive, named BRISEIS, had been adjudged to Achilles as his share of the plunder. He had taken her to his tent, and grown very fond of her. The god Apollo now declared that Briseis must be given up, and sent back to her father.

Achilles flew into a violent rage, and said he would not let her go. But Agamemnon waited till he was out of the way, then seized Briseis and sent her home. Achilles was so furious when he found out what had been done, that he was at first for falling on the Greeks, and slaying them all together. On second thoughts, he relented from this design, and withdrew moodily to his tent, saying that he would not strike another blow for the Greek cause.

The Trojans soon found out the difference. Achilles was the greatest of the Greek warriors, and when he was away, Hector and his Trojans had the best of the fight. They now began to sally fre-

quently from the city, and drove the Greeks farther and farther from the walls. Once Hector pushed his way as far as the spot where some of the Grecian ships were hauled up on the beach and set fire to them. It was plain that the Greeks would not easily take Troy if the war went on at this rate. Ulysses saw that Achilles must be lured from his tent.

Achilles had a dear friend whose name was PATROCLUS. He loved him like a brother, and was hardly ever apart from him. Ulysses cunningly persuaded Patroclus to try a single combat with Hector. Hector was so brave and so strong that not one of the Greeks, save Achilles only, could stand against him in the fight. He slew Patroclus, and dragged his gory body through the dust by a thong tied to his chariot.

Ulysses saw the painful sight, and ran directly to tell the news to Achilles. He drew so moving a picture of the death of Patroclus, and of the indignity which had been offered to his body, that Achilles' wrath burst forth. He called for his arms, and rushed out to avenge him. The Trojans were a long way from the walls, driving the Greeks before them. Achilles fell upon them like a whirlwind, and began to slay them by the score. Vainly did they try to check him; in his wrath he was even stronger than usual, and he chopped and mowed men down like grass. Back ran the Trojans to their walls.

Hector called to them to stand like men; but as he spoke, Achilles was upon him. The gods, who

loved these two brave men, had never before allowed them to meet in the field; but now there was no help for it. Hector was as brave as Achilles. He waited for the attack calmly, and the combat began. It did not last long. Achilles could not be wounded save in the heel; Hector was vulnerable every where; Achilles ran him through with his spear and killed him. Then he tied his body to the back part of his chariot, and drove his horses three times round the walls of Troy, dragging the corpse after them through the dust and mud.

The sight almost broke King Priam's heart. Hector was his pride, the bulwark of Troy. Reckless of his own safety, he opened the gate and went forth with a few of his family to the tent of Achilles. In presence of the fierce Greek, the aged king bared his white head, and knelt in the dust to beg his son's body for burial. The Grecian chief was touched by his sorrow; he gave him Hector's body, and let him take it back to Troy unharmed.

The Trojans were still mourning over his death, when PENTHESILEA, the Queen of the Amazons, came to their aid with a troop of female warriors. They dressed in male dress, and fought so stoutly that no one would have taken them for women; the Greeks had hard work to hold their own against them. But, after a time, Achilles met Penthesilea, and slew her in single combat. When she fell, Achilles took off her helmet to carry it off as the spoils of victory, according to the Greek custom; he was amazed to find that the warrior who had fought him so bravely was a woman. So angry was he,



PENTHESILEA AND PRIAM.

in fact, that when a foul-mouthed Greek named **THERSITES** jeered him about his victory, Achilles struck him dead with a blow of his fist.

Then, again, the Trojans were shut up in their city, and dared not come out of the gates. A band of black men came to their aid from Africa, and for a time helped them a little; but Achilles killed the black king, and so these allies were scattered.

In the midst of his victories, the gods showed Achilles that he was not their equal. Apollo, who hated him, gave to Paris, Helen's new husband, an arrow which could not miss its aim. He bade the Trojan shoot this arrow at Achilles' heel, where alone he could be wounded. Paris obeyed; the ar-



row flew and struck Achilles in the heel ; he fell, and the arrow being poisoned, he soon died in great torments.

His death was followed by that of Ajax, who killed himself in a fit of madness, after slaughtering a whole flock of sheep, fancying they were Trojans. So now the Greeks were in a bad way.

They consulted the nearest oracle, and were told that Troy could not be taken without the aid of PHILOCTETES and NEOPTOLEMUS, the son of Achilles.

Philoctetes had set sail from Greece with the expedition ; but on landing, during the journey, at the island of Lemnos, he had been stung by a serpent, and left there by his comrades, who supposed he would die. Diomed now went for him and brought him to the camp before Troy, where MACHAON, the son of Esculapius, cured his wound. Ulysses, meanwhile, sailed across the sea and fetched Neoptolemus.

Philoctetes slew Paris with an arrow (he had the famous bow and arrows which had belonged to Hercules), and Neoptolemus proved himself almost as great a warrior as his father. Again the Trojans were driven back, and the Greeks gained heart.

The oracle now said that if the Greeks could obtain the Palladium they might take Troy, but not otherwise. The Palladium was a statue made by Vulcan, and given by Jupiter to the founder of Troy. It stood in the great temple of the city, and was guarded with infinite care and watchful jealousy ; not so closely, though, but that crafty Ulysses con-

trived, in one of his many disguises, to find his way into the city, and into the temple, and to steal it away by night.

Still Troy stood; the wall was as strong and as tall as ever. The Greeks were almost losing heart, when Minerva, who never forgave the countrymen of Paris for his judgment against her, inspired the Grecian leaders to build a huge wooden horse. The horse was hollow; in his inside was left room for one hundred men. The boldest of the chiefs got inside, and the rest of the army, pretending to have given up the siege, sailed away to Tenedos, after burning their huts.

When the Trojans saw the smoke of the fires and the sails of the shipping moving out to sea, they were overjoyed, and ran out in crowds from their city. In high good-humor they ran over the whole space that the Greeks had occupied, and came at last to the great wooden horse, which surprised them much.

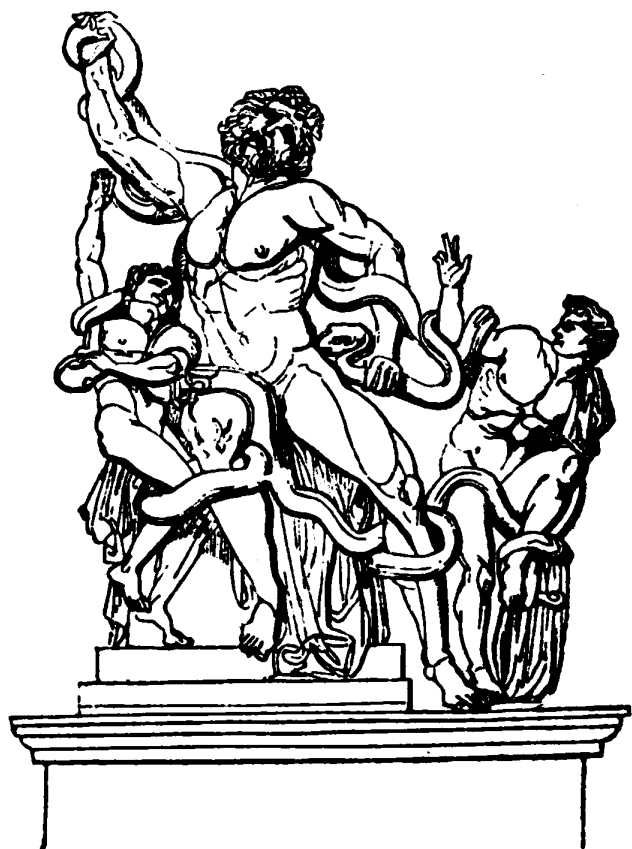
“What shall we do with this?” said they, one to another.

Said Cassandra, “Let it alone; it will bode you harm.”

But nobody minded her, as you know.

Said LAOCOON, a wise old priest, “’Tis a trick of the Greeks; let us burn it;” and he flung his spear at the side of the horse.

But at that moment two huge serpents crawled out of the sea, and wound their slimy way toward Laocoon. Rising as they approached him, they seized him and his two sons, and wound their folds



LAOCOON AND HIS SONS.

round them, and broke their bones, and strangled them in sight of all the Trojans.

Then the Trojans said that this showed Laocöon was wrong. A traitor named SINON, whom the Greeks had left behind to deceive the Trojans, persuaded them to take the wooden horse into the city ; and with ropes and chains, all the people pulling together, they dragged the huge machine straight into the largest square in Troy.

At dead of night, when the Trojans slept, the traitor Sinon unloosed the bolts which held the horse together. Out leaped the Greeks. One party ran to open the gates to their comrades, who, according to agreement, had sailed back from Tenedos ; another set fire to the city in a dozen places. When

the Trojans sprang in affright from their beds, they were every where butchered and hewed to pieces by the savage Greeks. King Priam was killed by the son of Achilles; Hector's infant son was thrown from the wall, and dashed to pieces; the youngest daughter of Priam, the maiden POLYXENA, was offered up as a sacrifice to the ghost of Achilles. All were killed; there was no pity for any, save a few women, who were carried off into slavery, and the chief, ÆNEAS, who, with his father Anchises, and his son Ascanius, made his escape out of the burning



ÆNEAS AND ANCHISES.

city, and wandered to foreign lands. The whole city was burned, and its walls laid level with the ground.

So perished Troy, after ten years' siege.

I need not again tell you that these stories are no truer than fairy tales, and that Achilles and Hector



are probably no more real than Prince Charming or Cinderella. It is impossible to say what may not have happened in those dark old times, when there were no writers, and no writing to keep an account of what was going on; and, therefore, we can not affirm that this or that event, which is possible in itself, never did take place. I will not tell you that there never was such a city as Troy, or any siege thereof; but I must say I think the city and its siege very fairy-like affairs.

What we know of them we learn, for the most part, from an old book of poetry called the *ILIAD*. It is a grand work—so grand that nothing more sublime has ever been written since; but we know nothing of its authorship. Some suppose it was composed, long before there was any writing, by a blind old Greek poet named HOMER, and that he taught it to wandering minstrels, who sang it at feasts, and taught it to their sons; and that so it was handed down, till it was finally written out at Athens.



LUST OF HOMER.

Others suppose the *Iliad* was written by several poets, who thought and composed so much alike that their works could not be distinguished one from the other. But this is hard to believe.

The Greeks always believed that Homer wrote the *Iliad*; and now that this has been the world's faith for two thousand five hundred years or so, it is rather late to disturb it.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

**A**FTER Troy was taken and destroyed, says the story, the Greek chiefs started homeward. But they discovered they had paid dearly for their victory. A few reached home safely, but found, on their return, that they had been forgotten, and that new men were seated on their thrones. Some, like Agamemnon, as you have heard already, were murdered by the usurpers of their kingdoms. One or two only succeeded in regaining their old rank. Menelaus, for one, was received gladly at Sparta, and reigned there many years, living with Helen, of whom he was as fond as ever.

Many were shipwrecked on the home voyage. **AJAX**, of Locris, among others, was attacked by a fearful storm; his vessel foundered, he was thrown into the water, but, after a long struggle with the waves, he gained footing on a rock. Instead of thanking the gods for his escape, he began to defy Neptune, and to boast that he had triumphed over him; upon which the angry god smote the rock with his trident, shivered it in pieces, and threw Ajax into the sea and drowned him.

But the most famous of all the adventures of the returning Greeks were those of Ulysses, King of Ithaca.

He set sail with his men, and steered for the

Greek coast ; but a strong north wind drove his vessel to the southward, and at last threw her on the beach of Libya. There the crew landed, and found a strange people, who fed on the leaves of a water-plant called the lotus. They persuaded the Greeks to taste the lotus, and it seemed so delicious that they one and all declared they would never leave the country where such luscious plants grew. Ulysses was resolved to go home ; he was pining after his dear wife PENELOPE, and his young son TELEMACHUS, whom he had not seen for ten years.

He argued with his men for a time, but, finding them bent on remaining where they were, he got his ships ready, then drew his sword, and forced each man, under pain of death, to go on board. Then he cut the cables and got out to sea.

The next place to which he was driven by the winds was the land of the Cyclops. I have told you already that the Cyclops were huge monsters with one eye, and far more than human strength ; they were very fierce and cruel, and Ulysses would have done better to have kept out of their way. The moment POLYPHEMUS (this was the name of the chief Cyclops) saw Ulysses and his men, he laughed till the island shook with the sound ; then he drove them all before him into his den. Seizing the fattest of them, he killed him, spitted and cooked him, and ate him for his dinner.

Next day he killed and ate another. Ulysses was in sore distress. The Cyclops told him that he might make himself easy, for he did not intend to eat more than one each day, and he would choose

the fattest first; so that Ulysses, who was spare from hard work and care, had several days to live yet.

This was not very consoling. Ulysses set his wits to work to get out of the cave in which Polyphemus kept him a prisoner. Six days passed before he could hit upon a plan; but at last, noticing that Polyphemus drank nothing but milk at his dinner, he asked the monster would he not like to drink wine.

Polyphemus roared, What was that—wine?

Ulysses answered that, if Polyphemus would give him a few bunches of grapes, he would show him. The grapes got, and their juice squeezed out, Ulysses managed to make the juice ferment in very quick time, then offered the wine to the Cyclops. Polyphemus drank a couple of gallons or so, to taste it; then, drawing breath, he roared that this must be the ambrosia of the gods, for he had never drunk any thing so delicious. He drank on and on (Ulysses had taken care to make a good supply), till, when he had swallowed nearly a cask full, he fell back dead drunk, and went to sleep at the bottom of the cave.

The moment he began to snore, Ulysses seized a long spar or mast which lay in the cave, and poked one end of it in the fire. When it blazed up, Ulysses called his men to help him, then thrust the burning point into the single eye of the monster, and twisted it round and round, till the eye was fairly burned out of the socket, and the cave was almost filled with the smoke.

The Cyclops, sobered by the pain, sprang to his feet, and rushed about the cave, yelling and howling. If he had caught any of the Greeks it would have



gone hard with them. But they lay nestled in out-of-the-way holes in the cave, and, as Polyphemus could not see, all his rage and fury were of no use.

Still, only half the work was done. Ulysses couldn't get out of the cave. The door was closed with a stone which no mortal man could move; the Cyclops pushed it backward and forward when he went out and in. Now that he was blind, he sat at the door of his cave, and pushed the stone aside when he let his flocks in or out; but he took care to keep his great hands in the opening, so that none of the Greeks could slip out.

Ulysses devised a new plan to get over this difficulty. With strong thongs he bound his companions to the belly of the largest sheep; as for himself, he clung with his hands and feet to the fleece of an old ewe. Then, when the time came for the flocks to pass out to feed, Polyphemus pushed away the stone, and felt with his hands that no living thing, save the sheep only, got through the hole. But the monster never thought of feeling the sheeps' bellies; and so Ulysses and his companions escaped safely and put to sea, with the best part of the Cyclops' flock.

His next adventure was with King ÆOLUS, whom he visited on his island. Æolus was the god of the winds; though Neptune and Jupiter had a good deal of power over them too, Æolus was their proper master. Ulysses made friends with him; and Æolus took such a liking to him, that, when he sailed away, he gave the Greek a bag containing all the winds, so that he could have any wind he chose, and as long as he liked.



THE WIND BOREAS.

This was indeed a precious gift, and highly did Ulysses prize it. Bravely sped his craft over the waves, with a fine fair wind due aft. But the very first night, as the hero slept, said his sailors one to another,

“What hath Æolus given him in yonder bag? Mayhap it contains jewels.”

So reasoning, one, bolder than the rest, took the bag out, and opened it, to see what it contained; upon which, of course, all the winds escaped and flew away.

A storm then arose and flung the ship on a wild island, inhabited by cannibals. Down to the beach flocked the cannibals at the sight of Ulysses' bark; the first men who landed were eaten up alive. With great labor, Ulysses wore off, and put to sea again. He sailed till he came to a beautiful island, where he could see no signs of living men.

Running his ship upon a sandy beach, he landed, and sent a party off in search of water. The party

were long in returning; night came, and no signs of them. Ulysses was very uneasy indeed. It was long after morning broke that one only out of the party returned, with the sad intelligence that his comrades had all been changed into swine. It proved that the island was the home of the enchantress CIRCE, who took a pleasure in turning men into all sorts of animals.

Ulysses thought for a while what he would do; then, being loth to leave his poor men in that wretched state, boldly buckled on his sword, and went to Circe's palace. Circe smiled at the sight of him,



CIRCE AND ULYSSES.

and waved her magic wand in order to turn him into a pig like the others; but the god Mercury befriended him, and the enchantress was surprised to find that he was none the worse for wand or charm. As she looked closer at him, she perceived he was very handsome and manly; and when he spoke, she thought she had never heard any one so eloquent.

The end of it was, that she took a fancy to the wanderer, and, to please him, changed his men back from swine into their former selves. She advised him to pay a visit to hell, and consult the shade of the prophet Teiresias (who was dead at last) as to what he should do, and whether he should ever return to his long-lost Ithaca.

Teiresias advised Ulysses to persevere. He told him that all his troubles were caused by the anger of Neptune, who was enraged with him on account of his having killed Palamedes, a son of the god. Still Teiresias thought that Ulysses might see Ithaca once more if he was very careful to respect the herds of the Sun in Thrinacia.

Ulysses promised to bear this in mind, and, with some good advice from Circe, set sail once more.

The wind blew his ship near an island about which Circe had cautioned him. It was the home of the SIRENS, beautiful creatures, who did nothing but sing all day long, and whose song was so ravishing that it was impossible for any one who heard it to tear himself away from the island. As they drew near, Ulysses filled the ears of his men with wax; then he bade them tie him to the mast, and not on any account to loose the cords which bound him till the island was out of sight.

It was so done, and very soon they were sailing close by the island. The Sirens came down to the beach and sang their sweetest songs. Ulysses heard them, and, the charm taking effect, he tugged and pulled at the ropes which fastened him, and roared to the sailors to let him loose; but they, who neither



heard the Sirens' song nor his orders, let him strain and tug at the cords, and pulled steadily on till they were out of reach and hearing of the island. So that danger was passed.

Then the craft came sailing by the land of Thrinacia, where the Sun's oxen were kept. Ulysses wanted to pass it by altogether; but the men, who were weary and fond of change, insisted on going ashore. Ulysses made them swear they would not touch the oxen; and when they had sworn, he let them land.

So long as he was awake, the men kept their oath; but when he lay down at night to sleep, they could not resist the sight of a fine fat ox that wandered near their watch-fire: they killed and ate it.

It was a dreadful mistake. When they set sail, the gods sent a storm to vex their ship, and, in the midst of the storm, Jupiter himself hurled a thunderbolt at the poor vessel, and dashed her in pieces. Ulysses alone, out of all the crew, was saved by clinging to the mast.

He drifted to a beautiful woody island, where dwelt the nymph CALYPSO. When she saw the weather-beaten chief thrown half-dead upon her shore, she took pity upon him, and bade her servants tend him. They fed and clothed him, and when Ulysses appeared before Calypso, he looked so handsome that she fell in love with him, and asked him to marry her. Ulysses had never forgotten his own dear wife Penelope, whom he had not seen for so many years; he implored Calypso to permit him to pursue his journey. She, loving him all the more

for his waywardness, would not let him go, but kept him eight years a prisoner, treating him kindly and well, and always hoping that in the end he would come to love her.

But the hero's heart never changed. At the last he was as firm in his desire to return home as at first; and Calypso, wearied out, and warned by Jupiter that she must not detain Ulysses any longer, let him go. She had a raft built for him, and on this he set sail for the island of the Phæacians.

He was sailing along smoothly enough, when Neptune perceived him, and, as spiteful as ever, sent a storm which threw him off the raft, and nearly drowned him. He had just strength to swim to the shore of the island; there he lay down exhausted, and fell asleep. There he was found by the daughter of King ALCINOUS, the monarch of the island. She took pity upon him, gave him clothes, and led him to the palace, where he was feasted by the king. After supper, according to Greek custom, a minstrel came in and sang for the guests a ballad about the siege of Troy. Ulysses, whom no one there knew, listened till his feelings overpowered him, and he burst into tears.

King Alcinous was proud to entertain so noble a guest as he now found the stranger to be. He feasted him as long as he chose to remain with him; then gave him a ship, and sent him to Ithaca. It chanced that the ship reached Ithaca while Ulysses was asleep: the rowers put him ashore without waking him; then, being in a hurry, pulled off homeward.

It was twenty years since he had set foot on that rocky home of his. During his absence strange changes had taken place. A crowd of chiefs from neighboring isles had settled in Ithaca, and sought the hand of his wife Penelope. They assured her that Ulysses was dead long since; and they besought her to choose one of them for her husband, and so make an end of her widowhood and their doubts.

She was always faithful to Ulysses. She never believed in the stories they told her of his death. She always said he would return and claim her heart once more. So, when the suitors grew insolent at last, and said they had waited long enough, and that she must choose one of them, she begged for grace till she had woven a web she had in hand. They granted it; and every night the brave woman unraveled the meshes she had woven by day. Meanwhile the suitors had taken possession of the palace, and lived royally at the cost of Ulysses.

He soon learned all this from the people he met. Disguising himself as an old beggar, he went to the house of his swineherd, EUMÆUS, who received him kindly. To him Ulysses made himself known; and his son Telemachus, who had gone to Sparta to inquire about his father, arriving just then, Ulysses made himself known to him too.

All three went to the palace together, Ulysses still disguised as a beggar. On the way they met several old servants of Ulysses, none of whom recognized him; but his old dog, who had not seen him for twenty years, knew him at once, and crawled to him and licked his feet. Penelope received him

kindly, as she would have done any beggar, and he took an early opportunity of telling her who he was. She could not believe it at first; she had quite forgotten her husband's face, and her joy was too great to realize. When she was convinced it was really her long-lost Ulysses, her heart nearly burst from joy. She cried and offered thanks to the gods, and then she prayed her husband to avenge her on the insolent suitors.

He laid his plans wisely, as usual. By his advice, Penelope gave out to the suitors that she would that day wed him who could shoot with the bow of Ulysses. All tried it, but the bow was so tough and strong that none of them could bend it. Then Ulysses, whom every one still supposed to be a poor beggar, having had all the arms taken away, and the doors closed, took the bow and began the work of slaughter. He shot arrow after arrow at the suitors; and, Telemachus aiding him, the bloody work did not cease till all the suitors, and all the faithless servants who had helped them to waste the substance of Ulysses, lay dead on the ground.

So ended the story of Ulysses' wanderings.

They are told in an old Greek poem called the ODYSSEY, from the Greek name of Ulysses, which is Odysseus. The Odyssey is like the Iliad in many respects; its plan is the same, and many persons think it as fine a poem. Hence it was supposed by the Greeks, and by the moderns also, till very late years, that it also was written by Homer. We know little or nothing on the subject; but the best opinion now seems to be that the two poems are not the work of the same author.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## DORIAN LEGENDS.

**T**HE Dorians, who were the people of Peloponnesus in general, and of Sparta in particular, had their legends too.

One of these said that after the death of Hercules, King Eurystheus drove his son HYLLUS out of the country. Hyllus and his brothers—there was a small army of them altogether—went away and got help from Athens, and came back to fight King Eurystheus. Before the battle, the king offered to settle their dispute by single combat between Hyllus and a champion whom he chose. The sons of Hercules agreeing to this, the duel was fought, and Eurystheus' champion killed Hyllus. Then the sons of Hercules bound themselves and their children by a solemn oath not to set foot in Peloponnesus again for one hundred years.

They kept their oath faithfully, and the people of King Eurystheus forgot all about them. But even so long a period as a hundred years must have an end, and in the hundredth year the sons of Hercules, with a great northern race called Dorians, made ready to invade Peloponnesus again.

They consulted the oracle of Delphi before they set out, and the answer to their question was,

“Choose a man with three eyes to lead you, and victory shall be yours.”

This was a very puzzling answer, as men's eyes were in pairs then as now ; but one of the sons of Hercules, walking on the beach, and wondering where he could find a three-eyed leader, stumbled upon a one-eyed farmer riding on horseback. By adding the single eye of the rider to the pair owned by the horse, he found that the sum was three ; so he made the farmer lead the army, and crossed over directly into Peloponnesus.

It seems that this arithmetical contrivance was quite satisfactory to the gods ; for the sons of Hercules and their friends, the Dorians, conquered the Peloponnesians, and divided the country among them. One took Argos, another Messene, a third Sparta, and the one-eyed farmer got Elis as a reward for having only one eye.

Argos was the greatest city of Peloponnesus. It fell to the share of the eldest of the children of Hercules, who reigned over it, and passed it to his descendants. One of these descendants, whose name was PHEIDON, was said in the old legend to have invented weights and measures. If he did, it was a good work—better, I am sure, than winning any number of battles.

Sparta and Messene, which were both large towns, with a fine plot of land about them, flourished, side by side, in peace for many years under different kings ; but bickerings and quarrels arose between them at last. Some of the daughters of the Spartans accused the Messenians of treating them rudely ; and, on their side, the Messenians said that the Spartans had behaved badly to their farmers. The

end of the complaints was a message from Sparta to Messene, to ask, for the last time, whether the Messenians would make amends for their misdeeds.

To this the Messenians answered in an unbending way that they would do no such thing.

Then the war began. The Messenians, who won a slight advantage at first, were soon pressed hard by the Spartans, and in their distress they sent to Delphi to ask what the oracle thought of their prospects.

Said the oracle, "If the Messenians would conquer Sparta, they must sacrifice to the gods a virgin of the noble house of ÆPYTUS."

Then said ARISTODEMUS, the chief man of the house of Æpytus,

"I have a maiden daughter; let us sacrifice her, and so drive these haughty Spartans to the wall."

His daughter—poor frightened thing—begged hard to be allowed to live; she was so young, she said, and so happy. Her lover, too, prayed long and earnestly that her life might be spared. He would gladly give his own, he said, to save his loved one. But her iron father, not minding them any more than if they had been chirruping birds, with his own pitiless hand plunged a knife into his daughter's breast.

It did not help him or his countrymen much; for, though the Messenians had a short spell of good fortune afterward, the Spartans soon beat them down again; and after a great many more years of fighting, the Messenians were, in the end, completely subdued.

The condition of peace was that they should give the Spartans one half the produce of their farms and their fields. For nine-and-thirty years they paid this heavy tribute, and bore, besides, all the insults and harsh words which the haughty Spartans liked to heap upon a conquered enemy. For nine-and-thirty years the fattest of their cattle and the ripest of their corn went to Sparta; and the Spartans trod their country as if it had been their own.

But in the fortieth year the Messenians rose.

They had a very bold and gallant chief to lead them; his name was ARISTOMENES: a very famous name it was in Greek song, and a brave man was he who bore it.

Once, just to show what he dare do, he started off alone, by night, and walked, over hill and plain, straight into the town of Sparta. There was a temple there in honor of the goddess Minerva. On the door of the temple Aristomenes hung his shield—a sort of visiting-card—and walked away home without being seen by any one.

Then, leading his Messenians to meet the Spartans, he fought so furiously that, for the first time for ever so many years, the Spartans were beaten. It was their turn now to send to Delphi and ask the oracle what it thought Sparta had best do.

The oracle answered, “Send to Athens for a leader.”

If the oracle had told the Spartans to choose a cat or a frog to lead them, it would not have enraged them as much as this answer did. What! cried they, are there no soldiers on the borders of the

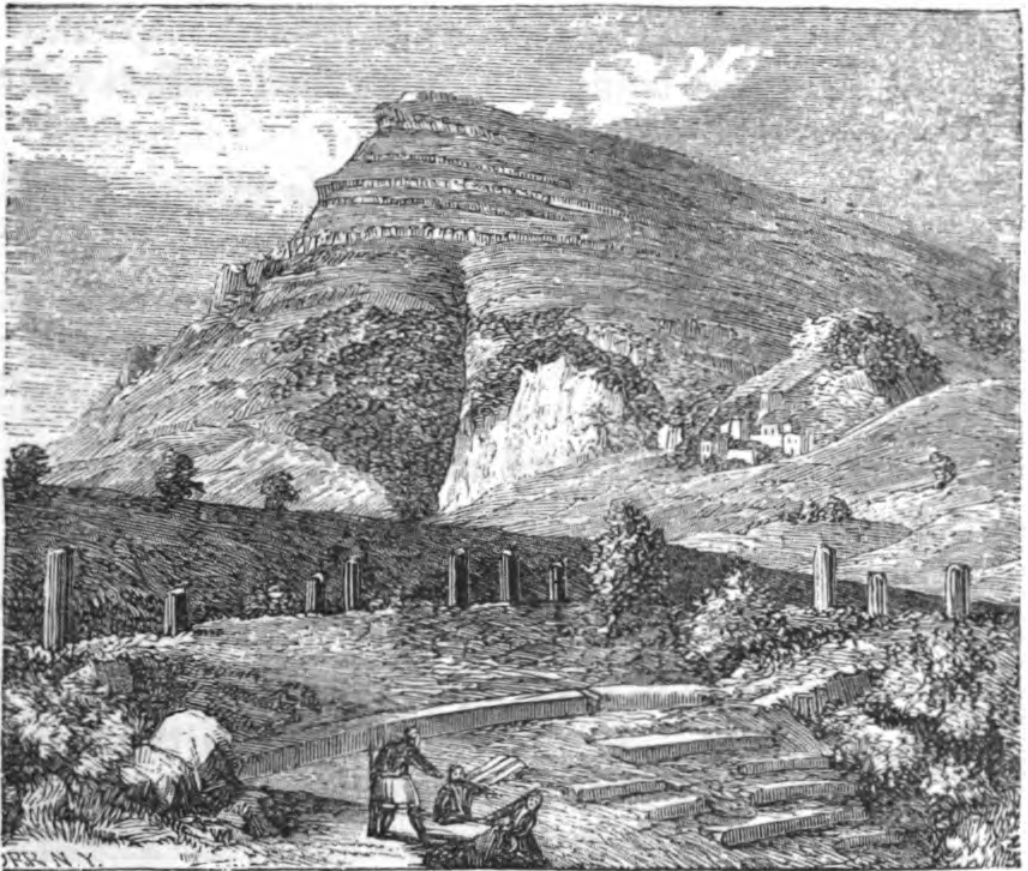


Eurotas, that the oracle would have us send to Athens for a chief? Many were for taking no notice at all of the insulting answer; but the greater part of the Spartans, who were a superstitious and believing people, resolved to pocket the affront, and did as the oracle had bidden.

“Ha!” said the Athenians, with a sneer, when the message arrived, “they must have a man of Athens to lead them! Let us send them lame old TYRTÆUS yonder, the schoolmaster; he is good enough to lead Spartans.” So they sent Tyrtæus to Sparta.

Lame and old as Tyrtæus was, he was a man of spirit and genius; and, though I don't suppose he could do much in the field, he composed songs which so stirred the hearts of all who heard them that they felt as though new life had been breathed into them. Every body in Sparta turned out to fight; and when they marched to battle, old Tyrtæus limped along in front of the ranks, singing his martial ditties, like a brave old minstrel, and striking fire in the faintest hearts. So, when they met the Messenians, they defeated them, and drove Aristomenes, with his bravest warriors, flying to a strong fort on a crag on Mount Ithome.

For several years the Spartans besieged them there; but, though Tyrtæus sang his fiercest war-songs, he couldn't overturn the rocks behind which the Messenians crouched, or find a way up the side of the crag. Every year, when summer came, the Spartans left the siege and went away to their farms to sow and to reap; and on these occasions



ITHOME.

bold Aristomenes would sally forth, like an eagle from his nest, and fall upon a Spartan village unawares, and strip it bare in wonderfully quick time; but, though he plundered the Spartans whenever he had a chance, and carried off as many prisoners as he could to his rocky crag, he was still a gallant chief, and scorned to insult the Spartan girls who fell into his hands. Once, when he had captured a village, and carried off all the young girls, his soldiers wanted to treat them ill; but he dashed out in front of them with his drawn sword, and swore that he would walk over the body of the first man who laid finger on any of them. There were none there who dared withstand his dark, flashing eye,

or his swift arm ; the girls were treated respectfully, and were sent home as soon as their friends paid the ransom that was usual.

But one day this gallant chief was caught. The Spartans had struck their tents, and marched away, as though they were going home ; but when Aristomenes came creeping down the side of his crag, and hurrying over the moor toward the Spartan villages, the Spartans dashed out of a wood, and surrounded him, and made him and his men prisoners, and carried them to Sparta.

There was no pity, of course, for the brave chief who had so long held all Sparta at bay. He and all his comrades were sentenced to die in the Spartan fashion ; that is to say, they were to be thrown into a deep, dark pit.

The pit was so deep, and the bottom so rocky, that all but Aristomenes were killed by the fall. He would have been killed likewise but for an eagle, which, swooping down into the pit just as he was thrown over, let him cling to its wings, and so broke his fall. He lighted quite gently on the rocky bottom of the pit, and began to look about him. At first he thought he might as well have been killed, for the pit was so deep that the daylight overhead glimmered like a star, and its sides were far too steep to climb. But as he sat and tried to accustom his eyes to the black darkness, he saw something move not far from him ; a closer look, and he saw that it was a fox, which had come to eat the dead bodies. He quickly thought to himself that as the fox was there there must be a way out of the pit ;

so he suddenly caught the fox by the brush, and held it fast. The fox, a good deal astonished, I dare say, by having his supper disturbed in this way, made for his hole, dragging Aristomenes after him. The hole was not so narrow but that, by dint of a little scratching, the brave Messenian could crawl into it after the fox; and so, in the end, he regained the light of day.

It was a joyful surprise for his countrymen to see him again, as you may suppose; and as for the Spartans, they were so scared by the sight of his tall figure, and dark, flashing eye, that they ran away the moment they set eyes upon him, crying that Aristomenes had arisen from the dead. So, once more, there was a chance for the Messenians.

But, a long while before, the oracle of Delphi, when asked how it would fare with Messene, had answered that "Messene would fall when figs drank."

As it did not appear likely that figs would ever learn to drink, the Messenians were greatly comforted by this answer. But just now, a sacred fig-tree, which overhung the River Neda, laden with fruit, leaned over till some of its branches dipped into the stream. When the priests saw it, they wrung their hands and tore their hair, for they said the time spoken of by the oracle had now come, and that figs were drinking.

Aristomenes did not give up. When the Spartans surrounded him, he still fought for three days and three nights; then, finding that he could not hope for victory, he formed his men into a square, with the women and children in the centre, and cut his



way through the enemy. He wandered for many years in search of a new home, and at last went to Rhodes, where he died.

After this, Messenia became subject to Sparta, and the Messenians the slaves of the Spartans. They remained in slavery till the history of old Greece was on the point of ending.

The Spartans, who were a grasping, fractious people, next cast eyes upon the rich city of Tegea, on their northern border. I don't know whether they had a good cause of quarrel with the Tegeans, and I am sure they did not distress themselves much about one, if they had none; but, when they were ready, they just buckled on their swords and slung their shields on their left arms, and marched away to conquer Tegea. As they were going, some one cried,

“What shall we do with our Tegean prisoners?”

“We must bring them home with us in chains,” replied another.

So they took with them a pretty good supply of chains, for fear they should run short of them, and marched away briskly. But when they arrived at Tegea, they were tremendously taken aback by the conduct of the Tegeans, who fought might and main, dashing down from their hills upon the Spartans, rushing up the valleys at them, and charging them on the plain. So the end of the excursion was that the Spartans turned back, and went home even more briskly than they had marched up, throwing away their chains to travel the faster.

Of course, the first thing they did when they got

home, in their ruffled state, was to send to the oracle at Delphi to know what it thought.

"The Spartans," said the oracle, "must find the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, before they can conquer Tegea."

"But," said the Spartans, "how shall we find this man's bones, seeing we know not where they lie?"

"You must search," replied the oracle, "where blast meets blast with fearful rushing force—where stroke meets stroke, and blow meets blow."

Here was a pretty tough sentence for the Spartans to puzzle their heads over; and hard work they had of it, trying to make out where blast met blast, and stroke stroke, and blow blow. Indeed, after all the wisest men of Sparta had thought over the strange sentence till their heads were dizzy, and twisted it, and turned it in all sorts of ways, and gone to sleep over it, and dreamed of it, and waked up and gone at it again, they gave it up, and made up their minds to let Tegea alone.

Just then a shrewd young Spartan named LICHAS went over to Tegea in disguise to spy out the city. While he was there he chanced to stop at the door of a blacksmith's forge. The smith, a jovial, talkative man, chatted with the stranger, and in the course of conversation told him that, in digging in his field a day or two before, he had hit upon an old coffin containing some very old bones, which, to the best of the smith's judgment, must have belonged to a man of gigantic size: the arm was as big as the smith's thigh, and the thigh half as big as the smith's body.

Lichas quietly asked him where the bones were.

"They are in the coffin still," answered the smith, "and that is in yonder field. I didn't care to disturb them, not knowing whose they were."

Lichas bade him good-day, and ran all the way to Sparta. Calling the people and the magistrates together, he told them that he had discovered the body of Orestes; for, said he, the blast meeting blast is nothing but the bellows of the forge, and the blow meeting blow is the smith hammering the iron on the anvil.

So said all the Spartans in a breath; and straightway they got up a mock trial of Lichas, and sentenced him to exile. He went to Tegea with a doleful face, and begged to be allowed to live there. In order to support himself, he hired from the blacksmith the field where the coffin was, and made ready to sow it with grain.

You may be sure that many nights did not pass before he dug up the old coffin with the great bones, and sent them to Sparta; and ever after that, says the legend, the Spartans got the better of the Tegeans.

Then these grasping Spartans coveted the city of Thyrea, which belonged to Argos. When they tried to take it, the Argives marched out with an equal army to oppose them; but before the battle, it was agreed, in order to save a useless waste of life, that the dispute should be settled by a duel of three hundred on a side.

The three hundred bravest Spartans fought the three hundred bravest Argives in the presence of

both armies, from the rising to the setting of the sun: when evening came, there were only three men out of the six hundred left alive. Two of these were Argives; they, toward nightfall, crawled off the field to have their wounds dressed; but the third, who was a Spartan, lay down in the middle of the corpses and slept there.

Hence, next morning, a dispute arose as to which side had won the victory—the Argives claiming that it was theirs, as they had lost one man less than their enemy; the Spartans saying that they had won, as their man had remained in possession of the battle-field. The dispute growing warm, swords were drawn, and a great battle was fought, in which the Argives were worsted.

So the Spartans obtained Thyrea, with a large slice of land around it, and ever after that time Sparta, and not Argos, was the chief power of the Peloponnesus.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## SOLON.

**T**HE old Athenian legends bore witness that kings had reigned over Athens from Cecrops to Codrus.

In the days of King Codrus, the Dorians fell out with the Athenians and invaded Attica. Before setting out, they asked the oracle at Delphi what they had to expect.

Said the oracle, "If the Dorians slay the Athenian king, they shall come to sorrow."

So, when the battle began, the Dorians fought as bravely as ever on every part of the line except that where King Codrus stood. The men who were over against him let him slash at them as much as he pleased without once striking back. He was astonished at this, as well he might be; and after the battle, finding a Dorian deserter in his camp, he asked him why his friends behaved so strangely. The deserter told him the story of the oracle:

King Codrus was much pleased at the news. Thinking very little of his life in comparison with the safety of his country, he went out silently at evening, dressed as a common soldier, and walked to the Dorian camp. When he met the Dorian sentinels, he insulted them and defied them, whereupon they, not knowing who he was, struck him dead on the place.

The Dorian leaders, knowing what they had now to expect, struck their tents and returned home directly. At Athens, men grieved long and sadly for brave King Codrus; and, in honor of him and in memory of his noble deed, it was decreed that from that time forth Athens should have no more kings. The chief magistrate of the city was henceforth called ARCHON, or ruler.

One of these old archons was named DRACO. It fell to his lot to write out the Athenian laws, so that every man should know them. Whether they were, in reality, cruel laws, or whether Draco, being a man of a harsh, unforgiving mind, made them more severe than they ever had been, when he had written them out and showed them to the people, every one was horrified at them, and said they were written in blood; for very trifling offenses were by them punished with death. The people murmured so loudly against these bloody laws that at last they drove Draco out of Athens and sent him to die abroad.

In the days of MEGACLES, who was chief archon, some twelve years afterward, a very extraordinary plot was formed. One CYLON, a rich, ambitious noble, fancied the Athenians were tired of their government, and resolved to overthrow it and to make himself king. So he gathered a strong band of followers, and crept by night into the citadel on the Acropolis, took possession of it, and gave out that he was King of Athens, and would the Athenians make haste and do homage to him?

They did homage, but not quite in the way he ex-

pected ; they surrounded the rock of the Acropolis, and gave notice to Cylon that he had best surrender as soon as convenient. Cylon was a good deal shocked at this, and tried the effect of several royal proclamations ; but as they didn't seem to affect the people much, while his men were very hungry indeed, having brought no food with them, he surrendered on condition that his life and all his men's lives should be spared.

It seems that Cylon did not trust altogether to the promise made by Megacles ; for when he came down from the Acropolis, his men dragged with them by a rope a statue of the goddess Minerva, feeling certain that no man would harm them so long as they had the goddess with them. As ill luck would have it, however, on their way through the rough, stony street, the rope broke, and Megacles, who was standing by, said directly that this was a sign the goddess did not desire to save them ; so they were all caught (except Cylon, who contrived to run away), and put to death by order of Megacles.

This very shameful breach of faith soon led to trouble. The Athenians, who were a superstitious people, laid every ill which befell them to the account of Megacles, saying that the gods were punishing them for his dishonesty. He, on the other hand, and his friends the nobles, were very bitter against the people, and abused them roundly, calling them idle and turbulent rascals, and threatening to thrash them for their impertinence.

The feud between the two parties growing very warm, the best man of Athens, SOLON, offered to

mediate; and, both sides agreeing, he bade Megacles stand his trial like a man to see whether he were really guilty or no. Of course there could be no doubt but he was; so, when the trial came off, he was sentenced to exile, and away he went with all his house, which was large and rich.

Solon had become famous by a very brilliant exploit. The island of Salamis, which, as you will see if you look at the map, lies midway between Attica and Megara, had been claimed by both, and for years the Athenians and Megarians had fought about it, until the former, wearied out by the contest, made a law declaring that any man who should propose to conquer Salamis afresh should be punished with death. Solon, then a young man, appeared in the market-place a few days afterward, singing a song, of which the chorus was,

“Rather would I desert my native city, and become a citizen of some paltry village, than remain an Athenian branded with the shame of having given up Salamis.”

Instead of putting him to death, the Athenians put him in the way of fulfilling his desire by giving him five hundred men. With these he took a Megarian ship, and, by a very dexterous manœuvre, took Salamis and kept it; establishing his own fame when he was a very young man.

After Megacles was exiled, the people hoped for better times; but they did not come. The laws were harsh to poor debtors, and the nobles had contrived to keep so much land for themselves that every one else was poor. A pestilence fell upon the



city and ravaged it. In their distress, the people bethought themselves of their old resource, the oracle of Delphi.

The oracle's answer was, "Send to Crete for EPI-MENIDES to purify the city."

Now Epimenides was a prophet; the son of a nymph, and, at least, a cousin of the gods. Once, when he was a boy, he went into a cave and lay down to sleep; he slept straight on, like RIP VAN WINKLE, for fifty-seven years without once waking. When he awoke he was very much surprised to find that his brother, whom he had last seen a curly-headed boy, was a gray-bearded old man. Of course you will not be surprised to learn that a man who could sleep fifty-seven years had the gift of prophecy, and could live without eating, and do all manner of wonderful things.

When this Epimenides arrived at Athens, he ordered new and strange sacrifices to the gods, and directed that they should be worshipped on a new and improved plan. The pestilence having been stayed by these means, Epimenides went home loaded with presents, and lived a couple of hundred years or so in the mountains of Crete, doing miracles.

This settled, the Athenians turned their thoughts to the people of Crissa, who lived on the road to Delphi, and made a living by robbing the pilgrims who went to consult the oracle. They were a very ravenous people, these Crisseans; at first they had been content with levying toll on the pilgrims, say half of what they had; but growing greedier when they found the Greeks submitted to this, they now

Said Solon, "We must make war on these Crisseans and bring them to their senses."



A WARRIOR

So up from Greece went an army, Solon leading, and all the Greek states, except Sparta, sending men to punish Crissa. They ravaged the land of the Crisseans without difficulty; but the people of Crissa took refuge in a stronghold on a high hill where the besiegers could not get at them.

The land round the hill was low and marshy, and a fever soon broke out among the besiegers. Delphi was close at hand, and Solon sent thither to know the oracle's mind.

"Send to Cos," it said, "for the Fawn of Gold."

I dare say the Greeks asked each other, with some surprise, how a fawn, whether of gold or of common flesh and bone, could possibly help them or cure the fever; however, in their devout way, they did as they were bidden, and sent to Cos. When their messenger delivered his message in the assembly of the people of Cos, a man rose up and said,

"I understand the oracle. My name is Fawn,

and my son's name is Gold. The oracle means us, and we will go."

Fawn and Gold, being of the family of Esculapius, were capital doctors, and cured the fever. So the siege went on more briskly than ever. But when the autumn came, the fever broke out again, and once more the army, in their great distress, sent to Delphi.

Said the oracle, "When the sea washes the land of Delphi, then shall the people prevail against Crissa."

Now Delphi was several miles from the sea-shore, which was divided from it by a high ridge of hills. Did the oracle mean that a canal must be cut all this way?

"No," said Solon; "but let us give to Delphi all the land between the oracle and the sea, and then the sea will wash it."

It was so done, and the Greeks got Crissa at last, and the oracle got the land. It was a good operation for both parties; but of the two, I would rather have been the oracle.

Peace-time now coming, Solon wrote out and altered the laws of the Athenians. He was a good, wise man; his laws were not as cruel as Draeo's; and when they were hung up on tablets in a public place, so that all men should know them, the people said that Solon was the wisest man that ever lived.

As time wore on, however, fault began to be found with his laws; one man wanted this altered, another something else: Solon was worried from morning to night by people who wished him to change

some law which did not suit them. To rid himself of their importunities, he called the people together, told them he was going away on a journey, made them swear to observe his laws while he was absent, and left Athens for distant countries.

We shall hear more of Solon by-and-by. He was one of the seven Wise Men of Greece, about whom there is this pleasant story:

When Helen was sailing home from Troy with her first husband, Menelaus, she threw into the sea a silver tripod. This tripod was afterward fished up by some fishermen, who, not knowing what to do with it, sent to the nearest oracle to ask to whom it rightfully belonged.

"It belongs," said the oracle, "to the wisest man of Greece."

The fishermen made inquiry who was the wisest man, and finally decided to send it to THALES, of Miletus. He, when he received it, modestly excused himself, and sent it to BIAS, of Priene. Bias said he was not the wisest of the Greeks by any means; he sent it on to Solon. Solon, like the others, would not keep it, but sent it to another; and so the tripod passed through the hands of all the seven.

This shows you how modest truly wise men are. I have no doubt, if the tripod were to turn up to-day, that it would travel round and round among our wise men, as it did among the old seven sages of Greece, and perhaps would never find a claimant. Perhaps.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## PEISISTRATUS.

**A** LONG while after the events which I related in the last chapter, the people of Athens were divided into political parties, as is always the case with the people of a free country. There were three parties, which I suppose would be called sectional parties if they existed in our time. One consisted of the old Athenian nobles, who lived on the plain country of Attica: this party was called the **PLAIN**. Another consisted of rich men, who were not particularly noble, and who lived on the sea-shore, in order to trade, I suppose: this party was called the **SHORE**. The third party consisted of the people who were neither very rich nor very noble, and who lived in the mountain districts of Attica: this was called the **MOUNTAIN**. These three parties, like the political parties in this country, strove year after year for the mastery.

The Mountain was led by a young man of uncommon boldness and ambition. His name was **PEISISTRATUS**; he was very rich, and also noble (being a relation of Solon's); but still he opposed the rich and the nobles, and said he was for the poor people from first to last. By saying this, and also by his generosity in lending money without interest to persons in distress, and by throwing open his fine gardens at Athens to the people, he became the head

of the party called the Mountain, and was very much beloved by all who belonged to it.

One day this Peisistratus drove his cart into the market-place, and showed the people that he and his mules were covered with blood. Then he called the people around him and made a speech to them, telling them that he had been attacked by the nobles and well-nigh killed, and asking them whether they would allow these selfish nobles to murder a chief who loved them as well as he did?

“No,” said the people, with one voice. “We will not let our friend Peisistratus be murdered by the rascally nobles. He must have a body-guard to protect him.”

So they gave him fifty men, with short clubs, to follow him wherever he went. I dare say Peisistratus soon found that a hundred men were better than fifty, and swords better than clubs; for, one fine morning when the people woke up, they found that he was in the Acropolis, with a strong force of armed men, and that he was saying he was now King of Athens.

They said quietly, “Very well.” For people did not know as much then as they do now, and the Athenians were not quite certain in their own minds whether a king or a republic were the best for them; so, as they liked Peisistratus very much, they said they would give him a trial.

Only Solon cried that he would never submit to a despot. He went to the market-place and harangued the people loud and long, calling on them to rise and put Peisistratus down; but they, having

made up their minds, went away, every man to his own house, leaving Solon speaking. Nothing discouraged, the brave old lawgiver buckled on his sword and breastplate, and stood before his own door, crying aloud that he at least would defend the liberties of Athens. But as Peisistratus wisely let the old man do and say what he chose, without noticing him in the least, Solon was fain to submit in the end. When all was quiet, and Peisistratus was king, Solon's friends warned him to run away, lest the king should do him a mischief; but the fearless old man answered,

"I am too old; I will die here."

And so he did, peacefully, gently, in his bed, as a good man should; and his ashes, said the legend, were scattered broadcast over the island of Salamis.

When Peisistratus became king, the head of the Shore party, one MEGACLES, ran away for fear of danger. But he soon came back, and, laying a plot with the people of the Plain, he contrived to overthrow Peisistratus, who went away, leaving Athens in the hands of the Shore and the Plain.

But this did not last long. The Shore and the Plain agreed very well in bullying the Mountain; but the Plain wanted to bully the Shore as well, which, of course, was not to the taste of Megacles and his friends. So, after a trial of it, the Shore said they would sooner be under Peisistratus than under the Plain.

One morning men ran at full speed into the city of Athens to say that they had the most extraordinary news to tell—the goddess Minerva, the particu-

lar deity of the Athenians, was actually coming to pay them a visit. People were astonished, as well they might be; they stared with open eyes and open mouths, and, sure enough, there came the goddess (or, at least, a tall young woman dressed like the statues of the goddess), holding a spear in her hand, and standing up in a fine martial attitude in her chariot. Megacles and the other rich men of the Shore cried that this was Minerva, and no mistake, and fell to worshipping her. So, when the goddess stopped her chariot, and led forward the exile Peisistratus, and presented him to the people, saying that she had come to Athens expressly in order to bring him back, and that the Athenians must not turn him out again on any account, the cry was,

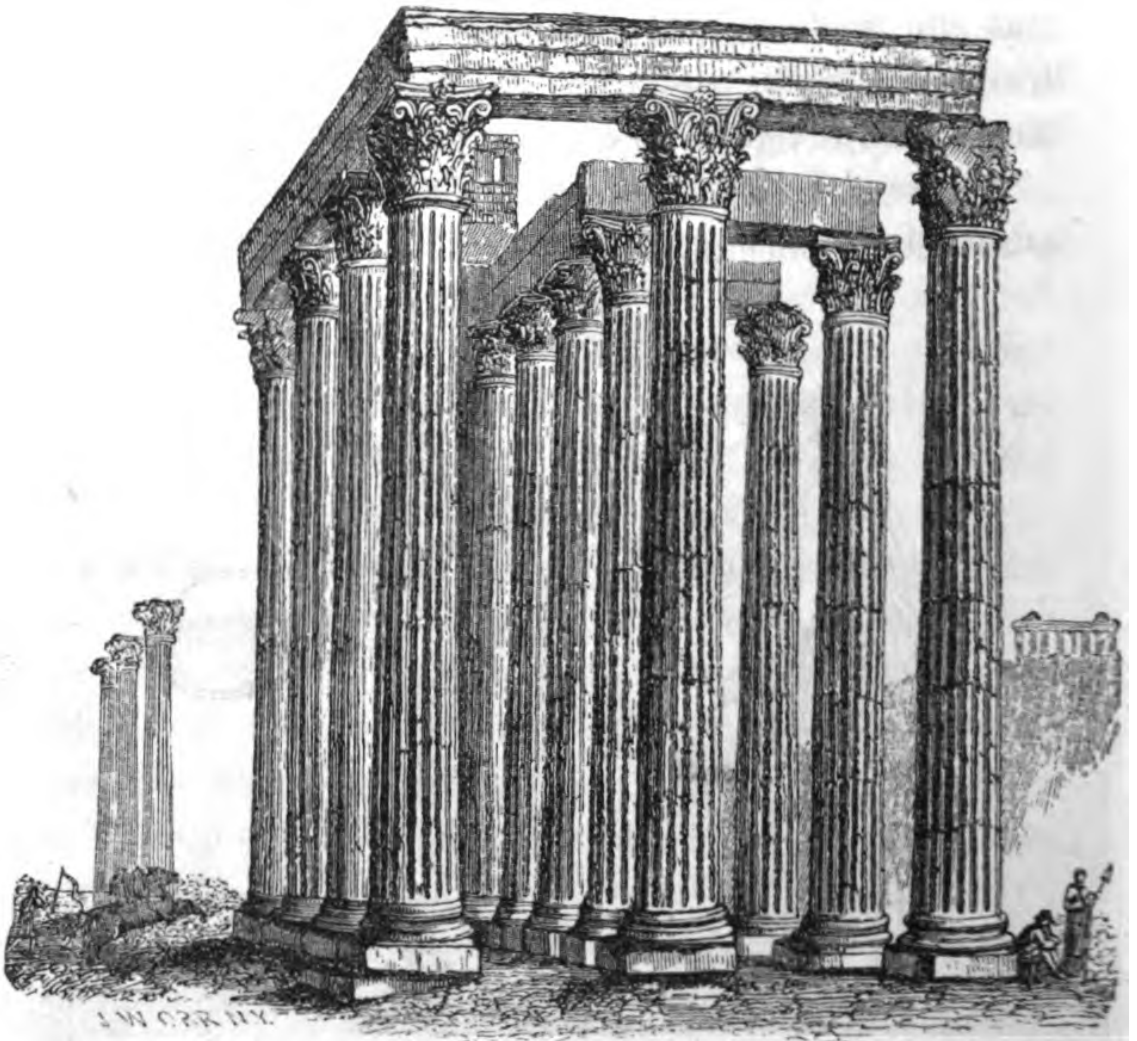
“Bravo! goddess! Bravo, Peisistratus! Welcome home once more!”





So he became king once more, and every thing was put on the old footing. But this did not last long, either. Megacles said that the least Peisistratus could do, after all Megacles' trouble in contriving the trick of the goddess, was to marry his daughter. Peisistratus sulkily agreed to marry her; but he would never see her after the marriage, saying that she, like the rest of her family, was accursed (on account of the broken promise of the old archon Megacles, who was of the same house).

This enraged Megacles to that degree that once



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE OLYMPIAN JOVE AT ATHENS.

more he urged the Shore and the Plain to rebel, and turned Peisistratus out of Athens. This lasted ten years, and a hard time the Mountain had of it while their chief was in exile, and the Shore and the Plain had every thing their own way. At the end of ten years, the people of Athens groaning deeply under their miseries, and sending secret messages to Peisistratus to return home, back he came, once more, at the head of an army, and for the third time made himself master of Athens.

This time he took care that there should be no more ups and downs. He hired a body-guard of



ΟΙΚΟΥΜΕΝΗ ΧΡΟΝΟΣΙΛΙΑΣ ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑ ΟΜΗΡΟΣ ΜΥΘΟΣ

Thracians, and made the Shore and the Plain pay their wages, and he sent Megacles and his friends into exile, and kept a close watch upon their movements.

With the help of these precautions, he reigned peaceably for seven years. He made the people work at a great temple to Jupiter, both in order to embellish the city and also because he was wise enough to know that they would be all the quieter for being kept busy. He did many things worthy of praise, usurper as he was. He had the poems of the Iliad and Odyssey collected and fairly written out, and paid great honors to Homer's memory; he executed the laws faithfully, and gave peace to Athens. Altogether, he was not a very bad king, and long after his death the Athenians honored his memory.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SONS OF PEISISTRATUS.

**P**EISISTRATUS left two sons, HIPPIAS and HIPPARCHUS, who succeeded him. They were foolish, headstrong young men, who very soon got into trouble.

At Athens there lived two friends, whose names were HARMODIUS and ARISTOGERTON. At first, they say, Hipparchus was disposed to make friends with Harmodius; but the youth, who hated and despised Hipparchus for his vices, spurned his offers of friendship, and then the tyrant became Harmodius' deadly enemy.

There was every year a grand festival at Athens, at which a few chosen maidens, the fairest and best in all the city, carried baskets of flowers to the temples; it was, of course, esteemed a proud thing for a girl to be chosen as a basket-carrier. When the festival came round, Hipparchus, who managed it, invited Harmodius' sister, a pure, gentle girl, to carry one of the baskets. She came, accordingly, all in white, with the other maidens; but when Hipparchus saw her, he called to her before all the people and bade her begone, as, he said, she was not fit to carry flowers to the gods.

The poor girl ran home, all in tears and blushes, and told her brother of the affront she had endured. The blood of Harmodius boiled, as well it might, at



the insult that had been offered to his gentle sister ; and he and Aristogeiton took swift counsel how they should revenge themselves on the brutal tyrant.

Their plans were soon made. Hipparchus was at a festival given in honor of the goddess Minerva, and Harmodius and Aristogeiton, with the other young men of Athens, walked in procession, carrying myrtle boughs in their hands. . Inside the myrtle boughs they hid daggers ; and when the procession stood opposite Hipparchus, they ran out of their places and stabbed the tyrant to death.

It was done so quickly that the guards who stood by the side of Hipparchus had not time to interfere. When they saw their master fall, they cut Harmodius to pieces on the spot, and seized Aristogeiton and led him to prison.

Hippias, quaking terribly, ordered that Aristogeiton should be put to the torture to make him give up the names of his accomplices ; but the executioners lost their pains with him, and he died without speaking a single word. Hippias also seized and tortured a lady named LEÆNA, who had been a friend of Aristogeiton ; but this brave woman, fearing that perhaps the extremity of her agony might break her spirit, bit her tongue off, and died in the hands of the jailers without having spoken. Baffled in his hopes, Hippias put to death a few good men, so as to be on the safe side, and then proceeded to rule Athens with great severity.

Long afterward, when Athens was free, Harmodius and Aristogeiton were honored as patriots and martyrs. So odious did the tyrants seem, that no

one ever thought the worse of these young men because they had committed a murder from private revenge. Their statues stood in the most public place of Athens; and beside them a bronze lioness without a tongue, in memory of the brave Leæna, whose name in Greek signifies lioness.

In the time of Hippias the temple of Delphi was burned to the ground. It was agreed to rebuild it, each state in Greece paying a part of the expense. When the money was raised, the house of Megacles, of Athens, which, as you remember, was in exile, undertook the building; and, being rich, spent more money on it than the Greeks had raised, and built a far finer temple than the old one.

While the temple was building, the oracle, of course, could not be consulted; and thus, by the time it was finished, every Greek city had a budget of questions which had lain over, and which the oracle, in its new lodging, was now asked to answer. When Sparta put her first question, the answer was,  
“Athens must be made free.”

This puzzled the Spartans, as their question had been about something quite different; however, they made a note of it, and asked their second question. The answer was again,

“Athens must be made free.”

When they got to the third, same answer, and so on throughout the list. No matter what the Spartans asked, they could get but that one answer—  
“Athens must be made free.”

When the messengers returned to Sparta, and told how they had been unable to get any word out of

the oracle save this, the magistrates of Sparta said that it was plain the gods intended them to set Athens free; so they sent off a force under their king CLEOMENES, and bade him set Athens free. Hippas marched out to meet the Spartans, fought them, was beaten, and ran back to the Acropolis, and barricaded himself there. There the Spartans besieged him. In his hurry he had forgotten his children, who were outside in the city, and the Spartans having seized them, he was smitten with terror on their account, and surrendered. Nobody wanting to harm him, he went away to Asia and settled there.

Cleomenes was master of Athens; he said he did not want to conquer it, but only to set it free, according to the oracle. So, when Hippas was gone, he marched home with all his men, leaving the Athenians very much obliged to him.

All the house of Megacles now returned from their exile, and became very powerful at Athens; by which you will perceive that the money they had spent on the temple of Delphi was not by any means thrown away.

## CHAPTER XX.

## CLEISTHENES.

**T**HE head of the house of Megacles was **CLEISTHENES**, a bold and honest man.

When he first returned to Athens, he found the three old parties fighting as before, and growing very bitter against each other; he was himself in favor of the poor people, and consequently the rich and the nobles became very much opposed to him, and reviled him unceasingly.

To put an end to them, he proposed a law by which votes were given to all the free-born citizens of Athens; and, having carried this, he so divided the people that the three old sectional parties were broken up and finished.

This was the beginning of the Athenian democracy, perhaps the oldest of which we have any account.

There was yet something to be done to place the democratic government on a proper footing; for, as yet, many persons to whom Cleisthenes gave votes could not be elected to office. But a beginning was made—a beginning so good and so promising that I think the name of Cleisthenes ought to be honored wherever democracy is known.

It was he, they say, who introduced the Athenian contrivance called **OSTRACISM**. This was a plan by which a leading man could be got rid of when the

people thought his presence was dangerous to the state. For instance, when party spirit ran high, and two contending rivals were consuming the time of the people in their quarrels, some person would call for a vote for an ostracism. A day was fixed, and all the citizens went to a particular place; there each man received a shell; on this he wrote, if he chose, the name of the rival whom he thought the state could best spare, and threw the shell into a cask placed to receive it. When every one had voted, the shells were counted, and if it appeared that there were six thousand shells bearing the same name, the owner of the name went into exile for ten years. He did not lose his property, and at the end of the ten years he returned home without loss of fame.

It was a singular institution, this ostracism, but it served the Athenians in good stead more than once.

These democratic measures of course enraged the nobles greatly; one of their chiefs, named ISAGORAS, went over to Sparta, and roused the Spartans against Athens by sneering at the way in which the house of Megacles had overreached them in the affair of the oracle of Delphi. The Spartans, one would think, must have been very thick-headed not to have seen through the trick before. It seems they had not; and now that Isagoras explained it to them, they were furious, and dashed over to Athens in a rage, and turned Cleisthenes out of the place.

But when they tried to set up a new government there on the Spartan fashion, consisting of pure-blooded, genuine old Athenians, the poor people of



Athens rose in a fury, attacked them, and drove them, in their turn, out of the city, and got Cleisthenes back once more.

King Cleomenes was more enraged than ever at this turn in affairs. He began to lay a plot against the Athenians, and wrought secretly to unite all the Greek states against them. Chance helped him. Plataea, a small city of Bœotia, in sore dread of being crushed by its great neighbor, Thebes, asked for help from the Athenians; they gave it, and saved Plataea, but won the deadly hatred of Thebes.

The rich city of Chalcis, in Eubœa, agreed to join Sparta and Thebes in putting down Athens. So did many cities of Peloponnesus; so did Corinth and other cities beside. Matters looked squally for the young Athenian democracy.

In such alarm stood the Athenians that Cleisthenes sent all the way to Sardis, in Asia, to ask, Would the Persian king help the Athenians? The King of Persia said,

“Athenians? Athenians? Who may they be? I never heard of such a people.”

One of his officers told him they were the people of a city of Greece far away across the sea.

“Then,” said the great king, “let them send me earth and water directly, in token that their city is subject to me; after which I will see about protecting them.”

But the Athenians said, when they heard his answer, that if it had come to this, they would do without the great king, and would fight their battles alone.

And so they did. When the Spartans invaded Attica on the south, the Athenians went out to meet them and were ready for battle; but before it began, the Spartans had dispersed, and gone home quarrelling bitterly among themselves. Then the Athenians marched away to the north, where the Thebans were invading Attica too, fell upon them in the gray dawn among the mountains, and beat them terribly. Before noon they raced onward, and, as the sun went down, met the men of Chalcis marching to invade Attica too, and gave them a much worse beating than they had given the Thebans. So here was glory enough for the young democracy, and a pretty tolerable confusion for her enemies.

But King Cleomenes did not give up the idea of punishing the Athenians. He sent for Hippias from beyond the sea, and bade the chief men of all the Greek states, far and wide, meet together at Sparta to take counsel how this virtuous old man (as he called him) could be restored to his dominions.

They came as they were bidden, and in the great assembly of kings and chief magistrates, poor old broken-down Hippias told his pitiful tale, and begged them to put him in the way of trampling, and butchering, and robbing the Athenian people once more.

They say—but I hardly believe it—that so fierce was the hatred of some of the members of the assembly against Athens that they were for helping Hippias then and there. At all events, in the midst of the debate, SOSICLES, of Corinth, one of the best

places that we Greeks are expected to put down a free state, and set up that bloody and wicked thing called a despot?"

And the right chord thus touched in the hearts of the Greeks, they one and all chorused,

"No; we will not make war upon Athens to make her submit to a despot."

So the assembly broke up, Hippias went back greatly disgusted to Asia, and King Cleomenes digested his wrath as he best could.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## PERSIAN LEGENDS.

**I** HAVE now to tell you some of the legends of the Persians, who at this time began to have to do with the Greeks, and whose history becomes mixed with theirs.

In the days of Solon there reigned over Lydia a king both brave and wise, whose name was CRÆSUS. He held his court at Sardis, in Asia Minor; and a grand court it was, for Cræsus was immensely wealthy and powerful, and had countless slaves and soldiers to do his bidding.

To this Cræsus came Solon, journeying from Athens, as I told you in a former chapter. The king, who had heard of the wisdom of the great Athenian, welcomed him, and showed him all his treasures, and his armies, and his fine city; then, while Solon was gazing at these proofs of his great wealth and prosperity, Cræsus asked him who, of all the men he had known, seemed the most to be envied.

“TELLUS the Athenian,” answered Solon, very decidedly.

“Why so?” asked the king, who had expected that Solon would say, “Your majesty,” and felt a good deal disappointed that his splendor had produced so little effect.

“Because Tellus,” said Solon, “lived under a good government, and had virtuous and amiable children;

because he saw their children, and never saw one of them die; because, when Athens was attacked, he flew to its defense, and, having helped to repel the enemy, died on the battle-field, was buried with honors, and regretted by all of us."

"Humph!" said the king, musing. Then turning to Solon, he asked who was most enviable of the men he had known, next to Tellus.

Said Solon, "CLEOBIS and BITO, Argives, men of valor and prowess, who won prizes at the games, and were moderately rich. At a festival in honor of Juno, their mother intended to have gone to the



SMITH SHOEING AN OX.

temple in a chariot drawn by oxen; but the oxen being absent, the two youths yoked themselves to the chariot, and drew their mother six miles to the temple. She, grateful for their dutiful behavior, prayed to Juno to grant them the highest favor that a mortal could obtain; and the kind god-

dess answered her prayer. The youths were taken up to heaven without dying; their statues now stand in the temple at Argos."

"What!" cried King Croesus, in an ill temper, "do you place me beneath men of low condition?"

"King Croesus," replied the wise Athenian, "it can be said of no man that his life has been happy until that life is ended. Man lives seventy years, or



nearly twenty-seven thousand days. Each day brings forth some new event which may be unfortunate. When you are in the grave, O king, it will then be seen whether your life has been truly enviable ; but not till then."

With which saying, says the legend, Croesus was greatly struck. He remained silent for a long time ; then suddenly rising up, he dismissed Solon with kind words and many presents.

The legend goes on to say that Croesus had two sons. One of the two was a fine manly youth, but the other was deaf and dumb. One night, in a deep sleep, King Croesus had a vision, and in the vision a god appeared to him, and told him that if his dumb boy ever spoke, it would be a sad day for his father ; that as for his brother, he would die of a wound inflicted by a rusty spear.

This latter prophecy troubled the king's mind greatly, for he loved his son with his whole heart. To guard against the danger foretold in his vision, he would never allow his son to go out with his army, but kept him always in the palace with the women, and rarely trusted him out of his sight.

But one day a wild boar appeared in the neighborhood, ravaging the farms, and the people collected together to hunt it. The king's son was eager to join the chase, and begged earnestly that his father would let him go. Croesus steadfastly refusing, the youth besought him with tears not to disgrace him in the eyes of his people by keeping him at home ; until the king, touched by his son's manliness, told him of his dream and of the danger which awaited him.

“But,” said the boy, “boars do not carry spears, father; if I am to die of a spear wound, there can be no danger for me at the chase.”

And Crœsus, unable to resist his entreaties, at last gave way, and with a heavy heart let him go, and sent one of his most trusty officers to keep watch over him at the chase.

The youth joined the throng, and chased the boar with ardor and courage. When the fierce brute turned to bay, Crœsus’ son was nearest him, and it was his spear which struck him to the ground. But at that very moment the officer who had been sent to take care of him, seeing his danger, hurled his spear at the boar from a distance, and struck Crœsus’ son, and gave him a woeful hurt. It would have been nothing in itself, perhaps, but the spear happened to be rusty, the rust poisoned the wound, and the poor boy died before he could see his father.

King Crœsus was in dreadful grief when they brought him the sad news; for a long time he could hardly bear the light of day. After a time, however, he recovered his spirits, and began, as before, to enjoy his wealth, and his power, and his splendor. His kingdom of Lydia was vast and wide; he held all the Greek cities in Asia in subjection; the king of the Medes, and the King of Babylon, and the King of Egypt were proud to do him honor, and terribly afraid of him in their hearts. When he looked at the thousands of horsemen and foot-soldiers who stood at his gates ready to march at his beck, and at the piles and bags of gold, and silver, and rare treasures which were stored up in his palace,

and at the hundreds of beautiful women who loved him and were made happy by a single smile from him, he forgot his grief about his dead boy, and only remembered his glory and his pride.

But his seventy years of life were not over yet.

One day there came riding over the hot plains near Sardis a courier, covered with dust and foam, who bore news to the king that a great rebellion had broken out in the kingdom of the Medes, and that the rebels—a hardy race of mountaineers called **PERSIANS**—were making terrible progress. The courier said that these Persians had chosen for their chief a young man of extraordinary genius and bravery whose name was **CYRUS**.



THE PACTOLUS AT SARDIS.

King Crœsus thought very little of the news, and went on feasting and enjoying himself in his palace at Sardis; "for," said he, "my brother-in-law As-tyages, King of the Medes, will soon put down these turbulent mountaineers." But, before many days, in rode another courier hotter and dustier than the last, and all breathless from haste, who said that the Persians had beaten the Medes in battle, that King As-tyages was slain, and that Cyrus the Persian had made himself King of the Medes and Persians.

Up rose King Crœsus from his royal throne in a towering passion, and swore that he would straight-way avenge his brother-in-law, and chastise the rebel Cyrus.

"Ho!" cried he to his officers, "bid the men-at-arms make ready to march!"

But as a great army can not be got ready and sent off in an afternoon, as you know, King Crœsus had time for reflection before he could start, and during that time his wrath cooled, and he determined to consult the oracles before he set out. There were six great oracles at that time in the countries which Crœsus knew—four in Greece, one in Asia Minor, one in Africa. Crœsus prudently made up his mind to consult them all, and put them to the test.

So, on a certain day, off went six messengers from Sardis, one to each oracle; and on the hundredth day after their departure, each of the six, as he was commanded, asked the oracle to which he was sent what King Crœsus was doing at that moment.

Four of the six oracles could not answer. The

oracle at Thebes made a shrewd guess, but the oracle at Delphi answered promptly :

“I know the number of the grains of sand, and the measures of the sea. I understand the dumb, and I hear the man who speaks not. The smell reaches me of a hard-skinned tortoise boiled in copper with lamb's flesh.”

When Croesus was told that this was the answer of the oracle at Delphi, he was struck dumb with astonishment, for he had at that very moment been busied in boiling a tortoise and a lamb together in a copper vessel.

Well he might, too, if the oracle had really given any such answer. When we arrive at the real history of Greece, we shall not find the oracle at Delphi giving any such wonderful answers.

Croesus was now satisfied, says the legend, that the oracle at Delphi knew every thing. He sent thither more messengers laden with rich gifts, and bade them ask the oracle what would happen if he made war on Cyrus.

The oracle answered, “In that case a great empire will be overthrown.”

“This means the Persian empire, of course,” thought Croesus, and off he went with his horsemen, and his bowmen, and a cloud of light foot-soldiers over the mountains and plains of Asia Minor, straight on to Media. He took a city or two, and fancied the great empire was tottering already ; but before long, up came Cyrus with his Persian spearmen, and fought him, and beat him, and chased him back into Lydia as fast as his fleet horses would go. Even



this was not all. Cyrus's blood was up, and now that his men were in the field, he dashed straight after Croesus into the heart of Lydia, and fought him again near Sardis, and beat him as before. Croesus had hoped great things from his fleet horses; but Cyrus had camels, at the sight of which the Lydian horses raced off the field, tail and ears erect.

In this battle, the remaining son of Croesus, who was deaf and dumb, stood beside his father in the royal war-chariot. In the thick of the fight, a Persian soldier made for the chariot and aimed a blow at Croesus. In his great agony at his father's danger, the dumb boy made a tremendous effort, broke the string which tied his tongue, and screamed,

“Man, do not kill King Croesus!”

They were the first words he ever spoke, and thus his father's dream was fulfilled. King Croesus lost his crown and his kingdom, and after the battle the conqueror Cyrus ordered him to be burned to death. He took his stand upon the pile of fagots, waiting for the fire to be lit, and, his mind full of the memorable warning of the wise Athenian, crying incessantly,

“Solon! Solon!”

King Cyrus, riding that way, heard the cry, and, piqued by curiosity, called Croesus to his side and bade him explain it. Croesus told him the story of his meeting with Solon; and Cyrus, wisely thinking that a man who had learned as much as Croesus had could be put to better use than to be burned to ashes, spared his life, and made him one of his chief counselors.



CROESUS ON THE FUNERAL PILE.

A long time afterward, when Croesus was happy and comfortable at Cyrus's court, he sent privately to Delphi to ask the oracle what it meant by deceiving people.

The priests were very finely indignant. "Foolish man," said they, "it was told thee that *an* empire would be overthrown; but who told thee that it would be the Persian and not the Lydian? Go, vile scoffer at the gods!" Shrewd lawyers, these priests, were they not?

Cyrus added Lydia to Media and Persia, and made himself king of the whole. Then he turned

to the Greek cities on the coast, and began to subdue them.

They had seen the storm from afar, and had sent to Sparta for help. Over the sea from Sparta came sailing a ship, with envoys to King Cyrus, bidding him beware how he troubled the Greek cities, for Sparta would not allow it.

"Ah!" cried Cyrus, with a grim smile, "who are these Spartans, and how many of them are there?"

The envoys told him all they thought fit about the Spartan people, their numbers, their way of living, and so on. When they had done, Cyrus bade them return home, saying,



PERSIAN'S HEAD.

"I can never fear a race of men who have a public place in their cities where they meet to cheat each other. If I live, the Spartans will have work on their hands without minding the Greek cities in Asia."

This he said, believing, like the other Persians, that all trade was cheating, and deeming no occupation honorable but throat-cutting and robbery.

However, as the Spartans felt that he was too strong for them, and as they did not care much at bottom for the Greek cities in Asia, they let him work his will on them as he chose. Some were taken, and bought peace by paying a tribute to the Persians. Others were deserted by their inhabitants, who sailed away to found cities elsewhere.

The people of Phocæa, which was one of the greatest and most flourishing of these Greek cities, resisted the Persians stoutly for a while; then, finding they had no chance, begged a day's time, and in that day loaded ships with their families and their treasures, and sailed away, sinking in the waters of the harbor a lump of iron as they went, and taking a solemn oath not to return until that iron floated. They settled in the southern part of Italy.

These subdued, restless Cyrus marched away across the country to attack Babylon.

Babylon was the chief city of Chaldæa, which lay between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and was then the most fertile country in the world. The people were very good farmers; they harvested three crops in the year. They were learned, too, and great traders; and latterly they had taken to soldiering as well, and had conquered the Jews and the Phœnicians. What with their conquests, and their trade, and their industry, they had amassed immense wealth.

Babylon was so great a city that we can hardly form an idea of it. It was surrounded by a wall higher than the top of the highest church steeple in the United States, and seventy-five feet thick. The city was square, or nearly so, each side being fifteen miles long; so that it must have been half as large again as the whole District of Columbia. It was swarming with human beings, and crowded with fine buildings and works of art.

The Babylonians thought very little of Cyrus and the Persians when they looked at the huge wall, and

their countless troops of archers and sling-men. So they closed the gates, and went away to their homes to eat, and drink, and be merry, while the Persians stood in blank dismay outside the walls.

But, great as Babylon was, the mind of Cyrus was greater still. He saw, as he watched, that the River Euphrates ran through the huge city, and that where it went in, and where it went out on the opposite side, there were gaps in the lofty wall. Said he to his men,



CYRUS.



“Dig me a trench that shall draw off the water of this river.”

They dug and dug—it must have been hot work, but Cyrus set the example of toiling under the sun—and at last the trench was made. Then, at a given signal, the river was tapped, and the waters flowed off to a hollow place at some distance—flowed so slowly that the people of the city did not notice their fall, yet so steadily that when night came the water in the river bed was not more than knee deep.

As soon as it was dark, Cyrus led his men into the bed of the river, and marched toward the city. All was noise and revelry at Babylon, for it was a feast-day, and no man listened for the splash of the Persians through the shallow water, or their foot-falls on the wet sand and clay of the river bed. No man knew the enemy was coming till the Persians rushed into the streets with sword, and spear, and torch, and fell upon the startled revelers, and slew them by the hundred. Before morning broke the war was over; Cyrus was master of Babylon, and the work was done.

Off he went then—this terrible warrior—to fight other races who had committed the terrible crime of living and not being Persians. How many of them he subdued I can not say; many more than I have space to mention. But at last, how and where I do not well know, he met with some braver race than usual, and fought with them until he was killed, and there was an end of his wars and his glory.

After him, his son CAMBYSES ruled the Persians.

But, as we seldom find the son of a great man to be great likewise, Cambyses was a miserable creature, treacherous, bloodthirsty, and cruel.

As he would have his wars too, he fell upon Egypt, which was then a very prosperous country, and had been ruled, the Egyptians said, by kings for twenty-four thousand years. There was a battle fought at Pelusium, and another at Memphis; the Persians won both, and made the king a prisoner. Cambyses had no pity; he killed the king and ever so many of his subjects, and made the Nile run red with blood.

But nothing that he did enraged the Egyptians so much as his murder of the bull Apis. This bull was one of the gods of Egypt, and was never, on any account, turned into beef. He had a temple of his own, and a regiment of priests to wait upon him, and comb his hide, and feed him, and, altogether, had a pleasant life of it. When he died, as bulls will do, whether they are worshipped or not, all Egypt was ransacked for a new bull. He must be so tall, and so stout, and so straight-horned, and so beautiful in every respect that it was no easy matter to find him; and when he was found, there was great rejoicing throughout the land. Now it happened that just before Cambyses invaded Egypt the sacred bull had died. Shortly after his conquest, the priests, who had been scouring the kingdom in search of a new bull, found one and led him to Memphis, where the people, as usual, turned out to meet him, and sang, and danced, and made merry according to their custom. Cambyses was at Memphis,

And he rushed out of his palace, bade his guards slaughter priests and people, and with his own hand thrust a sword through the heart of the bull.

Next, he thought he would conquer Carthage. But for this he required ships; and when he asked the Phoenicians—who were the only seafaring people among his subjects—to provide him with vessels, they flatly refused. They said Carthage had been founded by their ancestors, and that no ships of theirs should be used to its hurt; and Cambyses, storm as he might, could get no other answer than this, though he put many of the Phoenicians to death, and robbed them of their property.

He led a wild, crazy life after this, and drank, and feasted, and made himself more like a brute than he naturally was. In a fit of jealousy, he killed his own brother SMERDIS; no man's life, indeed, would have been safe long, but that one day, in mounting his horse, he wounded himself in the thigh, and died of the wound; so there was an end of him at last.

Up, then, started a Mede, who said he was Smerdis, the murdered brother of Cambyses, and told some fine story about his not having been killed at all, but having been saved by the gods. Now this fellow was a knave whom Cyrus, for some grievous crime, had condemned to have his ears cropped off. The Persian nobles suspected who he was, but could not be certain. If they could have seen his head

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bare they might easily have found out the truth, but the rogue took care to wear a large turban, which covered his head down to his very neck.

He had a wife, however, who, I suppose, was tired of him, and joined the nobles in a plot against him. She watched till he slept; then she went creeping, creeping to his bedside, and gently felt his head with her hand. In the place where the ears ought to have been she felt two ragged scars.

Out she ran to the nobles, and told them what she had discovered. They said at once that Persia could not be governed by an impostor who had no ears; so they rose, and, without more ado, put the false Smerdis to death, and made one of themselves, a bold chief named DARIUS, king in his stead.

Darius was a fighting king, like the others. First, he had to fight the Babylonians, who had rebelled, and refused to pay tribute to the Persians. Their king now was BELSHAZZAR.

Darius marched away at the head of his army, and laid siege to Babylon, as Cyrus had done, and besieged it a long while. He took it at last, we hardly know how. But what happened in the king's palace on that woeful night—it was, as before, on a night of feasting and revelry that the great city fell—we know from the grand description of the prophet DANIEL.

“Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of

the temple of Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, and his wives, and his concubines drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him so that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees smote one against the other. . . And in that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldæans, slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom."

After the capture it fared ill with Babylon. Darius slaughtered the people, crucified the nobles, broke down the walls. This was the beginning of the destruction of that mighty city. Long afterward it decayed and crumbled away, its people left it, its rich fields lay fallow. At last there came a time when there was no one left to live there; and ferns and weeds overgrew its palaces and its ruined wall, and foxes and jackals prowled through its lonely streets.

In our time we can not even tell where it stood. There is a place near the River Euphrates where men go to quarry stone. They find bricks there, and strange pieces of metal, and hard stones with queer marks on them which no one can understand; and hence some learned men suppose that this was the site of Babylon. It may be. But oh! to think that a time may come when men may grope through





DARIUS PASSING JUDGMENT ON CRIMINALS.

dust, and stones, and brushwood to find where the city of New York once stood ! and how paltry New York would have seemed by the side of Babylon !

A proud man, now, was King Darius, and very magnificent he looked in his palace, with his Persian nobles around him, all with long hair, and long robes, and glittering with gold and silver ; with his armies of bowmen and spearmen, all waiting the word from him to conquer more kingdoms for Persia ; with his thousands of slaves, and his thousands of beautiful wives, and his thousands of miles of country, where his word was law, and his frown was death. A proud man, indeed !

He was thinking what nation he should next conquer, when, riding out one day, he sprained his foot,

and was brought home very lame, very angry, and very hot. Round him forthwith clustered his phy-



PERSIAN OFFICER.

sicians, old and young—they were mostly Egyptians, and I dare say they knew as much of medicine as the Indian pow-wows—and fell to doctoring him. But the more they doctored the worse grew the king's ankle; he fumed, and chafed, and swore he would have the whole faculty crucified; but that did not mend his foot either.

While he was tossing about and growling, one of his wives crept to his couch and said,

“My lord, you have there among the slaves a Greek, who, they say, hath rare skill as a physician; I pray you let him be sent for, that he prove his art upon your hurt.”

King Darius growled that he did not care who the physician was, so he could relieve his dreadful pain. So they sent for the Greek—his name was DEMOCEDES—and he came, all in rags and chains, and very much frightened indeed at the sight of the great king. But, when he recovered heart, and especially when a hint was given him that if he did not do his best he would be strangled in five minutes, he fell to, like the Egyptians, and, being a better doctor than they, he cured the sprained ankle.

Darius, in his gratitude, loaded him with pres-

ents, and honors, and riches. When he had given him all the rewards he could think of, he asked Democedes if he would like any thing more. The Greek answered that, better than any treasures, he would like to see his dear home once more. But this the king would not hear of, and angrily bade him hold his peace.

Soon afterward one of the queens, ATOSSA, fell ill, and sent for Democedes, offering him any thing he chose to ask if he could restore her to health. Democedes was a very skillful doctor; he cured the queen, and when she asked what he chose as his reward, he said, as before,

“To see my own dear Greece once more before I die.”

Queen Atossa was an honorable woman, and cunning as well. She knew that Darius would never let Democedes go; so she made a plan to outwit him. She talked to him of his power, and his immense armies of bowmen and spearmen, and of the great glory won by his predecessor Cyrus; and she asked him, Would he not like to win glory too? And then, when Darius eagerly said he would, this cunning woman went on to say that he might conquer the Greeks, that famous people, who had so many ships, and had founded so many colonies, and built so many cities right under his majesty's nose. And Darius, fired by the idea, cried, Yes, he would conquer the Greeks.

Forthwith, still by Atossa's advice, he sent a ship to survey the Greek coasts, with the faithful Democedes as pilot. Of course, the faithful Democedes

never came back, but left the ship at the first Greek port, wishing his companions a pleasant voyage. And for this, King Darius swore doubly that he would conquer Greece.

First, he said, he would conquer Scythia, which was the country we call Turkey in Europe, and was inhabited by a number of savage races, who fought with each other constantly, and scalped each other like our Indians; who lived in tents, spent the day on horseback, and were very rough, brutal, and dirty in their habits.

To conquer these Scythians, Darius marched away with a prodigious army to the straits called the Hellespont (we call them the Dardanelles), which divide Europe from Asia. Over these straits he made a bridge by tying boats together, and laying beams and planks on the boats, and over this bridge his great army crossed.

At the bridge he left a party of Greeks from the cities in Asia, bidding them guard the passage. To their leader he gave a cord with sixty knots in it, and bade him untie one knot each day that the army was gone; if the army had not returned on the sixtieth day, then to break down the bridge.

Away marched Darius with his swarm of Persians into the Scythian country. On the morning of each day after he set off, the Greek commander at the bridge untied a knot; and at last he untied the sixtieth knot, and there were still no signs of King Darius. He was going to break down the bridge, according to the command of the king, when horsemen came riding in furiously with news that

King Darius had been dreadfully unlucky in his expedition, that his army was wasted away, and that the king was flying for his life with those who remained toward the bridge. The king's orders were on no account to break down the bridge.

Then said MILTIADES, an Athenian, and the chief ruler of the Greek colonies on the strait,

“I am for breaking down the bridge. If we do, King Darius and his army will be destroyed, and the Greek cities will be free once more. It is a chance that we may never have again.”

But the chief rulers of other Greek cities were there too, and they reasoned together and said, “If we break down the bridge, and destroy King Darius, the next thing will be that our people will rise up against us, and be for setting up republics once more.” And they concluded that the bridge must not be broken down.

Miltiades could not prevail against them, and, knowing what he had to expect after having given such counsel, he made his escape as fast as he could out of the country. The bridge was left standing, and when Darius returned in a very forlorn and woeful plight, having found among the Scythians more hard knocks and unwholesome air than any thing else, he and all his army crossed safely over the bridge, and got back into Asia.

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So end the legends and fables of Greece. Henceforth we shall have history.



In these later legends there is, no doubt, much fact mixed with the fable. I have no doubt, for instance, that Solon, and Peisistratus, and Cleisthenes, and Cleomenes, and some others I have mentioned, were real characters, and performed most, if not all, of the actions which the legend ascribes to them, though, from the want of written histories in their time, or in the times following them, we can not be certain of any thing that is said of them.

If you wish to understand the Greek people, you must bear in mind that they believed from first to last all the fables and legends which I have told you. They were taught to think that the gods lived on Mount Olympus; that the Titans had fought with them; that there had been Centaurs and Amazons, and winged horses and Harpies, and giants and dragons; that Hercules had slain the Hydra, and Theseus the Minotaur; that Achilles could only be wounded in the heel; that Ulysses had blinded the Cyclops; that Œdipus had killed his father and married his mother; that Aristomenes had got out of the pit by clinging to the fox's tail; that Epimenides had slept fifty-seven years in a cave; that the oracle at Delphi knew what Croesus was doing, though he was hundreds of miles away; and all the other stories, just as you are taught to believe the inspired history which is written in the WORD OF GOD. And I make no doubt but the Greeks, as a people, believed these fables and legends just as devoutly and sincerely as people in our time believe the accounts of the Jews which are contained in the BIBLE.

Long after the time at which history begins, wise and learned Greeks saw the impossibility of the old fables, and tried to explain them away. They said, for instance, that Theseus was a great statesman, and the Minotaur a Cretan general; that Cecrops (who, as you remember, had the tail of a dragon) had no tail, but was a bold mariner, and a pilgrim father to Greece; that Helen had nothing to do with the siege of Troy, but that the Greeks coveted the Trojan fields; and so on throughout. This is a plan which some modern writers have followed.

The Greek people did not like it, nor do I.

It is absolutely impossible to find out the truth touching those old, old times, when there was no writing and no records of any kind. All the learning, and wisdom, and genius in the world can not discover one single certain fact in the history of those hidden ages. To try, therefore, to make history out of the fables and legends which floated out of their darkness into the light of later days, seems to me a very thankless and sorry task.

I have given you the fables and legends as they were given to the Greeks. If I have succeeded in preserving as much of the original as I have sought to preserve, you must have been struck by their beauty. Admire them on this account; learn from them how rich the Greek fancy was, and how simple the faith of the Greek people; but do not mistake them for history.

# PART SECOND.

## HISTORY.

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### CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE REVOLT IN ASIA.

**I** NOW begin the real history of Greece. From this time forth, I suppose that the account I have to give you of the Greeks is as true as the history of the United States.

You remember the Greek colonies in Asia—how rich and prosperous they were, and how, after being independent for a long time, they had been attacked by the Lydians first, and the Persians afterward, and forced to pay tribute to both. Over each city the Persians had set a governor, who was generally a Greek, but a renegade, who cared nothing for his people or for freedom, and only thought of power for himself.

Such a one was ARISTAGORAS, the governor of Miletus, an ambitious, false-hearted man, who was always scheming to win the favor of King Darius, and get more power and honors. One day this fellow bethought himself that there, right in front of Miletus, stood the fine, rich island of Naxos, which was independent, and paid no tribute to the Persians. Thought he, "If I could annex Naxos to the

Persian empire, King Darius would surely make me a great man."

So he started off directly, and went to Sardis, and said there to Artaphernes, who was head governor of all Asia Minor, "Let me have a few ships, and I will make Naxos a Persian island."

Artaphernes was pleased with the idea, and gave him two hundred ships, and no end of soldiers. With these, Aristagoras set sail without the least warning to the people of Naxos, and lay off a neighboring island waiting for a fair wind. But, being a foolish, headstrong man, as well as a traitor, he contrived, directly after sailing, to quarrel with the chief captain of the fleet, who, being a traitor likewise, revenged himself by going over to Naxos and telling the Naxians what was in store for them. They made swift haste to defend themselves; and, being brave, stout men, when the fleet did come, they beat it all to pieces. So, thanks to these two rogues' quarrels, Naxos was saved, and the expedition which was to make the fortune of Aristagoras was a complete failure.

It was, he knew, a bad business for him; for Artaphernes was quite likely to cut off his head by way of a warning to other ambitious Greeks. To help himself out of the difficulty, he resolved to turn traitor to the Persians.

He had a father-in-law, HISTLÆUS, who was uncommonly like him in character. He was a Greek too, and a renegade; he was the man who had prevented the bridge over the Hellespont being broken down. He had hoped, like Aristagoras, to make

his fortune by rendering this great service to Darius; but the king saw through him, and would not trust him. Soured and disappointed, Histiaëus thought a while what he should do; then calling one of his slaves, he shaved his head, branded on the scalp a few words, kept him till the hair grew again, then sent him to Aristagoras.

This very patient slave went accordingly to Miletus, and, having shaved his head again, showed the words branded on the skin to Aristagoras. They were a hint to the latter to rouse the Greeks against Darius. That was just what Aristagoras was plotting at that very moment.

He waited no longer, but sent messengers to all the Greek cities, calling on the Greeks to rise, and shake off the Persian yoke, and be free once more. Like one man, the Greeks arose. City after city burst into revolt, drove out its Persian governor, mustered its fighting men, and gave notice to the world that it would have no more to do with King Darius.

Aristagoras, bent upon beating the Persians if it could be done, took ship, sailed to Sparta, and begged for help from the Spartans. He took with him a map engraven on a brass tablet, on which were marked all the countries of Asia, and Greece, and Africa; and when he showed it to the Spartans, he said that these countries of Asia, which the Greeks could certainly conquer if they all took part in the war, were so wealthy that the plunder of a single city would enrich every man in Sparta.

But CLEOMENES, the Spartan king, a cool-headed, shrewd man, simply asked,



"How far from the sea is this city you would have us take?"

"Only three months' journey," was the answer.

"Stranger," said the wise old Spartan, who knew how hard it is to feed an army for three months in a strange country, "leave Sparta before sunset: you are no friend of ours if you would have us march three months inland."

Aristagoras, not discouraged by this rebuff, went to the house of Cleomenes and tried to bribe him. He offered him a large sum of money; when this was refused, he offered a larger; when Cleomenes still held out, he increased the sum again, till the king's daughter, a quick child, cried, "Oh, father, you had best go away, or this stranger will corrupt you." After which Aristagoras made great haste to leave Sparta.

He went to Athens and said the same things there. The Athenians were less prudent than the Spartans, and were not very friendly to the Persians, who had talked of sending Hippias back to Athens with a Persian army. They said, when they heard of the revolt in Asia, that it did not become them to allow their kinsmen to be oppressed without helping them; so they gave Aristagoras twenty ships, to which the people of Eretria, in Eubœa, added five.

With these he sailed back, and the war began. Before the Persians knew of the rebellion, a great body of Greeks, with the Athenians among them, made a dash at Sardis, took it, and, the houses being lightly built and covered with thatch, burned it to the ground. Up then rose the Persians in a terrible



EARLY GREEK ARMOR.

rage, as you may fancy. King Darius shot an arrow on high, and prayed to his god to give him life to punish Athens. Down upon the victorious Greeks swooped the boldest of the Persians, fought them, and drove them back from Sardis to the sea. The Athenians soon got tired of the war and went home; but Darius, fearing that he might forget them, bade one of his body-guard say to him three times every day of his life, Master, remember the Athenians!

Meanwhile the fighting went on at a furious rate in Asia. King Darius had more than ten times as many fighting men as the Greeks; all their cities were besieged, and every little army they raised was attacked, and beaten, and hunted down, till it was utterly destroyed. Very manfully did the poor Greeks fight; but what could they do against so many?

Those wretched traitors, Aristagoras and Histæus, were traitors to the last. The former, seeing how things were going, ran away, leaving the Greeks to their fate, but was killed in a brawl on landing in Thrace. Histæus, a deeper villain by far, pretended to be very much shocked at the idea of the Greeks rising; he asked Artaphernes to give him command of a Persian army against them, intending, of course, to betray the army to the Greeks. But Artaphernes saw through his villainy. He said quietly, "It was you who made the shoe, Aristagoras only wears it." This was quite enough for Histæus, who got out of reach directly, and offered his services to the Greeks. They declaring they would have nothing to do with him, he set up on his own account, as a pirate, on some lonely isle, and did much mischief, till one lucky day he fell into the hands of Artaphernes, and was beheaded, as he richly deserved.

Without their leaders, without a single strong city, without an army that could stand against the clouds of Persians, the bold Greeks did not give up. They took to their ships, put their treasure on board, and cruised off the coast of Asia. They had a great number of ships, and very good ones; and their sailors were so superior to the Persians that it seemed at one time as though all was not lost. But an enemy worse than the Persians now attacked them. This was jealousy.

All these Greek cities in Asia, like the states of Greece, and the several United States of America, were independent communities, joined together for the purpose of fighting the Persians, but acknowl-

edging no common head. Now the fleet no sooner began to manœuvre, and the sailors to drill under the hot sun, than the men of one city declared they would not obey the orders of the chief of another. The chiefs quarreled, and the men quarreled; no two divisions of the fleet could agree upon any one thing; and instead of steady, earnest preparations for the coming fight with the Persian fleet, there was nothing heard on board the Greek ships but noise and talk, and wranglings and brawls.

You know what the consequence of this was sure to be. When the Persian fleet sailed up in order of battle, and attacked the fleets off the island of Lade, half the Greek ships sailed away out of the fight, there was no good understanding among those which remained, and the Persians utterly defeated them.

This battle ended the war. The Greeks were now beaten on sea as well as on land; they had not a city or a ship left. With bloody rage did the Persian chiefs avenge the burning of Sardis. Some of the Greek cities they pulled down and destroyed. Others they left standing; but the grown up men they savagely slew in cold blood; the girls and boys they sold as slaves. All over the bright coast, where the Greeks had been so happy and so prosperous, hung a deep black cloud; under the cloud were ruin, and blood, and desolation.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## MARATHON.

**T**HRICE a day, at the royal dinner of the mighty King of the Medes and Persians, a slave cried aloud, "Master, remember the Athenians!" And King Darius, in the midst of his pomp and his power, remembered them well.

So well that when he had gathered an army, and equipped it with bows and spears, he set his son-in-law, MARDONIUS, over it as general, and bade him go conquer Greece. Off went Mardonius, in high spirits, crossed the Hellespont, and marched along bravely through the country we call Turkey to the borders of Macedon. Before winter, said he to his officers, we shall have done the business, and shall go home to Susa in glory.

But the stormy winds of the restless Ægean said no. And the rough savages who haunted the Thracian hills said no. And, louder than either, the men of Macedon, bristling up on rock and crag, said no.

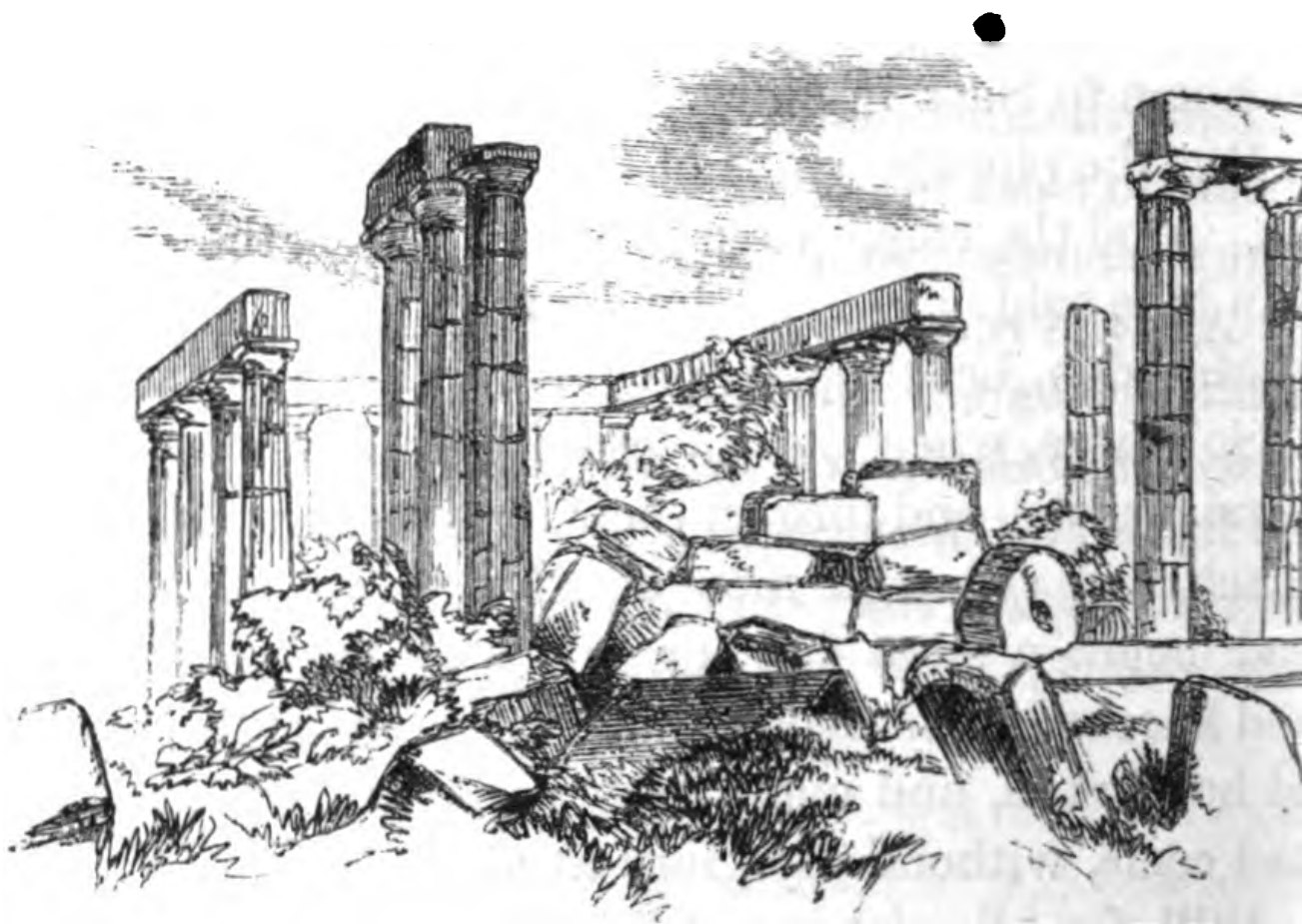
So it was, when the waves had swallowed up the Persian ships, and thrown their battered hulks on the beach, and the wild men of Thrace and Macedon had fought a stout fight or two with their visitors, and knocked them about, that Mardonius sadly turned homeward, and made haste to return whence he had come, without any glory at all.

Still, for all mishaps of this kind, the slave kept



King Darius. To give earth and water was to acknowledge subjection ; but so great was the fame of the Persians, and so feeble did the Greeks feel themselves to be, that very many of the States gave them earth and water directly.

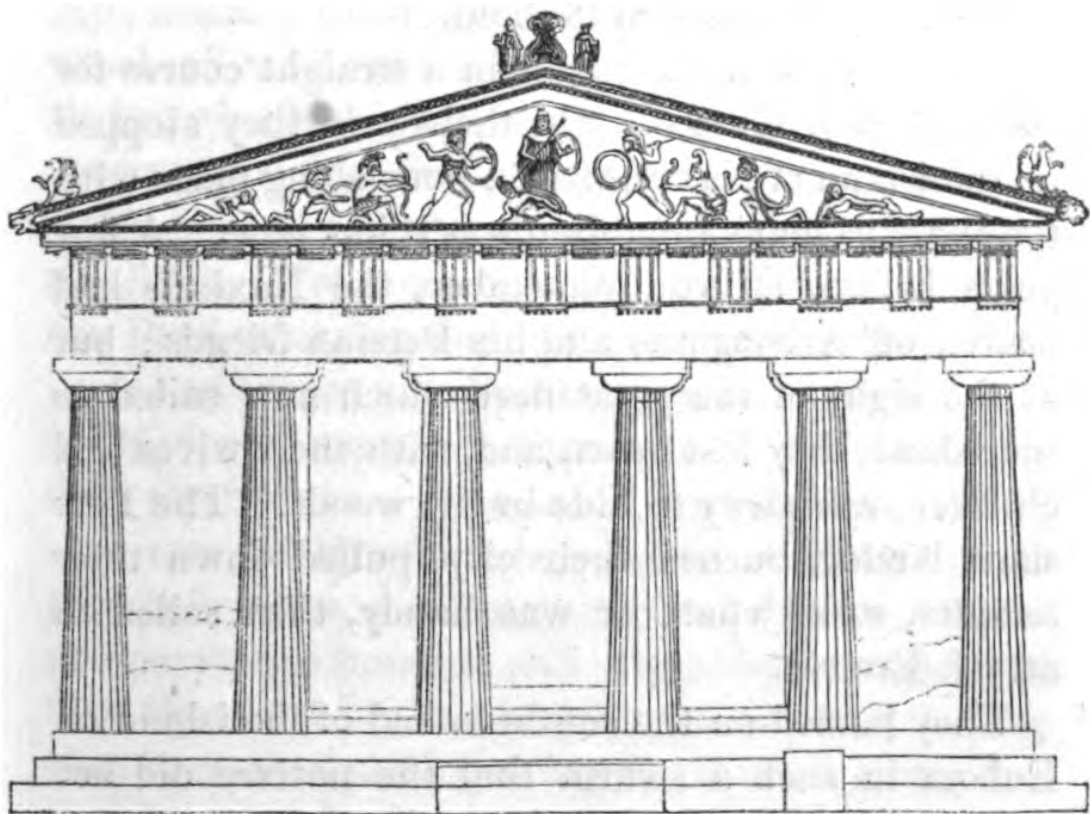
But the herald who went to Sparta had hardly delivered his message, when the Spartans rose in fury, and threw him into a well, bidding him take earth and water from thence. And the Athenians in like manner, had their herald hurled into a deep pit, as if he had been a common murderer. Both nations afterward repented of these cruel acts ; but at the time, so enraged were they at the insolence



TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT AEGINA.

of the Persian message that not a voice was raised to save the heralds.

More than this, when the Athenians heard that their neighbors in the rich island of Ægina had sent earth and water to Darius, they accused them before the Spartans of having betrayed the cause of Greece. King CLEOMENES, of Sparta, said directly that the Æginetans must be looked after. They had a friend in the other Spartan king, whose name was DEMARATUS; he contrived to thwart Cleomenes for a while; but, in the end, Cleomenes wisely bought up the oracle of Delphi, persuaded it to declare that Demaratus was not the son of his father (his mother had been sold by her first husband to her second, as often happened at Sparta); and in this way he



TEMPLE OF ÆGINA RESTORED.

carried his point, Demaratus was driven out of the country, and Cleomenes crossed over to Ægina with a party of Spartans to bring the Æginetans to their senses. He put none of them to death, but seized ten of their leading men, and sent them to Athens as hostages for the good behavior of their fellow-countrymen.

This business had hardly been settled when news arrived in Greece that the Persians were coming. King Darius had fitted out a fleet of six hundred ships, filled them with fighting men, and given the command to his two bravest generals, DATIS and ARTAPHERNES. His orders were to burn the cities of Athens and Eretria, and to bring all the living citizens of both in chains to Susa. For fear of accident, he commanded that each ship should take abundance of chains in its hold.

Away sailed the Persians in a straight course for the shores of Greece. On their way they stopped at the island of Naxos, then a flourishing place with ten times as many inhabitants as it has now. A few years before, as you remember, the Naxians had beaten off Aristagoras and his Persian friends; but at the sight of the great fleet which now sailed to the island, they lost heart, and, with their wives and children, ran away to hide in the woods. The Persians landed, burned their city, pulled down their temples, stole whatever was handy, then sailed to attack Eretria.

They landed on the southern end of the island of Eubœa in such a swarm that the natives did not even think of resisting them. At the sound of their

footsteps, men, women, and children ran to the woods. Eretria—then a pretty large and strong place, as you may judge from its broken ruins to-day—held out for a week. It might have held out longer but for two villains among its citizens, who sold their souls to the Persians, and opened the gates. Datis and Artaphernes well remembered the command of the king, and religiously obeyed it. With fire and crowbar they destroyed the city; all whom they did not slay among its people they put in chains, and led safely back to their ships.

When some breathless fugitive, with dusty clothes and torn feet, arrived at Athens, and told the people that the great and happy city of Eretria was no more, and that the Persians were coming to attack Athens next, there was no dismay or fear among the Athenians. Their ten generals had been chosen, as usual, all men good and true, and among them Miltiades, who had lately escaped from the Hellespont, ARISTEIDES the Just, THEMISTOCLES the Ready. Their men-at-arms were equipped and prepared for the fight. Not over nine thousand in all to meet the Persian multitude; but they were men of great heart, and there was Sparta besides.

Off ran a courier to Sparta with the news, bidding the Spartans come in all haste to save Athens—ran so swiftly (think how he loved his country!) that before the third morning had dawned he was at Sparta, one hundred and fifty miles from Athens. The Spartans heard his tale; then, coolly saying that it wanted yet a few days of the full moon, and that it was unlucky to march before then, they bade

him hie to Athens, and bid the Athenians expect them in a week or so.

Mighty little thought of luck or the moon took Miltiades as he marshaled his nine thousand, and warned them that they must trust in themselves, and themselves alone. At the last moment, another thousand stout men marched up from Plataea—the brave little city—and said they had come to stand or fall with their brothers from Athens. So now there were ten thousand in all, not quite one Greek to ten Persians; but nobody stopped to count.

There was a sinking of the heart and a choking of the throat among the wives and mothers of Athens when a sentinel came riding in with the news that the Persian ships had run into the Bay of Marathon, and that the soldiers were disembarking on the plain in such crowds that they covered the beach. Now, now had come the moment that was to decide whether the Greeks were to be made slaves or free.

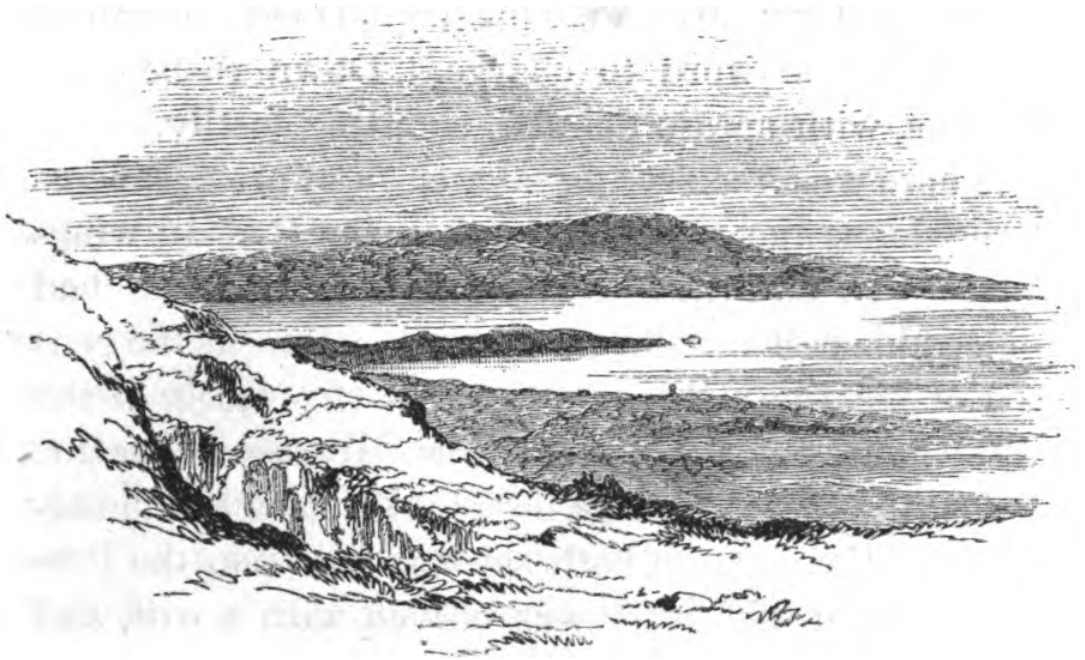


MILTIADES.

Said Miltiades, "We must march down and attack the Persians at Marathon." Some of the generals were afraid of so bold a plan as this, but five said, with Miltiades, "We must march." And they set out.

It was a day's journey from Athens over a mountain road, and the little army had plenty of time to think over all they had heard of the tremendous power of the Persians, the bravery of their troops, and the strength





THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

of their weapons. Each of that ten thousand, I dare say, wondered in his own mind, on that day's march, what would become of his home and his little ones if, in the fight, one Greek did not prove better than ten Persians.

But none of these thoughts shook the nerves of the little band, or changed their purpose. On they marched till they came in sight of the sea; then, as they wound round the mountain steep, they saw, full in view, the thick columns of Persians drawn up on the beach, all glittering under the bright sun. There must have been many a laugh and many a jibe among the Persians, as they, on their side, watched the little group of Greeks creep out from the road, and draw up in order of battle.

It was no time for doubting or talking. While the Persians were thinking how they should manage to surround the Athenians, so as to prevent any of

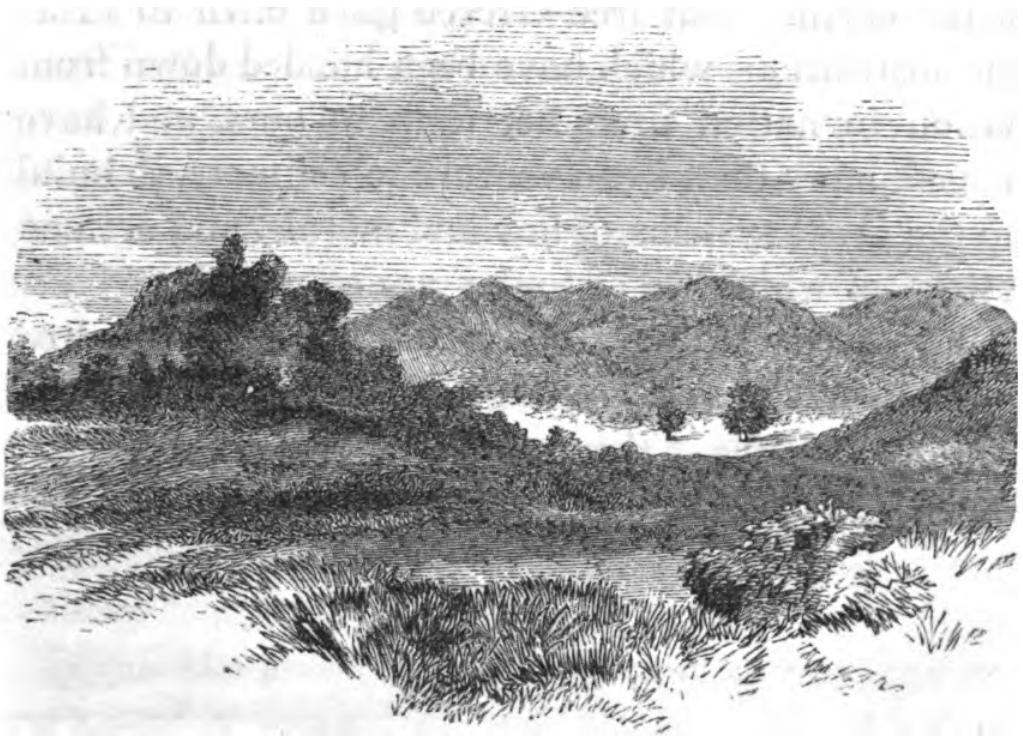
them escaping, Miltiades hastily formed his ranks, and gave the word to charge. Down rushed the Greeks, with spears pointed, shouting lustily.

There was a short tussle, a clash of arms, a fierce struggle, as the ranks met; then the Persian wings gave way, and the Athenian centre. Datis had placed his best men in great solid masses in the centre of his line; they alone stood the shock of the Athenian charge. But this was only for a moment. When the Persian wings broke, Miltiades commanded the Athenians on both sides to fall upon the Persian centre; the order was obeyed with a will, and the last of the Persians were driven in tumult to their ships.

“Burn them! burn the ships!” cried Miltiades; and to the water’s edge ran the Athenians, with burning brands, and set fire to seven Persian ships. But the rest were saved. On board their ships the Persians fought desperately, chopping off the hands of the Greeks who caught at them as they shoved off; and so, after a hard fight, they got out to sea.

The victory was won. The Persians had hardly sailed, however, when Miltiades perceived a shining shield on the top of a high mountain near by. He guessed at once that this must be a signal, and, calling to his men, asked them if they had strength enough left to march to Athens that evening? With one voice they answered, Yes.

And off they started, over these weary twenty-two or three miles of mountain road once more. Stout men they must have been, and brave hearts, for they got to Athens before the night was far advanced,



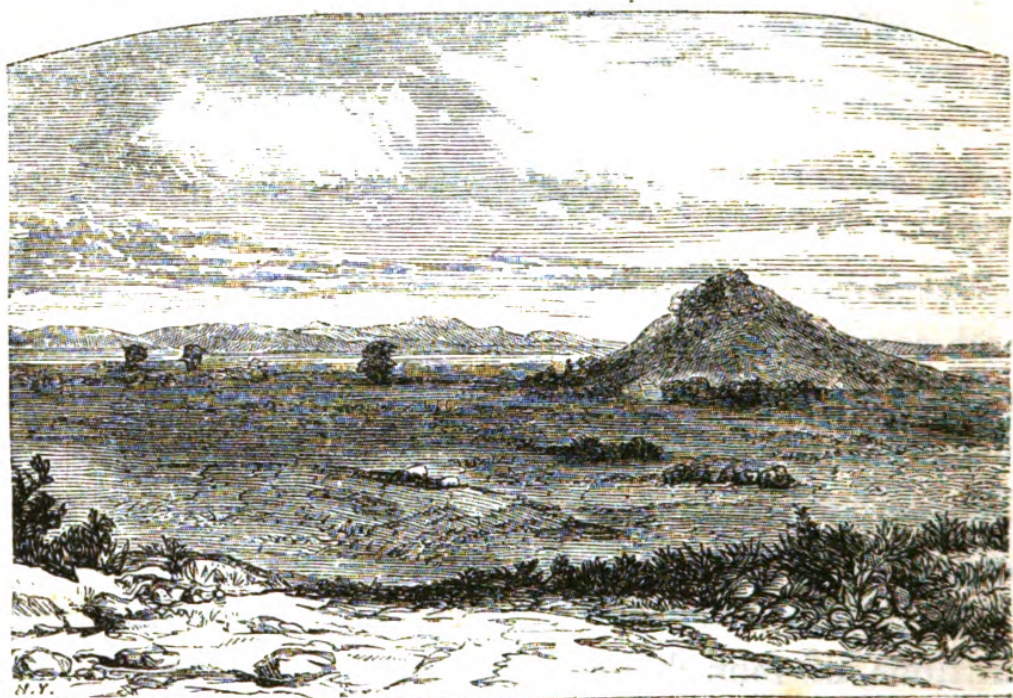
THE MOUND AT MARATHON.

and saw, as Miltiades had suspected, the Persians sailing up the bay to attack the city. But the Persians saw them too, and, having had enough for one day, sailed off, and steered for the islands of the *Ægean*, and from thence home.

So Athens was saved. Nearly one hundred generations of men have followed each other on the earth since the battle of Marathon was fought; the old Greeks have passed out of life, and a new nation of Greeks has just been born; the Persians have rotted away, and trouble no one; but the moral results of that battle are felt by all of us to this hour. I do not know what the consequences might not have been had the Persians won the victory. Of all the countries which they did subdue, not one has ever raised its head since. The Persian dominions have been a blotch—an unwholesome sore—on the face

of the earth. But free Greece gave birth to ideas and institutions which have been handed down from nation to nation from her time to ours, and have helped, more than I can venture to estimate, to build up the great systems of law and morals, and art and letters, of which we of to-day are so proud.

There, on the plain of Marathon, a few hundred yards from the sea, you may still see the mound of earth which the Athenians raised as a monument



THE PLAIN AND TUMULUS OF MARATHON.

to the one hundred and ninety-two brave men who fell in the battle. Twenty-three hundred years ago it bore their names inscribed on pillars at its base; but these long ago crumbled into dust, leaving the mound and their glory to tell the tale of the dead. On dark and windy nights, say the Greek peasants, when the east wind blows over the Ægean isles, Persian ghosts come to fight the battle over again.



Their ships run through the surf into the sand; their archers leap ashore, and Datis marshals the spearmen in a shadowy line above the water-mark. From yonder hills Miltiades sweeps down with a ghostly band of heroes; if you listen closely, you may hear their war-cry above the moaning of the wind; you may catch the faint sound of the struggle; and, when the fight is over, you may hear the snorting of the Persian horses, and the dreadful groans of the dying. But you must not stop to listen, unless you are afraid of neither ghosts nor robbers.

Beside the great mound to the slain, the Athenians raised a monument to Miltiades. They loaded him with honors, and paid him respect above all citizens of the republic. In their boundless gratitude, they could refuse him nothing.

So, when he said he wanted a fleet of ships and an army for a secret expedition, they gave him both, without asking whither the expedition was bound, or what it was to do. Miltiades asked for it; that was enough.

The fleet sailed, and when it was fairly at sea, Miltiades signaled the ships to head for Paros. At Paros lived a private enemy of Miltiades; and this man, who had been so great in the hour of danger, was so little in this his hour of triumph, that he had fitted out the expedition solely in order to satisfy his private spite against his enemy. He landed on the island, but, the Parians defending themselves bravely, he could not take the city, and consumed his force in vain attacks. A priestess of some temple offer-





LEADEN SLING-BULLETS AND ARROW-HEADS FOUND AT ATHENS, MARATHON, AND LEONTINI.

ing to betray it to him, he went at night to meet her; but in climbing a wall, he fell and bruised his thigh so badly that he had to be carried away. The expedition then sailed back to Athens.

On his arrival there, Miltiades was called to account for having deceived the people and wasted the resources of the state. It was plain enough that he had done both, and had incurred the penalty of the Athenian law, which was death. But when his friends brought him before the judges on a couch, showed them that he lay at death's door from his wound, which was beginning to mortify, and reminded them that, whatever faults he had committed, he was still the conqueror of Marathon, and had rendered a service to Athens which she could not repay, the judges were softened, and agreed to spare his life on condition that he paid a heavy fine. Soon after the sentence Miltiades died, and the fine was paid by his son CIMON.

There is a fine moral in his story. Had he been able to control his passions ~~and~~ forget his private

hatreds, he would have left one of the most glorious names in history. He could not resist the temptation of using his power for bad purposes, and hence, conqueror of Marathon and savior of Greece as he was, he died a convict, justly reproached and condemned by his countrymen.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THERMOPYLÆ.

**T**HERE was no need of a slave now to remind King Darius of the Athenians. He knew pretty well, now, where they lived, and what sort of people they were; I shouldn't wonder if the name of Marathon had grown quite familiar to his ears; for he swore a great oath that neither he nor any of his successors on the royal throne of Persia should take rest till Greece had been conquered, and the insolent Athenians dragged in chains to Susa.

He had bidden his courtiers bear witness to his oath; he had sent swift messengers to the governors of all his countless provinces, to charge them bring him troops for a new expedition; he had counted the cost, and planned the way, when, suddenly, one day, he died. His great scheme was near dying with him, for his son and successor XERXES, a tall, handsome boy, with very little vigor and very little wit, felt no anger against the Greeks, and was more inclined to lead an easy life among the beautiful ladies of his court at Susa than to make war in distant countries.

But the Persian nobles, who had borne witness to the oath of King Darius, said that it must be fulfilled. They said that the king's honor required him to conquer Greece. They reminded him of the glory of his grandfather Cyrus (his mother Atossa was a

daughter of Cyrus) and of his father Darius; and they asked him, Would he not like to be glorious too? Above all, Mardonius, who was smarting still under his disappointment, prayed and implored him to make one effort more for the fame of Persia and for his father's sake.

Xerxes allowed himself to be talked over by these friends of his, and, after some delay, gave orders for the assembling of the largest body of troops that had ever been gathered together in the Persian empire. To collect them all, and prepare for the invasion, took many years; meanwhile, some changes took place in Greece.

Cleomenes, King of Sparta, had come to a sad end. His corrupt bargain with the oracle at Delphi, which I mentioned in the last chapter, became known, and great disgrace fell upon him in consequence. He left Sparta for a time; but, being recalled, he took to drinking, and killed himself in a drunken fit.

After his death, the Æginetans sent to Athens for their ten citizens; and the Athenians showing no desire to give them up, war was declared between Ægina and Athens. Now Ægina, as you remember, was famous for its shipping; like most islanders, the Æginetans were bold and skillful mariners, trained from their childhood to sail on the stormy Ægean. Athens, on the contrary, had but few ships. Her people could fight well, as you have seen, on land, but on sea they were helpless enough.

Themistocles now said that if Athens intended to triumph in the war with Ægina she must have

ships to conquer Ægina.

Said Aristides, "Athens needs no ships; they are a useless expense; let us keep our money and our men to defend our city on land."

Between these two opinions the contest was long and warm. But Themistocles won at last, and, as there was plenty of money in the treasury, orders were given to build two hundred ships, and twenty more every year to come. Thanks to these ships, Ægina began to get the worst of the war.

Aristides was not silenced by his defeat. He and Themistocles became greater rivals than ever; whatever the one proposed, the other opposed; nothing was heard at Athens but the noise of their disputes and wranglings. Aristides, as I told you, was called The Honest. He was very poor, but so incorruptible a man that, though he filled the highest offices of state, and might easily have made a fortune—as most of the Athenian politicians did when they had a chance—he scorned the temptation, and gave his whole soul to the public business. Themistocles was a very different character. He was a man of genius; quick, ready, and bold; much abler as a leader than Aristides, but rather fond of money, like most of his countrymen, and not particular as to how he came by it.

The rivalry between the pair now became so troublesome and so hurtful to Athens that Aristides said openly that, if the Athenians knew their



own interests, they would throw them both into the murderers' pit. They did not do this; but they resolved to get rid of one of the two rivals by the plan called ostracism. On the day appointed, all the Athenian citizens met together, and each wrote on a shell the name of the one he thought the least useful. When the shells were counted, it appeared that there were more than six thousand shells marked "Aristides," and accordingly, as the law declared, he was sent into exile for ten years.

The story goes that he was standing by when the votes were being cast, and that a farmer who could not write asked him to write on a shell for him the name of Aristides. The honest Athenian smiled, and asked what fault he found in Aristides, that he should seek to exile him? To which the farmer answered that he found no fault with Aristides, but he couldn't bear to hear him always called the Honest, as though no one else at Athens was honest but this one man. Without a word, says the story, Aristides wrote his own name on the shell and threw it into the cask.

You may believe the story if you like, and the farmer's reason, if you think it a likely one. Honest as he was, I doubt whether Aristides would have been as useful to Athens as Themistocles proved; perhaps the Athenians guessed as much.

While these disputes were going on at Athens, the Persians were working might and main for their great enterprise. Every governor in the whole empire had been commanded to send his best soldiers to Sardis; and in Egypt and Mesopotamia, special

messengers had been employed in buying up corn and supplies for the army. Nothing was talked of or thought of throughout Persia but the great invasion of Greece, which was to cover King Xerxes with glory.

You have read, perhaps, of the preparations which were made forty-four years ago by the French Emperor Napoleon for the invasion of Russia; of the numbers of nations which sent troops to march under him; of the concourse of fighting men from almost every country in Europe; of the vast quantities of provisions which were stored at places on the way; of the millions and millions of money that were screwed out of the miserable people of Europe to pay the way for this immense army—well, all these were nothing to the preparations which Xerxes made for the conquest of Greece. Forty-six nations sent their bravest warriors to serve under him. There were men of all colors, white, red, tawny, and black; of all costumes, from the long-robed Persians to the African savages whose only garment was a coat of paint; of all arms, from the short Median spear and wicker shield, to the stone-tipped arrows of the Ethiops, and the charred clubs of the Libyans. There were men on foot, on horseback, on elephants, on camels, in ships, and in boats. \_How many there were I can not say. The Greeks believed that, including sailors and camp servants, the whole number was over five millions; but this is probably far beyond the truth. It is said that when Xerxes wanted to count his forces, he made ten thousand men stand as close together as they could,

then marked the space they occupied. This space was then walled in, and more soldiers marched into the inclosure until it was filled. This operation was repeated one hundred and seventy times. Accordingly, the number of the foot-soldiers was said to be one million seven hundred thousand. I do not think this story true ; but still, there is no doubt the army was enormous, probably the largest ever seen in the world.

And now it marched out from Sardis to conquer Greece. Xerxes was in the centre of the host, guarded by a thousand horsemen armed with gold-hilted spears, and followed by ten thousand Persian horse, and ten thousand Persian infantry, who were called the Immortals, because their strength was always kept up to the same number.

If there were any men in that great army who thought as men do to-day, they must have left Sardis with very sad hearts. An old citizen of the place, whose name was PYTHIOS, had offered Xerxes money for his expedition. The king asked him how rich he was? Pythios answered that he lacked but seven thousand to have four million pieces of gold, besides land and slaves ; that the latter were quite enough for him, and that he would gladly give his gold to the king. Xerxes thanked him, but, instead of taking it, gave him the seven thousand gold pieces he said he lacked. Then the old man, grown bold by the kind manner of the king, fell on his knees and besought a favor. Xerxes bade him speak. He said, " O king, I have five sons, all of whom are in your army. I am growing old ; I

pray you let the eldest of the five stay with me to comfort mine old age, and let his four brothers go with the army." At this Xerxes flew into a great rage. "Wretch!" cried he, "dar'st thou speak of thy son when I am marching to Greece?" And he bade the old man's eldest son be seized and cut in two; the halves of his body he hung up on gibbets on either side the way through which the army was to march. A bad beginning, you will think.

Three years before, he had sent engineers to build a bridge across the Hellespont. The bridge had been built according to the orders of the king; but the winds, which were not under his orders, had blown it down. For this Xerxes had the engineers beheaded. As the sea had something to do with the matter too, Xerxes had it lashed with strong whips, and a pair of fetters thrown into it, to teach it better behavior in future; and one of his chief men told it to its face, "Thou bitter sea, the king Xerxes will cross thee, whether thou wilt or no!" which must have vexed it a good deal, I think.

Instead of one bridge, two were now built, and over these the great army crossed. You may judge how many men there were from the fact that the army was seven days and seven nights in crossing, though the bridges were always choked with soldiers, and officers stood with whips on either side driving the troops on.

Then the march to Greece began, through the country we call Turkey, the fleet accompanying by sea, and passing through a canal which had been cut through the neck of land on which Mount

Athos stands. To every city on the way Xerxes had sent word that he would dine there on such a day ; and so vast was the quantity of food required that many cities were ruined by that single meal.

In Greece there was great commotion and alarm. Several states, as usual, sent earth and water to Xerxes ; but Sparta and Athens stood out boldly for Greece. Themistocles, who was the soul of Athens at this time, wrought with wonderful energy to unite all the Greek States together against the great enemy. He set the example of noble-mindedness by agreeing that a Spartan should command the fleet, though the Athenians had furnished ten times as many ships as Sparta. But many states hung back, some from fear, some from jealousy. Argos hated Sparta too much to fight on the same side ; Thebes was too jealous of Athens to aid her ; and most of the northern states were too much afraid of the Persians to say that their souls were own.

Still Sparta and Athens were firm as a rock. Their motto was No Surrender ; and the more they heard of the might of Xerxes' army, the sterner grew their courage. In the dreadful moment of suspense before the armies met, the allies sent to Delphi to consult the oracle ; and the priests, being no doubt scared out of their senses, answered incoherently that it was all over with Greece. But the oracle was afterward induced to think twice on the matter (I shouldn't wonder if Themistocles had sent the priests a private message), and, on second thoughts, it gave an answer which was more stupid

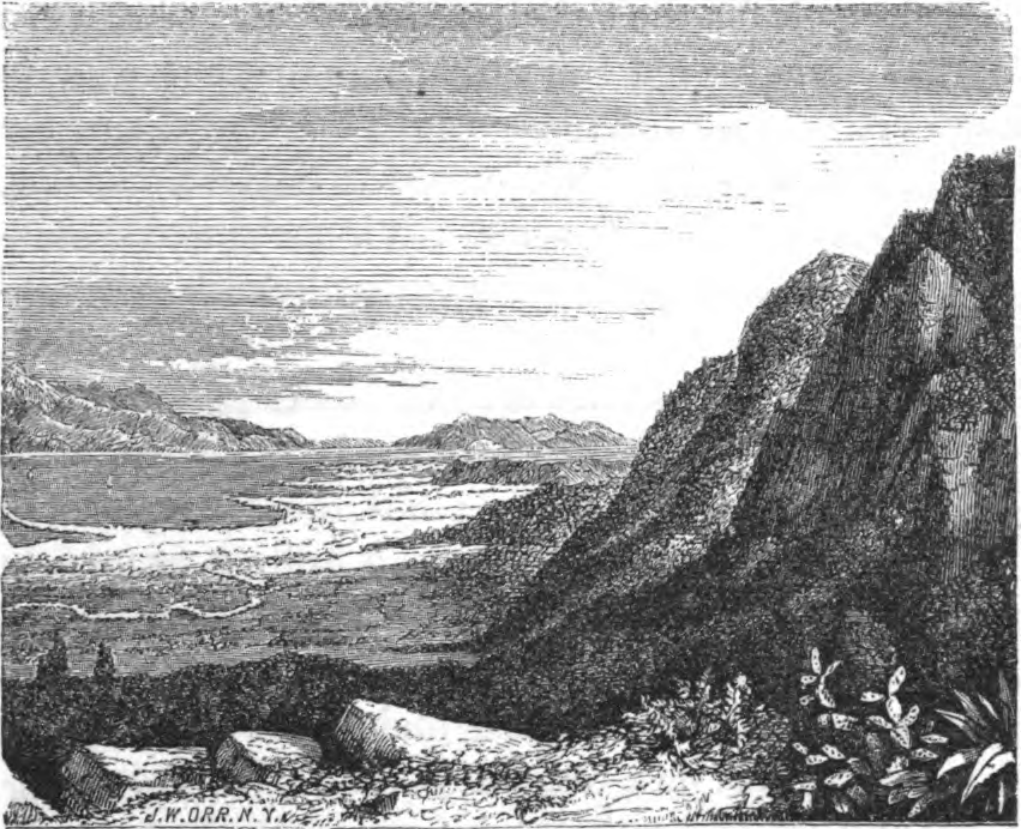


and more hard to understand than the last, but in which it seemed to say that wooden walls were a good thing. Themistocles found out directly that wooden walls meant ships, and that the oracle had foretold that the Greek fleet would overcome the Persians, which mightily encouraged the Athenians and Spartans.

Meanwhile the Persians were marching on and on down through Thessaly toward Doris and Phocis. While the people of Peloponnesus were keeping the Olympic festival, news reached them that the Persians were close on the borders of Doris. The Spartans were too superstitious to give up their sacred games; but, in great haste, a small band of soldiers, some seven thousand in all, were sent off to keep the Pass of Thermopylæ.

On the boundary line between Thessaly and the southern states of Greece a high ridge of mountains ran nearly to the sea. On the water's edge spread a deep bog through which troops could not pass. Between this bog and the high mountain side was the narrow pass which was called the Pass of Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates, from the hot springs which were found there. It was this pass which the Spartans and their allies were sent to guard, under the command of King LEONIDAS.

They arrived in time, and threw up an earth wall to defend the pass; then they saw at a distance the clouds and clouds of dust which were raised by the multitude of Persians marching from the north. Almost at the same moment, some Phocians told Leonidas that there was another pass, by a mountain



VIEW OF THERMOPYLÆ.

road inland, over which the Persians might cross. Leonidas bade them go guard it. When they had gone, and the Spartans saw the great line of Persians swelling and lengthening out beyond the horizon, they said, “We had best retreat, and make one grand effort to guard Corinth.” But Leonidas answered that not a man should stir from thence, save a few messengers whom he sent to Sparta and Athens to beg for help. .

Now the Persians are opposite the pass. Xerxes sends forward a few swift riders to see if any Greeks are in the way; they ride and ride, and soon ride back again, and say that the pass is guarded; that the guards are men of bold aspect, who were combing their long hair when the riders saw them.

Xerxes calls for the Spartan Demaratus (who, when he had been driven from Sparta, had gone over to the Persians and been taken into the councils of the king), and asks what this means. Says Demaratus, "These, O king, are Spartans; it is accounted shameful at Sparta to go down into battle with uncombed hair."

Then Xerxes bids a party of Medes go and bring him these long-haired Spartans alive. The Medes march and charge the pass; but the Spartans and their allies, who are as good as a million of men in that narrow space, stand their ground, and every Mede who comes within reach of their spears is run through the body. Again and again charge the Medes, but not one inch of ground give the Spartans, and by nightfall there is a pretty large heap of dead Medes outside the pass. Morning comes, and the Medes charge again; but they might as well charge a wall as that solid line of sharp spears.

King Xerxes flies into a rage at being delayed by such a paltry obstacle, and calls, "What ho! Bid the Immortals charge!"

Charge the Immortals in their shining armor, with their silver and gold hilted lances couched. The shock is ruder than before; but the Immortals rebound from the Spartan line like the Medes—rush back again, and are again repelled—dash themselves against the Spartan spears, and are thrust off—like the tide flowing and ebbing.

King Xerxes springs from his throne—it seems he had a throne on the top of a hill from whence he could see the fight—and groans aloud in great agony.

Night comes, and the Greeks hold the pass as firmly as ever. But with the falling shadows there creeps a stealthy, traitor-faced scoundrel to the tent of the Persian king—a pale, trembling scoundrel, who falters in his speech, and ever and anon looks over his shoulder to see if any honest man be watching him. He comes to say that he knows of another road across the mountain, and that he will show it to the king's troops. They march directly. The way is long and toilsome up the steep mountain side, and the Persian officers are forced to flog their men freely to keep them to it; but, as day breaks, they are on the topmost ridge. In the bright, cool, clear air of the morning, the Phocians, who mount guard over the pass, awake and see the enemy. They start up in affright, and, hastily gathered together on a high crag, resolve to defend themselves to the last. But the Persians, without even stopping to look at them, now that the pass is forced, race down on the south side into the plain.

During that fatal night a Persian deserter brought word to Leonidas that the Persians were crossing by the mountain pass. He called his men together and told them what had happened. Said they, "We must retreat directly, ere the Persians attack us on both sides at once." And most of them started off without more ado.

But Leonidas said that the laws of Sparta bade her men conquer or die. For his part, he would obey the laws; he would not retreat one inch. So said three hundred Spartans who were with him; and so said the brave Thespians from the Bœotian

town of Thespia. These, about a thousand fighting men in all, now marched out of the pass, knowing they could defend it no longer, and formed on the open plain beyond, in front of the Persians.

They did not wait to be attacked, but rushed straight at the Persians in a serried mass, and ran over them as they would over tall corn. Against the little band the immense Persian squadrons rushed, and dashed, and broke like waves of a stormy sea against a rock, trampling each other down, and standing on each others' bodies. So long as the Grecian spears were whole, the rock stood firm; but they broke with such rough usage, and then the rock began to shake. The Greeks had now only short swords to oppose the Persian spears; and the cunning Persians would thrust at them from a safe distance, and slay them where they stood.

So the Greeks began to thin out. Soon the brave Leonidas fell, and over his body there was the fiercest fight of all. But, though the Greeks killed twice or thrice their number of Persians, there were always more behind, and at last there was only a handful of Greeks left alive. These, having wrested the body of Leonidas from the Persians who had seized it, ran back together within the pass, and sat down on a hillock side by side. Persians in front of them, Persians behind them, Persians around them, they could not escape. They were shot down with arrows to the last man.

One only—ARISTODEMUS—out of the three hundred Spartans returned home to tell the tale. He had been ill at the time of the battle, and had con-



sequently taken no part in it. But it had been better for him had he died with his comrades; for, when he returned to Sparta, men called him "The Coward"—no one would speak to him, or even give him a light for his fire.

As for his comrades, Sparta honored them as no sons of hers had ever been honored before. Their names were written on a pillar in a public place in the city, so that every one should know them and learn to imitate their bravery. At Thermopylæ another monument was raised: a lion, in honor of Leonidas, and a pillar, with the words, "Stranger, go tell at Lacedæmon that we died here obedient to her laws." I do not know where to look for a better earned monument or a grander inscription.

While the battle of Thermopylæ was being fought, the fleets had come to close quarters. The Persians had sailed down southward, but had been overtaken, on their way, by a furious Ægean storm, which destroyed several hundred of their vessels, and strewed the shores of Magnesia and Eubœa with dead bodies and pieces of the wreck. Emboldened by the news of this disaster, the Greek fleet, commanded by the Spartan EURYBLADES, sailed northward into the strait to the north of Eubœa. There the remaining Persian vessels sailed to fight them.

Weakened as the Persians were by the storm, they were still so much stronger than the Greeks that, when they hove in sight, Eurybiades and the other chiefs were for beating a quick retreat. Themistocles wanted to fight, but they would not hear of such a thing. Happily, at that crisis, the island

of Eubœa raised a large sum of money, and gave it to Themistocles on condition that the fleet should fight a battle before giving way. Themistocles bribed Eurybiades and the other captains, and thus persuaded them to sail out and attack the Persians.

The first day's fight decided nothing. On the morrow came a second storm, which utterly destroyed a Persian squadron that was sailing round Eubœa to take the Greeks in the rear, and damaged the rest of the fleet. Made still bolder by this, the Greeks attacked the Persians again off Cape Artemisium, and the fight was very hard indeed. The Persian admiral was afraid of the wrath of Xerxes; he strained every nerve to beat the Greeks; and though they damaged him more than he hurt them, still the damage he did was enough to oblige them to fall back.

So the fleet sailed southward toward the Euripus, and the Persian captains sent word to Xerxes that they had won a glorious victory. He could say the same to them; but neither he nor they, somehow, felt much elated at the prospect.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## SALAMIS.

**H**ORSES were racing, men were wrestling, youths were throwing quoits, and the matrons and fair maidens of Greece were gathered round the great circus at Olympia, sporting in the sunshine, and gayly wondering who would bear off the olive wreath, when messengers came running in with wan cheeks and heavy eyes, saying that Leonidas and all his Spartans were dead, and that the ships had been forced to sail from Artemisium.

The Spartans, I think, had half expected as much all along; but they were a superstitious people, and lived in such fear of the gods that not even defeat or death could tempt them to forget what they believed to be their duty to Jupiter.

There was no time now, however, for regret over the past. In six days Xerxes would be at Athens; in a fortnight all Greece might be his. A short while since, the chiefs of Peloponnesus had promised faithfully to guard Athens by meeting the Persians north of the mountains, in Bœotia. It was too late now to try to do this. They resolved to give up Athens, and to make a great effort to defend Peloponnesus by stopping Xerxes at the narrow isthmus of Corinth.

The fleet sailed to the port of Athens, and swift

counsel was taken among the Athenian chiefs. But one thing could be done. The city and the State must be abandoned, and that quickly. Orders were issued that every Athenian must pack up his money and treasure, and embark with his family on board the ships. So vigorously was the work done—Themistocles being, as usual, the heart and soul of the movement—that before six days every man, woman, and child (save five hundred who were too old or too stupid to go) had evacuated the country. The women and children landed at Trœzen, near Argos, where they were kindly treated; the men remained on board the ships.

On and on marched Xerxes, wondering, in a childish manner, at all he saw. When he heard that the reason why the Greeks had not opposed him before was that they were busy at religious games, contending for a wreath of olive, he was lost in amazement; and when his friend Demaratus honestly told him that all the Spartans would fight like Leonidas and his three hundred, he said he could not make them out for the life of him.

On his way south he sent a party of men to plunder the oracle of Delphi. But if the priests of Delphi knew how to get money, they knew how to keep it too. They scared the Persians before their arrival by warning them that the gods were certain to protect their sanctuary. When the Persians did arrive, and began to climb the sacred hill in a very nervous frame of mind, all at once they heard a noise which they fancied was thunder; then down came tumbling on their heads huge pieces of rock,

which crushed and scattered their ranks. They could not stand this. Crying aloud that the gods were upon them, they took to their heels and scampered away. As they ran, they fancied they saw huge beings in the shape of men hurling rocks at them from the hill-tops.

So Delphi was saved. I dare say the shrewd priests had a good laugh over the exploit when it was all over, and the Persians far away. They had certainly managed the thunder and rocks very cleverly.

There were no gods, it seems, or priests to save Athens, and when Xerxes arrived, he and his immense army walked quietly into the place. There was not a soul any where to be seen but the five hundred who had been unable or unwilling to fly, and who had fortified themselves on the Acropolis. Some of them, puzzling themselves over that stupid answer of the oracle about "wooden walls," had laid logs of wood on the old walls of the Acropolis, and flattered themselves that the Persians would not get over these. But they very soon altered their minds, for the Persians burned the logs without any trouble at all, then scaled the height, killed the five hundred to a man, and burned down the houses and temples.

If you look at a map of Greece, you will see that the two ends of the island of Salamis nearly touch the main land at Megara on one side, and at Cape Ægaleos, in Attica, on the other. The two straits between the island and the shore are so narrow that the shortest road now from Megara to Athens is to



cross the ferry to Salamis, drive over the island, cross the second ferry to Cape Ægaleos, and drive inland to Athens. Inside the island, and communicating with the sea by these two straits, is the Bay of Eleusis, a fine, safe harbor, where the Greek ships of our time like to lie in stormy weather. It was in that bay that the Greek fleet now rode at anchor.

It was the largest the Greeks had ever had, counting three hundred and sixty-six ships. Of these, two hundred were Athenian, forty Corinthian, and sixteen Spartan; yet such was the patriotism of the Athenians that, to gratify the pride of their Spartan allies, the chief commander of the fleet was still the Spartan Eurybiades.

Toward that same Bay of Eleusis the Persian fleet also sailed. It numbered over a thousand ships, all splendidly equipped and fully manned. From a high rock on Cape Ægaleos King Xerxes reviewed this magnificent armada, and felt his heart within him glow with pride when he saw the immense force he had at last brought safely into Greek waters.

The two fleets being thus close together, a council of war was called on board the Spartan flag-ship to decide what was to be done. Themistocles was for fighting the Persians at once. Eurybiades thought it best to retreat and make a stand at Corinth, where the land army was; and, the other Peloponnesian chiefs being of the same mind, it was so decided, and the council broke up. Themistocles went back with a heavy heart to his own ship. He knew that if the plan of Eurybiades was followed, the fleet would do nothing but fall back from place to place,

till at last all Greece would be lost. And the thought so vexed him that he could not remain aboard his ship, but took a boat and rowed in the dark to Eurybiades' vessel.

The Spartan chief was surprised to see him, and asked what had happened. Themistocles answered, "Nothing; but the fleet must fight ere we move out of the bay." Eurybiades reminded him that the council of war had decided otherwise. Themistocles said he knew that; but he could not sleep or sail till that decision had been changed: to follow the plan of the council would be to ruin Greece. Eurybiades was very loth to be persuaded; but Themistocles was so pressing and so earnest that, at last, the Spartan gave way, and called a second council next morning.

When the chiefs met, Themistocles repeated to them what he had said to Eurybiades, urging them, with great warmth, not to leave the Persians on the Attic coast, but to fight them then and there.

Most of the chiefs were very much opposed to this. They took it ill that Themistocles should try to upset a decision of the council, and reproached him sharply. The Corinthian chief, ADEIMANTHUS, flew into a rage with him, and raised his stick to strike him. Themistocles calmly said, "Strike, but hear me." And they heard him, whether they would or no.

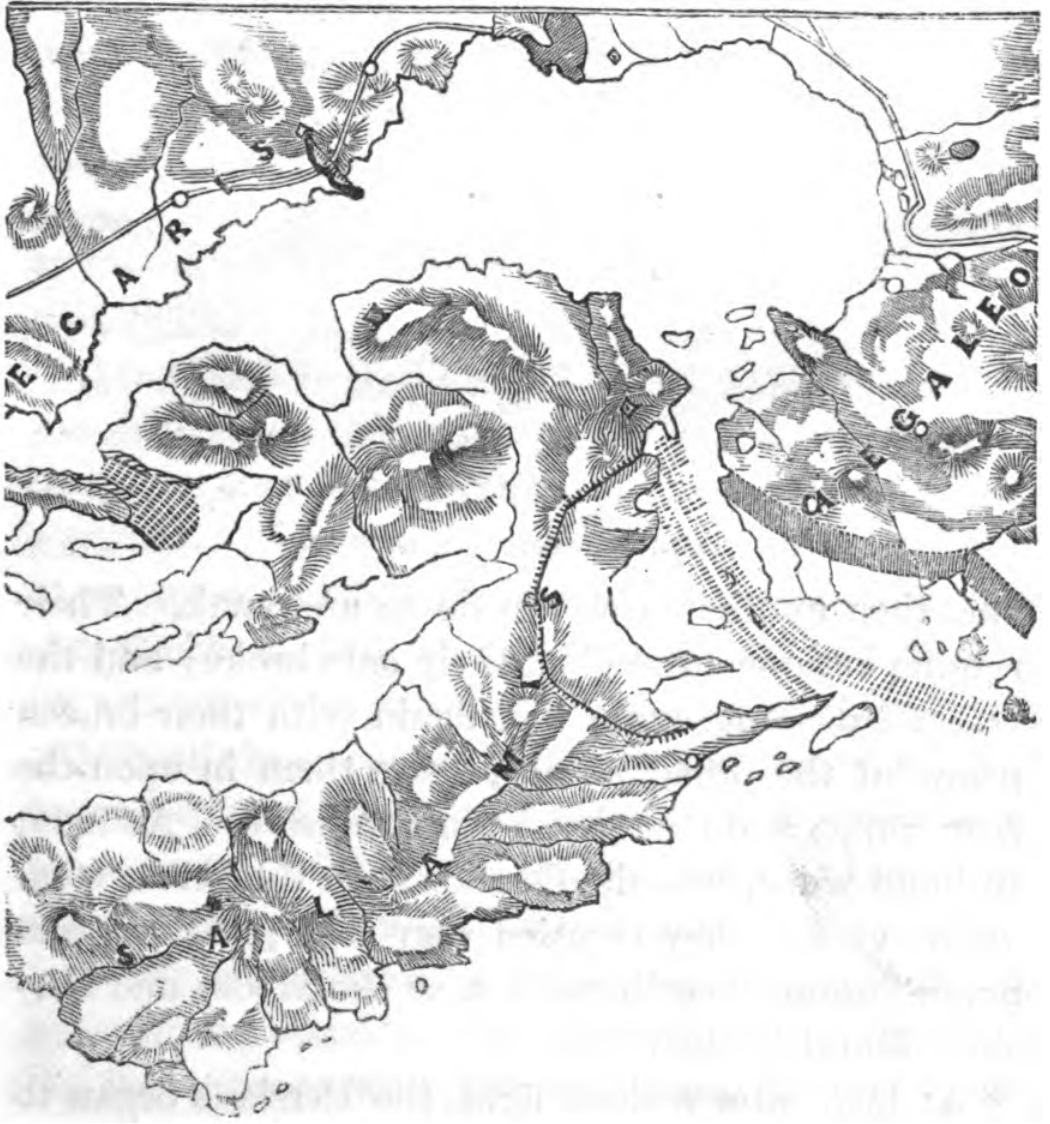
Still they were not convinced, and when the time came for the council to break up, they were still for falling back on Corinth in order to make a stand there. Then Themistocles fairly lost patience with

you, had alone more ships than all the other States together.

But as night fell, a boat sailed swiftly alongside Themistocles' ship, and a well-known voice hailed him in the darkness. It was Aristides, whose pardon Themistocles had obtained just before leaving Athens. The honest man came back now to share in the defense of his country; and he and Themistocles promised earnestly to forget their rivalry for the sake of Athens.

Aristides brought a startling piece of news. The Persians had closed up both the outlets of the bay, so that the Greeks could not get out without fighting. Themistocles was overjoyed at this, and sent swift word to Eurybiades and the other chiefs. They would not believe it at first; but soon another messenger came sailing in with the like intelligence, and it was no longer possible to doubt the fact. Nobody knew that Themistocles had sent a private message to Xerxes to say that the Greek ships were going to make their escape, and that, if he wanted to catch them, he had only to close up the straits.

So, at last, the word was given to prepare for battle, and at dawn of day the Greek ships rowed out to meet the Persians in the strait nearest to Athens. King Xerxes, eager to see the final defeat of the Greeks, sat upon a throne on a high crag on the Attic coast, with writers beside him to note the



BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

names of officers who labored well or ill in the action, and with his thousand ships ranged in rows at his feet. They were so crowded, and so much in each other's way, that, when the Greek ships fell on with a loud battle-cry, they ran into each other and foul of each other on every side. The men were brave enough, but so jammed and hampered were the ships in that narrow place, that their great numbers were an injury instead of a benefit. First



THE STRAITS OF SALAMIS.

one, then another, was run down and sunk. Their rigging became entangled, their oars broke; and the Greeks, dashing again and again with their brazen prows at the outside ships, drove them in upon the rear ranks, and completed the confusion. At hand to hand work, too, the Greeks were the better men. What vessels they boarded they took; their spears made famous boarding-pikes, as the Medes and Persians found to their cost.

At last, after a short fight, the Persians began to run. Ship after ship, and squadron after squadron, made sail for the open sea. Queen ARTEMISIA, who commanded a division of the fleet, sailed away to escape, but was chased by a Greek vessel. To save herself, she ran straight upon a Persian ship and sunk it, which not only served her purpose, as it made the Greek suppose she had deserted the Persians, but greatly pleased Xerxes, who, taking it for granted that the ship run down was a Greek, cried, in his rage, "My men are turned into women, my women into men."



So the battle was won. Xerxes, raging like a madman, put to death several of his captains; then, hastily ordering the fleet to make sail for the Hellespont, marched away homeward, leaving Mardonius in Thrace to finish the war. He arrived safely in Persia, after a long and toilsome march, a sadder, poorer, and wiser man than he had left it.

After the victory, Themistocles cruised through the islands in the *Ægean*, and levied tribute on them as a punishment for having sided with the Persians. They say that he took private bribes from some islands which sought to escape the tribute, which is quite likely to have been the case, as he was very fond of money and very unscrupulous.

For all this, there is no doubt that he, more than any other man, had saved Greece at this very terrible moment. When the Persians had retreated, the Greek chiefs met together to distribute the rewards for valor which were granted by the States. Each general was asked to write on a ticket the names of the two persons who, in his opinion, had shown the most bravery. It will give you a poor idea of these chiefs to know that every man wrote his own name first, that of Themistocles second. But the people of Greece knew well who was first.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## TRIUMPH OF THE GREEKS.

SAD and mournful indeed was the city of Athens when its people returned to their homes. Houses knocked down, temples burnt, fields laid waste, cattle stolen, sacred things profaned—every where some cruel mark of the spite of the Persians—this was what the Athenians saw as they hastened along the road from the shore to the dear old city. They had need of strong hearts to bear up against their troubles; for, if this was the state victory left them in, what would become of them if they were beaten?

Mardonius was still in Thrace, with thrice as many men as the Greeks could raise; he was only waiting for a proper season to renew the war. Being at bottom a little afraid of these terrible Athenians, who had fought so well at Marathon and Salamis, he sent to them ALEXANDER, the King of Macedon, to invite them to join the Persians against Peloponnesus.

When the Spartans heard of the message, they were terribly alarmed, and sent messengers on their side to Athens, to beg and pray the Athenians not to desert the cause of Greece. But, before the Spartans had said their say, Alexander had got his answer; it was:

“Tell Mardonius that as long as the sun shall continue in his present path (the Greeks supposed

that the sun moved round the earth), we shall make no alliance with Xerxes; and come not thou again with other proposals, for thou art our guest, and we would not that harm should befall thee."

To the Spartan offers of help to rebuild their city and feed their people, the Athenians made answer that they needed no help. Let the Spartans march their fighting men into Bœotia so as to meet Mardonius there, and Athens would be satisfied. The Spartan envoys said this would be done at once.

But when they returned to Sparta, they forgot all about this promise, and no men were sent. Athens dispatched messenger after messenger to warn the Spartans that Mardonius was coming; but one day the Spartans had a sacrifice to offer, another a festival to keep, a third an eclipse to watch with fear and trembling; and all the while their best men were working night and day, raising walls and forts on the isthmus of Corinth to keep the Persians out of Peloponnesus.

I have no doubt but the Spartans intended to betray the Athenians and let them shift for themselves. Haply a Tegean, who had more wisdom than the Lacedæmonian chiefs, showed the kings of Sparta that if the Athenians chose to join the Persians and lend them their fleet, the walls at Corinth would be of no kind of use, for the enemy could sail to any point he pleased. This settled the question. That very night five thousand Spartans, followed by thirty-five thousand Helots, marched northward, and a day or two afterward other five thousand started in the same direction.

It was too late for Athens. Mardonius had marched down through Phocis and Bœotia, and had entered the city with his great army. Again the Athenians had made off with their wives and their treasure to Salamis, but this time more in rage than in grief. When Mardonius sent to them a second time to bid them join the Persians against the rest of Greece, they scoffed at his messenger; and one of their chiefs, LYCIDAS by name, who had been unlucky enough to advise that Mardonius's offer be accepted, they stoned, the very women raging so furiously at the idea that they tore the wife of Lycidas in pieces for their share. So here was a pretty prospect for the Persians.

I don't know whether Mardonius heard of the fate of Lycidas and his wife; but he did hear of the ten thousand Spartans, and, being afraid of risking a battle in the hilly country of Attica, where his cavalry would have been of no use to him, he fell back into Bœotia, where the land was level, and he had many friends. The great city of Thebes was all on his side; so were the Phocians; the Thessalians he had brought with him; these, with his Persians, who were alone more numerous than any army that is brought into the field in our time, made a very fine show indeed.

The better to enjoy it, Mardonius gave a fine banquet to all the officers in his camp. Bœotia had never seen so grand a display before. Beside every Persian was seated a Greek traitor, and while they ate and drank, the army slowly deployed before them. Mardonius was in very high spirits, and felt quite

certain of succeeding where Xerxes had failed ; but his officers were not so sanguine. One of them—an old, experienced chief—told his Greek neighbor, truly enough, that out of all that great multitude assembled before them very few indeed would ever see Persia again.

Up, now, came the Greek army into Bœotia to the number of about a hundred and ten thousand. PAUSANIAS, the Spartan chief, was the general, the Spartans always claiming to be superior to the other Greeks.

While the two armies lay opposite each other, the Persian cavalry attacked the Greeks. They had no horsemen, and no bowmen either, so that they were very much at the mercy of the Persians, who dashed round them on their swift horses, and threw darts at them, and harassed them exceedingly. When they could bear it no longer, a party of Athenians charged the Persian horse, killed their chief, and drove them back.

Ruffled by this reverse, Mardonius prepared for a general battle, and drew out his men so as to pit the Persians against the Spartans, the Greek traitors against the Athenians. When this movement was made, Pausanias sent in great haste to the Athenians to ask, Would they take the place of the Spartans and fight the Persians, whom they had beaten twice already ? The men of Athens said they had no objection, and the change was made. Mardonius, however, had made up his mind to fight the Spartans and not the Athenians, and he now shifted his men so as to face the former again. Then the Spar-



they were running away, gave the word of attack, and the battle began, near the little town of Plataea. Down upon the Spartans swooped the Persian cavalry, riding like the wind, and throwing a cloud of darts before them.

When Pausanias saw them coming, he ordered the gods to be consulted. The prophet who attended to this branch of the business declared that the omens were unfavorable. Pausanias declared that he could not think of fighting under such circumstances. After a time, however, the Spartans, finding that, with or without the gods' help, they would be killed if they stood still, made ready for the attack. The prophet—a very shrewd personage—now declared that all was right, the gods were willing, and so the Spartans charged.

The Persian soldiers carried queer shields made of basket work. When they saw the Spartans coming, they planted these shields in the ground in a line, so as to form a wicker fence, and stood behind them with sword and spear. The wicker fence, as you may easily fancy, was not a very terrible obstacle to surmount. At the first onset, the Spartans dashed over it and through it, charging the Persians with their long spears, and spitting them without mercy.

Mardonius, wild with rage, called his body-guard around him (it was a regiment of a thousand picked men), and, riding himself at their head, charged

fiercely at the Lacedæmonians. But they received the body-guard with their long spears without yielding an inch. The nearest they slew, among them Mardonius himself, who must have thought very sadly, in his last agony on the field, of his fatal desire to conquer the Greeks. Then the Persians broke and fled.

By this time the Athenians had beaten the traitors who were opposed to them; they joined the Spartans in the pursuit, and hacked, hewed, and stabbed till their arms were weary. All the great Persian army was destroyed and scattered. Forty thousand men ran off in a body, leaving to the Greeks the whole camp, with all its treasure, and all the wives of the Persian officers.

Not till sundown was the pursuit stayed. Then the Greeks counted up their losses, and found that nearly fourteen hundred men had been killed. They made inquiry, according to their custom, who had shown himself the bravest man that day; and the answer on all sides was, "Aristodemus the Coward, who died, spear in hand, nobly fighting at the head of the Spartans." The Athenians paid him due honor; but the Spartans, remembering his escape from Thermopylæ, would not honor him, and thought it enough that his former disgrace should be wiped from his memory.

When you remember how Pausanias had twice changed places in order to avoid fighting the Persians, you will perhaps think this treatment of Aristodemus was only a grand Spartan flourish. I do not see, myself, that he was a coward at Thermop-



ylæ, though he did survive that murderous day. And I should not wonder if the Spartans decried and ill treated him in order that the other Greeks should say, What uncommonly brave and strict people these Spartans are, to be sure!

On the very day of the battle of Plataea, the Persians were beaten by the Greeks on the coast of Asia, at Mycale. Their ships had been drawn ashore there, in order to avoid a sea-fight with the Greek fleet, which was hovering near; and on that day LEOTYCHIDES, the Spartan, who commanded the Greek fleet, landed his men and attacked them. The Persians had intrenched themselves behind their wicker shields as at Plataea. Over these the Greeks charged, and defeated the Persians with immense slaughter.

It was noticed afterward, as a curious coincidence, that the battles of Plataea and Mycale had been fought on the same day; and then some of the warriors, who had taken part in the latter, said they remembered, on the morning of the battle, having seen a herald's truncheon (which was a sign of victory) floating over the Ægean.

This ended the Persian war. Little Greece, far smaller than most of the Persian provinces, had broken the power of the Persian empire, and vanquished the greatest armies ever collected in the world. After this, King Xerxes lived moodily at Sardis, brooding over his failure, and leading the life of a vicious tyrant, until he was killed by one of his courtiers. All the Greek islands became free; but the Greek cities in Asia were left subject to Persia still.

Twelve years had elapsed since the first invasion of Greece by Datis and Artaphernes; and though during these twelve years great misery and hardship had been endured by all the Greeks, especially by the Athenians, nothing certainly could have done so much for Greece as that Persian war. It trained the Greeks to fight in large bodies; it gave them a feeling of self-reliance; it united most of them together; it taught them patriotism; and it endowed them with that pride of soul and lofty self-esteem to which, perhaps, more than any thing else, their subsequent glories were due.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## PAUSANIAS AND THEMISTOCLES.

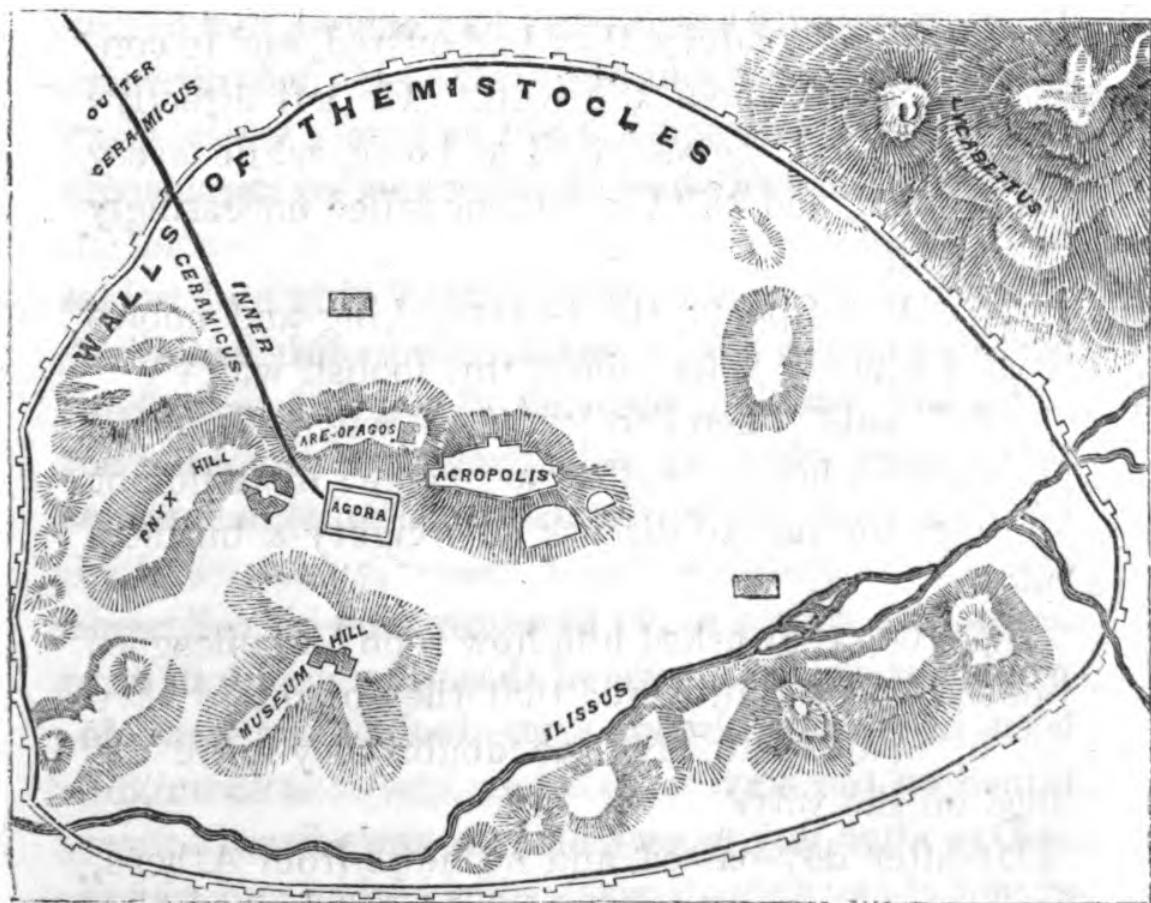
ONCE more the Athenians trudged homeward, and found their dear old city in staring, sorrowful ruins. But this time they were not downcast or despairing, for they knew that they had beaten off the Persians for good, and they felt, in their strong Greek hearts, that it was not in the power of the swarthy strangers to come back and drive them out of their little rocky corner of the world; so, with tolerably merry spirits, they fell to building their houses again, and clearing the streets.

Now, said Themistocles, as they were busy at the work, let us so strengthen this Athens of ours that we may not be driven out again; let us build a great wall around it, both tall and stout, so that, when we shall next go a warring, our old men and our children may be enough to defend it, while the grown men fight aboard ship.

With one voice the Athenians agreed, and set to work at the wall.

But the Spartans, when they heard of it, were very ill pleased with the plan of the wall. They always considered themselves the first people of Greece, and they said to each other that, with the wall, Athens would be able to defy them. So they sent messengers to Athens to say that Sparta had heard of the wall, and thought it a great mistake;





PLAN OF ATHENS.

for if the Persians should chance to come back and get inside the city, it would be a great help to them; wherefore Sparta, as a friend of Athens, thought the wall should be given up, and advised the people to turn their attention to sowing, or digging, or other like occupations.

When this message was delivered to the people of Athens, there were a good many who were for sending the messengers home with a pretty sharp rebuff; but Themistocles was too wise and prudent to agree to this. Said he, "Let us build our wall ere we have any words with Sparta."

To keep up appearances, he and two others were appointed to go to Sparta to thank the Spartans for

at the wall.

Arrived at Sparta, the Spartan king and nobles accosted him—"What about this foolish wall?"

"Oh!" said Themistocles, "we will talk about that matter when my colleagues come; it would not be proper for me to discuss so weighty a business alone."

And when they asked him how soon his colleagues would arrive, he answered that they ought to have been in Sparta already; no doubt they were detained on the way.

Day after day passed, and no news from Athens, except that the wall was rising higher and higher, and that every one had given up his business to work at it. Again the Spartan chiefs went to Themistocles, telling him what they heard, and asking when his colleagues would arrive. But his answer was always the same—"They will be here directly; have patience, and all will be settled as you wish."

More days passed, and the Spartans' patience was fairly worn out: they resolved to make an end of the matter, and went once more to Themistocles, reproached him with deceiving them, and asked him, for the last time, when his colleagues would arrive, and the question of the wall be settled.

It so happened that, the evening before, Themistocles had received a letter from home, telling him that the wall was now sixty feet high. This, he

thought, was enough; so he answered the angry Spartans very coolly, "We Athenians have now built our wall; we built it because it suited us to do so, and we hope you will make up your minds to it, for we intend that it shall not be pulled down on any account." With which parting speech he went home, leaving the Spartans mightily enraged, and half inclined to make war upon Athens by way of revenge, and in order to pull down the wall.

They did not do so. It stood where it had been built for many, many years—a huge work, sixty feet high, and fifteen wide at the base, with great rough sides, and stones of all shapes and sizes, including gravestones, sticking out here and there; but, great as it was, and well as it served Athens, as we shall see presently, it is gone now, and no trace or mark of it is left. Gone, swept away by the winds, and the rains, and the earthquakes, and the rage of many races of destructive men, just as the noblest buildings and the greatest works of our land will go when the due time comes.

Very soon after this business of the wall was settled, Athens obtained another advantage over Sparta. The way of it was this.

The Greeks thought, and very rightly too, that the Persians had not been punished enough for their invasion of Greece, and sent a fleet and an army to pay them in their own coin in their own country. I have told you already how they thrashed the Persian sailors at sea off Mycale; just to keep their hand in, the Greek commander landed his men directly afterward, and beat the Persian soldiers on

land too. Then, marching hither and thither very swiftly and boldly, the Greeks took ever so many Persian cities, and filled their purses with Persian gold, and their lean wallets with rich Persian plunder.

Liking the business very well after a year's trial of it, the Greeks returned the next spring and kept it up. Their chief leader now was the Spartan Pausanias, who, as you remember, had commanded at the battle of Plataea. My own opinion is that Pausanias was always a very sorry scoundrel; but the Spartans thought a great deal of him, and so did others of the Greeks, and, after the victory of Plataea, they loaded him with honors and presents, and puffed him to that degree that, if he had been a good man at any time, he could hardly have helped being spoiled now. At all events, whatever the cause was,



GREEK FEMALE HEAD.

he proved a very sad nuisance at the head of the fleet; bullying the other chiefs; trampling the Greeks of Asia; leading a wild, dissolute life; and caring so little for human life and human law, that he did not hesitate, in a fit of spite, to strike a virtuous Greek girl dead with a blow of his sword.

Even this was not all. While the fleet lay moored to the shore of Asia Minor, and the sailors were panting to be led against the Persians, what does this vile traitor do but write to Xerxes, and offer to surrender the fleet, and help him to conquer Greece, if the great king will give him his daughter in marriage?

Ah! how little the villain would have needed a wife, high or low, if the brave sailors of the fleet had but known of his treachery! As it happened, though they did not know the whole truth, they knew enough and suspected enough to induce them to meet together and hold a council on the state of affairs. At this council, it was decided by all the chiefs and captains of the fleet to depose Pausanias from his command, and to put in his place the chiefs of the Athenian ships, Aristides, and CIMON, the son of Miltiades. Having come to this resolution, and let Pausanias go quietly home, the fleet sailed to the island of Delos, and there a great league was made between the chiefs of all the states and islands which had furnished ships for the fleet. By this league, they one and all agreed to stand by each other in case of danger, and to be guided by the Athenians in their future policy. We shall presently see how important an event this was for Athens.

Traitor Pausanias slunk home to Sparta, where stories of his treachery were already bruited about. But news was so slow in traveling in those days that nothing was known for certain against him, and so he was suffered to live quietly in his own house. If he had been wise, he would have repented and tried to make amends; but there was no room in his angry heart for any thing but rage and spite against his countrymen, and he did nothing all day long but write letters to Xerxes bidding him come conquer Greece, and showing him how to do it.

These letters he sent by trusty slaves of his own, there being no post-office in those days; and, for



shrewder than his fellows. He, thinking how strange it was that Pausanias sent so many slaves to Asia, and that none ever returned home again ; also, perhaps, feeling curious to know what his master could have to say to the great enemy of the Greeks, stopped by the wayside, opened the letter, and read the terrible words, " Do not forget to make an end of the bearer." He turned about directly, went to Sparta, and gave the letter to the rulers there.

This ought to have been enough, I think, to satisfy the Spartans ; but they said, it seems, that more proof was needed, and, accordingly, directed the slave to meet Pausanias in a given place, and try to entrap him into some open confession of his treachery, so that two spies, who were to listen from a hiding-place near by, should be able to bear witness against him. This was easily managed : Pausanias was very indiscreet, and the spies soon heard enough for their purpose, and went away to their masters to say that there could be no doubt of the plot.

Pausanias was walking through the streets of Sparta, thinking, no doubt, of the time when he should be Persian governor of Greece ; at a sudden turn, he met the officers coming to arrest him. They did not speak a word or make a sign ; but so sharpened was the traitor's eye by the consciousness of his wickedness, so clearly did he read his doom in

the stern faces of the constables, that he did not wait to ask questions, but ran at top speed to the nearest temple, and threw himself, panting and breathless, upon the altar.

Now a Grecian temple was a sacred place of refuge, from which no man, however guilty, could be taken by force. We should find it rather inconvenient, I imagine, if there were places in our great cities where rogues and criminals could take refuge, and from whence the police could not drag them out. The Greeks managed in the best way they could with such establishments; and thus Pausanias, with his quaking limbs and white cheeks, was safe in the sanctuary.

But if the Spartans were too pious to break into the temple, there was no rule in their religion for letting Pausanias out; and they began, in a business-like way, to wall up the door of the building with large stones. It is said that the mother of Pausanias laid one of the first stones at the door, which is quite likely to have been the case, for the Spartan women were very unwomanly, and altogether unpleasant people to be connected with. After the door was completely closed, the Spartans began to take off the roof of the temple. It was large and heavy, and the work lasted several days; but off the roof came at last, and there, on the rough pavement of the temple, with distorted features and clenched hands, lay Pausanias, groaning feebly. They had at first thought to leave him there; but, on reflection, fearing that his death in that sacred place might bode them ill, they lowered down cords

mind had so broken his frame, that, after breathing the fresh air for a few minutes, he died.

What a sight! the great conqueror of Plataea, the hero of whom all Greece had been so proud, and had so loved to honor, now lying a shriveled corpse, with crumpled dress and a horrid death-scowl on his features, in the midst of that awe-stricken throng!

You may perhaps be surprised to hear that Pausanias had a partner in his treachery—none other than Themistocles. He had fallen low indeed. Brave as he was, and skillful as a general, he had never been able to keep his hands from picking and stealing, and through his great power at Athens he had had opportunities of stealing very large sums indeed, and doing a vast deal of mischief. The Athenians, remembering his great services, bore with him for a long while—in fact, till his conduct became too outrageous to be borne. Then Cimon proposed that a vote for an ostracism should be taken in the old way, and Themistocles was the man pitched upon to go.

He went to Argos, and there it was that he had dealings with Pausanias, and agreed, it is said, to help him in selling Greece to the Persians, all which became known to the Spartans at the death of Pausanias. They were mightily pleased to have a chance of revenging themselves on Themistocles, and sent swift messengers to Athens with a full ac-

count of his treachery. It would have fared hardly with him, no doubt, but that he heard of what was brewing, and took ship and sailed away.

He went first to Corcyra, and asked the people, Would they take him in? When they answered that they would not, he sailed on to the country of the Molossians, whose king, ADMETUS, he had grievously wronged in times gone by, when he was in his glory. It chanced—a lucky chance it was for him—that Admetus's wife was a warm-hearted, kindly woman: she took pity upon the exile, gave him her child to hold in his arms by way of protection, and bade him sit down by her husband's hearth-stone, as the beggars did. When Admetus saw him there, he too felt pity for him, and—brave heart that he was—he raised him up, and bade him good cheer.

Away from the country of the Molossians, after a time, when or why we do not rightly know, this restless old man wandered, journeying on and on, from place to place, meeting with all kinds of fortune and misfortune, till at last he settled down in Persia. Xerxes was dead and in his grave; to his son and successor, ARTAXERXES, he wrote thus: "I, Themistocles the Athenian, who have done thy house more harm than any other man living, am come to thee, having been chased away by the Greeks. I am able to serve thee, and desire to do so."

King Artaxerxes, who, I suppose, cared little for honor in his servants, was delighted to have the great Themistocles on his side. He sent him a wife, gave him a house, ordered that one city should fur-

nish him with bread, another with wine, a third with relishes, a fourth with bedding, a fifth with clothing, and commanded that all men in the empire should pay him the highest honors. So now the poor outcast was not so badly off.

All that Artaxerxes asked in payment for this royal bounty was that Themistocles should draw a plan for the conquest of Greece. Themistocles promised the plan, and perhaps set to work upon, it but he never finished it; and after the five cities had furnished the bread, and the wine, and the relishes, and the other good things for about a year, one day there came news to them and to the great king that Themistocles the Athenian had died in his bed. There was some talk of poison, as usual, but he was sixty-five at the time, and much worn, so that his death may have been a natural one.

There was a story at Athens that his bones had been carried to his native land for burial; but this is not certain. A tomb of marble, with splendid pillars, and a fine stone coffin inside, was afterward raised on the beach of the sea-port of Athens: if you go there, you will still see broken pieces of the columns under the clear water, and hollows in the rock where coffins were once laid. Many and many a long year have the angry waves roared and dashed over them, till they have washed away from the spot almost every thing but the name it bears—the Tomb of Themistocles.

I am not much affected, I confess, when I think of it, for, after all, flashing as was his genius, Themistocles was, in reality, a corrupt politician, who



sold his honor and his country for money. I had rather think of the pure-minded Aristeides, who died soon after him in abject poverty. He had a son and daughter; but, though he had had quite as many opportunities of stealing as Themistocles, he did not leave money enough to pay for his funeral, and Athens buried him at her own cost.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CIMON.

**T**HE next great man at Athens was Cimon, the son of Miltiades, a very daring chieftain, and an excellent leader in fight. A terrible time the Persian cities in Asia had of it when he was among them with his brave Greeks and his swift-sailing ships; and, though some of them fought very valiantly for their king and their flag (one, called Eion, only surrendered after the commander had cut the throats of his wives and children, and leaped, together with his chief officers and friends, into a huge bonfire made for the purpose), they were none of them able to resist him in the end.

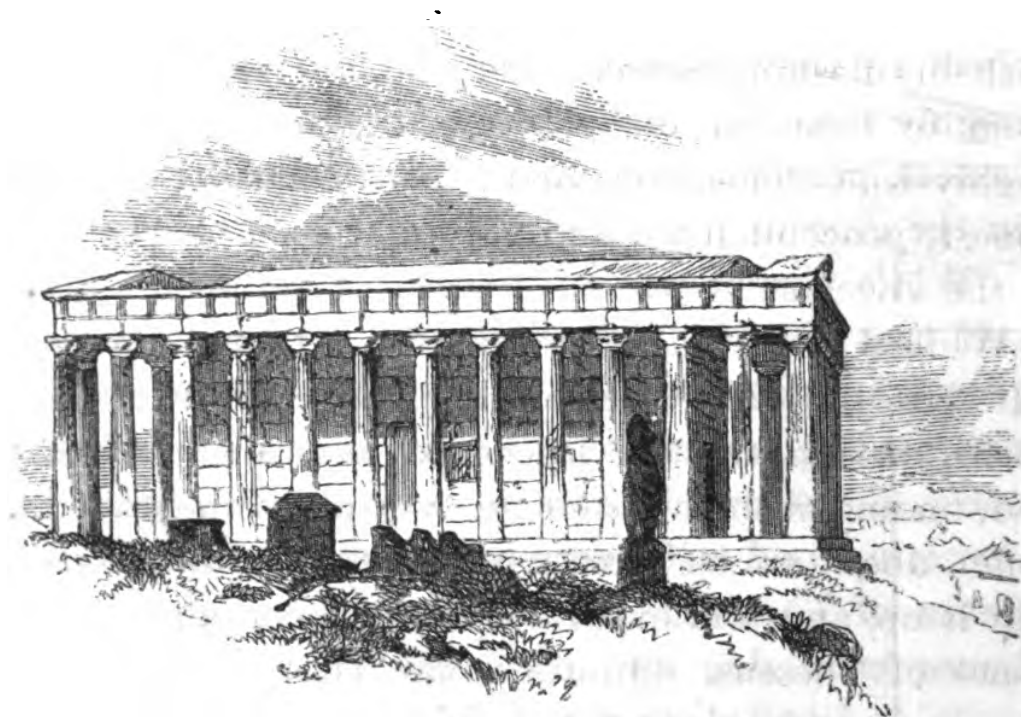
When there was no more fighting to be done in Asia Minor, the Persians being very humble and quiet at last, away went Cimon to some islands of the Ægean, and began to knock their people about. So swiftly he sailed and so fiercely fought, that the islanders very quickly sent to beg for peace, promising to be the best friends of the Athenians forever afterward.

One of these islands was Scyros, whose people made their living by robbing merchant vessels and plundering lonely villages on the sea-coast—a thing which, I believe, they sometimes did in much later times. Down upon these pirates pounced Cimon

with his flashing Greeks, and very quickly brought them to their senses. He did the work so thoroughly that, for many years thenceforth, they led honest, peaceful lives, and gained a good character in the *Ægean*.

While Cimon was at Scyros, he bethought himself that the old Athenian hero Theseus was reported in the fine old legend to have died there; and, finding in some out-of-the-way place an odd old coffin, about which there were queer old stories, he dug it up, and told every body that it contained the bones of Theseus. In times far later, musty old bones were dug up and flourished, and preached upon and puffed, to the delight and awe of nations more learned than the Greeks; so you must not be surprised to hear that the Athenians were greatly affected by the arrival of the old coffin, and that they buried it with pomp and state, and set their very best architects and sculptors to build a tomb and temple that should be worthy of Theseus.

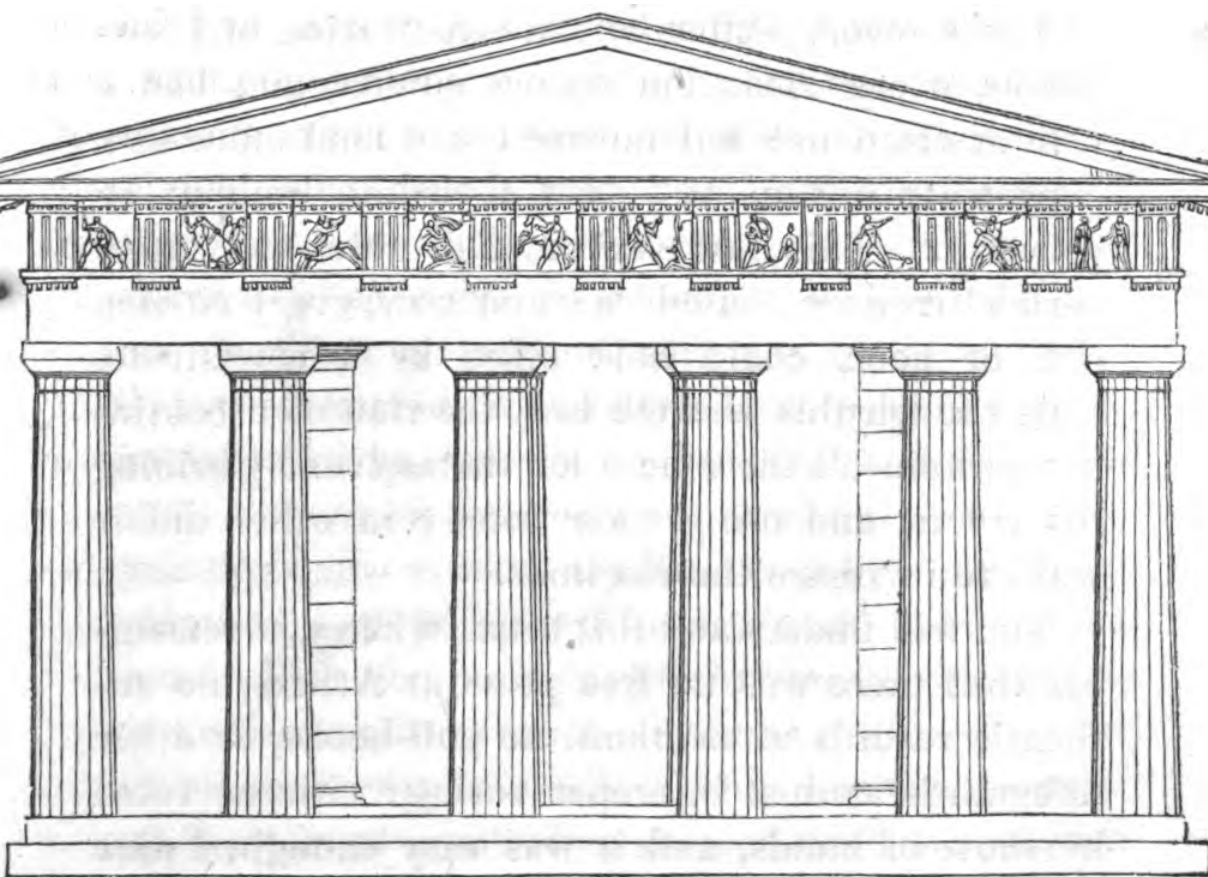
There, in the heart of the modern city of Athens, somewhat injured by these twenty-three hundred years of rain, and storm, and lightning, and wars, stands the temple to this day. What a strange story that grand old pile could tell! A thousand years ago, men called it the Church of St. George, and in its dingy nooks you might have seen—had you lived in those days—priests and bishops, and gayly-dressed boys with censers, performing grand mass. After another great lapse of time the Turks came, insulting the Christians, and laying their heavy hands on fair Greece; then the old temple—



THE THESEION AS IT IS.

church was shut up, and the door nailed, to prevent the rude Turkish horsemen riding into the building to show how they despised Christianity. Yet another long leaf in Time's book turned over, and, in our own day, the hoary temple is called by its old name—the THESEION—and used as a museum of antiquities, where travelers study the noble remains of old Greece. I wonder whether our great state edifices will ever become museums, and whether men, two thousand years hence, will roam through them in search of memorials of our day!

When the Athenians thought of Cimon's victories by sea and by land, they said, one and all, that he was a greater soldier than his father Miltiades; and when he got these old bones of Theseus, and built this glorious temple to hold them; better still, when he threw open his fine gardens—for it seems he was



THE THESEION AS IT WAS.

very rich—to the people of Athens, and gave warm clothes and good food to every man whom he saw scantily dressed or hungry, they agreed that he was by far the best chief they could have, and were never weary of praising him.

There were, however, at Athens, as there must be in every free state, two political parties, each striving for the mastery—the party of the nobles and the party of the people. Cimon was the chief of the nobles' party; the chief of the people's party, or the Democrats, was a very brave and eloquent young man named PERICLES. Now the quarrel between these two parties at this particular time was about offices.

magistrate unless he owned a certain amount of property. This last very foolish rule had lately been altered by Aristides; and now, every citizen, rich or poor, could hold office as a magistrate. Still, though this was the law, the rich men continued to keep all the offices for themselves by bribing the voters, and using their money in other unfair ways to influence the elections.

You will understand this better when you remember that there was no free press at Athens, no authentic records of elections, no poll-books, or other safeguards against improper voting: citizens voted by show of hands, and it was easy enough, I dare say, for a rich and dishonest man to make it appear that he had a majority when this was very far from really being the case.

Pericles and the Democrats now said that some new plan must be tried, so that the poor as well as the rich should have a chance of being elected to office. Cimon and the nobles' party, on the other hand, said that the present plan was far the best, and that any new one would be certain to lead to no end of trouble.

In their hearts the people of Athens were of the same mind as Pericles; but they loved Cimon so well that, for the present, they let him have his own way. He was always doing such wonderful things that there was no resisting him. One day, during the discussion at Athens, away he went to the coast



of Asia, brushed off the Persians from some more cities, met their army face to face, and gave it a terrible beating; then, swiftly embarking his men on board ship, set sail, overtook the Persian fleet, and demolished it the same evening. The Athenians could not find it in their hearts to say no to the man who could perform such feats.

However, trouble was brewing with the Spartans, who never got over their jealousy of Athens, and were always ready to do her a mischief. One of the islands which Cimon had set straight in his rough way had sent to Sparta for help, and the Spartans would have sent help, notwithstanding their treaty with Athens, but for an earthquake which knocked down their city, and killed some twenty thousand of their people, including most of their young men, who were exercising in the Gymnasium at the time. This sobered the Spartans for the time, and set them a praying with extraordinary fervor; and, by the time they got over this mishap, a new and far more serious one befell them.

I have told you who the Helots were, and how hardly they were treated by their masters, the Spartans. Their sufferings becoming too hard to bear, these poor fellows now rose in rebellion. They marched on Sparta and almost took it; being repulsed after much hard fighting, they then fell back to the old stand of their fathers—Ithome—barricaded themselves there, and bade the Spartans come on.

I am sure you will be astonished to hear what the Spartans did: they sent to Athens, of all places in the world, and asked the Athenians, as they were

more used to fighting against stone walls than the Spartans, would they just step over and take Ithome?

I should not have been surprised if the Athenians had sent a sharp answer to this very mean request, and if Pericles had had his own way, this would have been done; as it was, Cimon, who was a friend of Sparta (on account of the form of government there, which was a government of nobles, such as he liked), implored the Athenians not to let "Greece be lamed of one leg, or Athens go without her yoke-fellow," and actually induced the Athenians to send four thousand men to help the Spartans against the Helots at Ithome.

Now Ithome was a very strong place, the fort being on a high crag; and the Helots, knowing well what awaited them if they surrendered, fought courageously when they were attacked. So it fell out that the first assault which the Athenians and Spartans made led to nothing, and the Helots still held their own. Upon this the Spartans flew into a rage, accused the Athenians of playing them false, and bade them make their way home as fast as they could, as they were not more wanted there.

You may fancy how furious the Athenians were when they heard how their troops had been insulted by the sneaking Spartans; how they turned round upon Cimon, and abused him for leading them into the business; and how Pericles thundered day after day in the public assembly that he had foreseen how it would all end, and had warned his countrymen in vain. They listened to him now with open ears; listened so well that at the next election they threw

Cimon overboard, and took Pericles for their leader. The nobles' party struggling fiercely, a vote for an ostracism was taken, and Cimon was sent into exile.

So Pericles became the chief man at Athens, and the Democratic party had every thing their own way.

They first altered the plan by which magistrates were chosen. Instead of putting each nomination to the vote, as is done in this country, they drew lots among the various candidates, and let chance decide who should win the day. It was a droll idea; but perhaps, under the circumstances, it was the only one which gave the poor a chance. Having settled this point, Pericles next broke off the treaty with Sparta, and made a league with Argos, Thessaly, and Megara instead.

If the Spartans had been able to do as they pleased, they would have made war upon Athens directly by way of revenge; but, having one war on their hands at the time, they were forced to content themselves with stirring up other States to quarrel with her.

They first sent to the island of Ægina, and asked the people there would they not just equip a few ships and give the Athenians a dressing? The Æginetans, who were a seafaring people, were very jealous of the Athenians, as the Spartans knew very well; so they bargained for help from Sparta, and made ready for war with Athens without loss of time. The Spartans sent no help, having no men to spare, and indeed caring very little about their promise; but the Æginetans faithfully performed their share of the bargain, sent a fleet to sea, met

the Athenian ships, fought them, and were beaten to their hearts' content. The Athenians, just to teach their island neighbors better manners, burned some of their ships, sunk others, and levied a tribute on the island.

While the men of Athens were at sea, settling with Ægina, the cunning Spartans coaxed their friends the Corinthians to threaten Athens by land. But the old Athenian chief, MYRONIDES, no sooner heard of their stirring than he armed all the old men and the boys of Athens, marched away at double quick pace to Megara, met the Corinthians on their way, and gave them a good thrashing.

They suddenly recollected, just then, that they had business to attend to at home, and returned to Corinth; but the Corinthian ladies, who were very witty and spirited, had heard of the battle, and taunted their husbands and brothers, till the latter, goaded to fury, swore that they would go raise a trophy on the field of battle, and let the Athenians dispute it if they dared! Of this valorous undertaking, too, good Myronides heard in due time, and out from Athens once more he led his boys and his old men, and came upon the Corinthians just as they were going to set up the trophy, and beat them again. This time there was no doubt at all about the issue of the battle, for half the Corinthians were left dead upon the field.

When the Spartans found that neither Ægina nor Corinth could make head against Athens, they began to plot and scheme in Bœotia. Some of the towns of Bœotia were friendly to Athens, such as

the brave little town of Plataea, which had stood out so nobly against the Persians. Others liked Sparta best; the chief of these was the great city of Thebes, which had taken the side of the Persians in the war, and which, I think, no great-hearted Greek could help despising. The Spartans, however, were not particular in such matters; they made great friends with Thebes, and, having men to spare at the time, sent an army of their own into Boeotia, and planted it near Tanagra, on the Athenian border.

They would not have dared even this but that a great Athenian fleet, costing an immense sum of money, and manned by the best fighting men of Athens, had just been lost in warring with the Persians; the Spartans hoped that, after this, the Athenians would not find men or spirit enough to oppose them.

But when Pericles learned that the Spartans were at Tanagra, he mustered all the fighting men, and bade them make ready to meet the enemy. While they were being gathered, Cimon, the exile, returned to Athens, and begged to be allowed to fight in the ranks as a common soldier. But the Athenians had not forgiven him for befriending Sparta; they bade him begone. He then took off his coat of mail, and his sword, and his leg armor, and gave them to his friends, bidding them bear them into the thick of the fight, and do battle around them as they would do around him, and in his honor. Then he went back into exile.

They did as he had bidden them. When the two armies met, Cimon's armor was planted where the fight was fiercest, and his friends stood around it do-

ing battle valiantly till they were killed to the last man. Pericles and his friends likewise fought bravely, but the day went against them. Victory rested with the Spartans, who, however, were not so exultant but that they were very glad to make a truce of five years with Athens soon afterward, and to let the Athenians have their own way in Bœotia.



GREEK LADY AND SLAVE.

I am happy to say that the first thing Pericles did on returning home was to propose that Cimon should be recalled. He returned home, accordingly, and spent the last of his life in warring against his old foes, the Persians. He died at Cyprus of a wound or of disease, we hardly know which, and soon after his death a peace which was very honorable to the Greeks was concluded with Persia.



Athens was now, at last, at peace, and her people had leisure to plant, and sow, and weave, and trade in an honest, healthful manner. Through the great league of Delos she ruled the waves, and the valor and genius of her men made her the greatest Greek state on land also.

END OF VOL. I.